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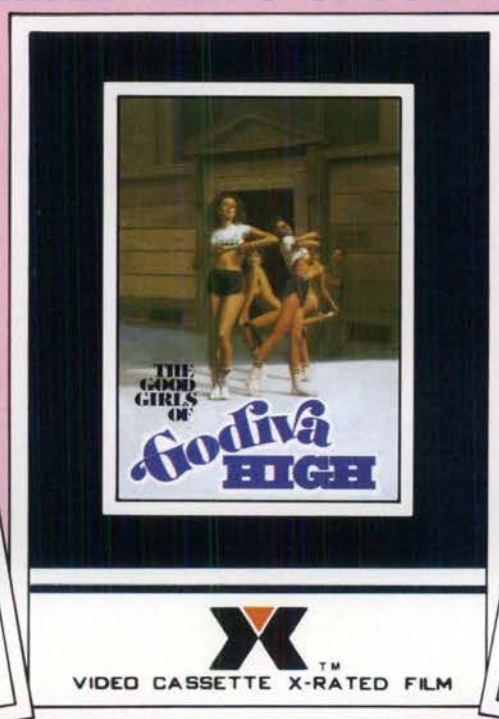
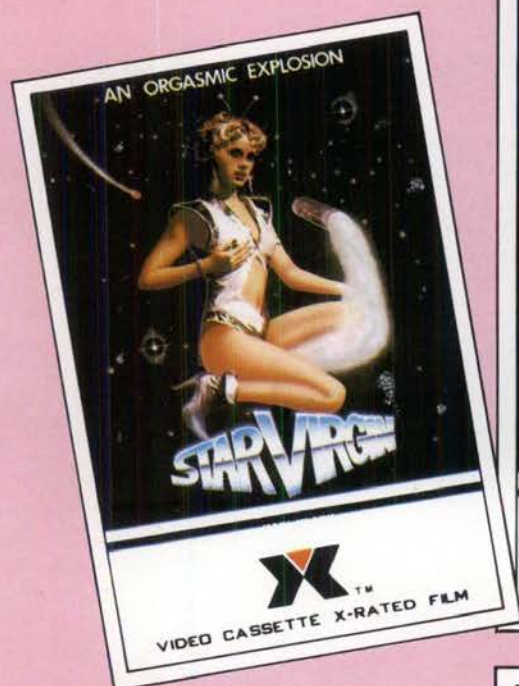


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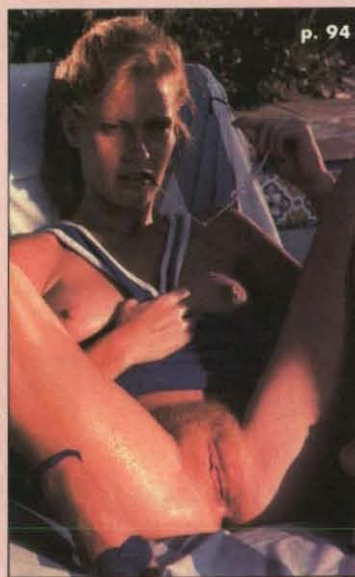
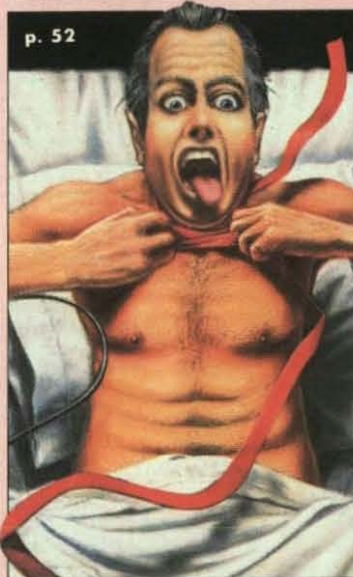
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**MAIL-ORDER
FEEDBACK**

Nasty Threats



SEPTEMBER 1980 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 3



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child!"

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:



National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

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FOR THE WHOLE WORLD

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HUSTLER SEPTEMBER 1980 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 3

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Kiddie Porn

One subject I receive a lot of mail about is my decision not to run a series of photographs that was offered to this magazine. These photos featured young girls. Reader response has been overwhelmingly in favor of my decision. A few people, though, wanted to know why a magazine dedicated to giving its readers exactly what they want refuses to come through for those who would like to see younger girls in its photo-spreads. That's a good question, and it deserves to be answered.

The last thing I would ever want to do is stifle sexuality for any age group. HUSTLER has shown time and again that sexual repression is the root cause of many social ills. But the fact remains that our society is still at a stage where the decision to pose for a men's magazine requires maturity.

As I've said before, HUSTLER's models appear in the magazine by choice, knowing they will represent an honest view of female sexuality. We must be sure that our models are participating in healthy expressions of sexuality. At the same time, the model herself must be certain that she is participating in such a healthy expression, rather than being exploited. She must be mature enough to carefully weigh all the factors involved, and be aware that there are still some segments of our society that feel there is something wrong with posing for a men's magazine.

Maturity is the key factor. Unfortunately, there has recently been a shocking increase in the exploitation of immature children in low-budget sex films and magazines. Police officials and social workers are telling horror stories of children—some as young as six years old—being coerced or bribed

into being photographed in sexual poses. Some of these photographs are sold commercially; others are used privately by adults. In either case, young children who have no idea what is going on are being victimized in a way that can cause serious emotional damage that will stay with them the rest of their lives.

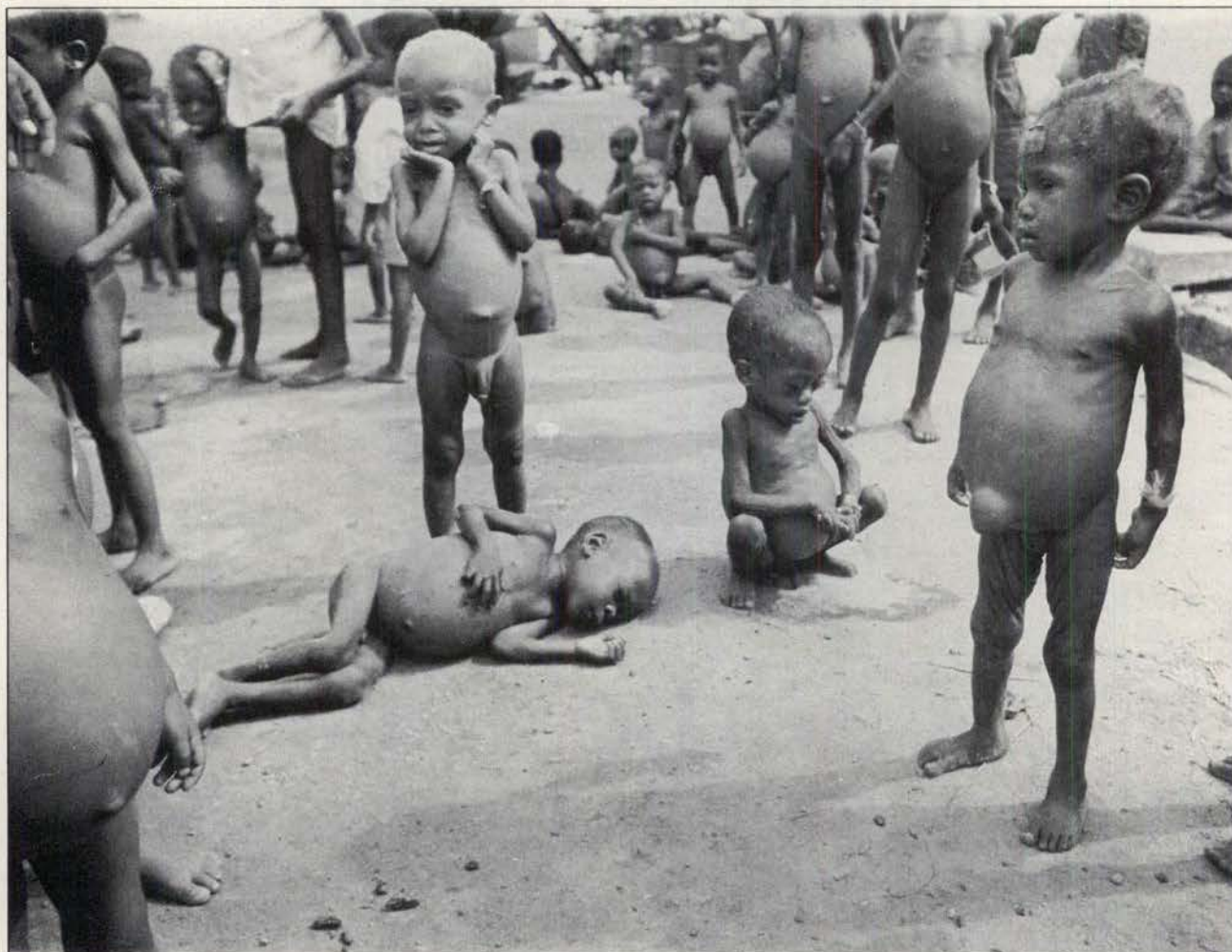
We at HUSTLER have always been concerned about child abuse—and that's exactly what "kiddie porn" is. Freedom of speech and sexual expression are not the issues here. It is not free expression when young people are tricked or forced to do something they don't understand, often with the cruel result of permanent psychological damage.

Naturally, there are those who use the kiddie-porn issue to condemn all sexually frank material. They completely ignore the difference between exploited children and mature, consenting adults. Their aim is to use the shock value of the evils of child pornography to create a backlash against all sexually explicit material. These people are actually contributing to the problem by blurring the distinction between the exploitation of children and the healthy sexual expression of consenting adults.

HUSTLER recognizes that difference. We do not publish pornographic pictures of children, because to do so would be violating the rights of young people who cannot speak for themselves. I am convinced that this policy is necessary and fair.

A handwritten signature of Larry Flynt in dark ink.

*Publisher &
Chairman of the Board*



THE DIRT THEY'RE STANDING ON IS ALL THEY'LL HAVE TO EAT TODAY.

Starvation isn't a few days without dinner. It's a terrible, ugly, painful way to die. Children's bellies bloat grotesquely from months of hunger. When every drop of energy is sapped from their sickly bodies, they double over in pain and fall to the ground. They scratch for bugs to eat—even dirt. Then they die—thousands of them every day—in Asia, Africa, South America, all over the world.

You can do something about this tragedy. One per-

son can make a difference. Send a contribution immediately to the relief agency of your choice. Or write to the Hunger Project, 1735 Franklin Street, San Francisco, California 94109, for further information on what you can do to stop hunger.

Make a commitment. Take a stand. Show that you care. And maybe you'll be the one who makes the difference between life and death for another human being.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

At HUSTLER we strive to give our readers a fulfilling experience with each issue. In fact, our goal is to see to it that every HUSTLER reader finishes the magazine feeling thoroughly satisfied, much like after a healthy, well-rounded meal. We do this not only by presenting the best-looking models in our photo-spreads, but also by providing solid, down-to-earth information to help you face the modern world.

Our September issue features practical legal wisdom presented in clear, straightforward language by former CHIC Editorial Director **BEN PESTA** in **HUSTLER'S LEGAL-SURVIVAL GUIDE: WHAT ARE YOUR RIGHTS?** Pesta, a freelance contributor to many national publications, including *The Journal of the American Bar Association*, received his law degree from the University of California at Berkeley. The accompanying artwork is by **PAUL STINSON**, who has illustrated book covers for a variety of publishing houses, such as St. Martin's Press and Pinnacle Books.

One guy who really knows the ins and outs of America's legal system is **HAL LIPSET: HIGH-TECH DETECTIVE**. Veteran reporter **ARTHUR ZICH** has been following Lipset's career since 1965, when he was preparing a story for *Time* magazine about electronic eavesdropping. Zich was also a national-affairs writer at *Newsweek* for seven years, and is the author of the novel *The Rising Sun*. **JOANN DALEY**, whose work has recently won her a place in the prestigious artists' annual *Illustrators 27*, produced the companion



Cover by Jim Cornfield

art for the profile. Daley's work has also been prominently featured in *Playboy* and *Oui*.

More valuable facts about coping in today's troubled world come from **DEATH BY BUREAUCRACY: RED TAPE CAN KILL YOU**, a disturbing report on how potential life-saving drugs are being suppressed, by **TOM NESI**. Nesi, a seasoned screenwriter, has penned numerous essays on science and medicine and has contributed to the television program *That's Incredible*. **DAVID MANN**, who illustrated Nesi's article, has designed several nationally distributed T-shirts in the past and has also done work for *Easy Rider* magazine.

This month's fiction, **FALL GUY** by **J. BRADFORD OLESKER**, concerns deception, jealousy, infidelity... and murder. Olesker is the au-

thor of three novels—*No Place Like Home*, *The Siege of Support* and *Beyond Forever*—and has also contributed to *The Writer* and *Cosmopolitan*. He has now taken on the role of Executive Editor of **GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION**, the new Larry Flynt Publication. The accompanying illustration is by **JOHN ANDREWS**, a HUSTLER regular.

Somebody once said that it's much better to give than to receive, and that's especially true in the bedroom. This month's *Sex Play*, **THE FEMALE ORGASM** by **MAXWELL EDEN**, offers some vital hints on how to stimulate a woman, along with an in-depth look at the mystique that has surrounded the female climax. Eden, who's written for *Popular Mechanics* and edited *Mother Earth News*, has worked extensively in the field of public relations. **MICK MCGINTY**, a Los Angeles-based artist whose work frequently appears in HUSTLER, provided the illustration.

Just for fun, HUSTLER's *Bits & Pieces* Editor, **BRUCE HELFORD**, put together for this issue a selection of readers' photos of humorous billboards and signs. Appropriately enough, Helford's selection is called **GIVING THE HIGH SIGN**, and it proves once and for all that the medium really is the message.

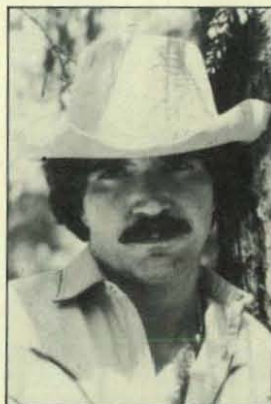
When it comes to exciting, arousing photographs of the world's most beautiful women, HUSTLER stands unchallenged. But that's not enough for us. We want to give you the low-down on issues that are important in every facet of your life. And we're sure you'll agree that September's HUSTLER does just that. ☺



Arthur Zich



Tom Nesi



J. Bradford Olesker



David Mann



Maxwell Eden

How To Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

We Dare You To Try It!

Give Us 5 Days — And We'll Give You A New Modernized Method of Getting Girls That Works Like Nothing You've Ever Seen Before — Let Us Prove It

IT'S the newest ... most modern way of getting girls.

It's called *S/A Hypnotism*. And thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

S/A Hypnotism works. It works like nothing you've ever seen before. And we'll prove it.

We'll show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

It doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed. That's all in the past now.

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have *one of the most powerful forces known to man* working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded."*

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely — to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

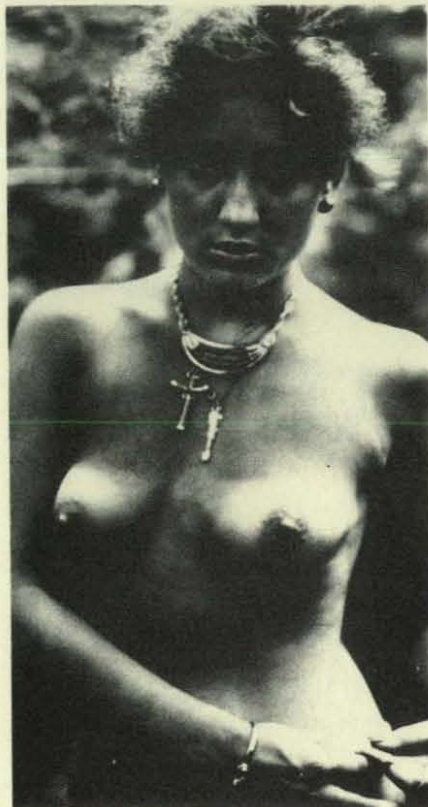
But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even seduce beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).



That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 15¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)

- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)

- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)

- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or *S/A Hypnotism*.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

Mirobar Sales

HU980

964 Third Ave.

New York, N.Y. 10155

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund *and more*.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

©1979 Silverman Research

Erotic Art: Your photo-feature *The Nymph & the Satyr* (July; top photo) should put to rest once and for all the constant babble I hear about your magazine being "obscene." While the shots were undeniably erotic, I think the setting, concept and photography combined to make true art.

If a set of pictures like *The Nymph & the Satyr* appeared in some fancy-pants art magazine, every nerd art critic in the world would be raving about the photos. But because they were in HUSTLER, people will say it's pornographic trash.

Well, to hell with each and every one of those hypocritical assholes. I would just like to thank Contributing Photographer Clive McLean and whoever else was responsible for this luscious bit of photography.

—Robert Lederer
Chicago, Illinois

Rimming: I recently finished reading Frank Leonard's *Sex Play*, "Rimming: Licking a Taboo" (June; center), which I found to be very interesting. I've been eating pussy since the age of nine, but not once have I ever thought of licking a girl's asshole.

I was always told that that was the "nasty" part of a woman's body. But now, after reading your article, the first thing I want to do is to turn my girlfriend on to this form of lovemaking. I've been reading HUSTLER for some time now, and it is truly making me a better lover.

—R. J. V.
Salem, New Jersey

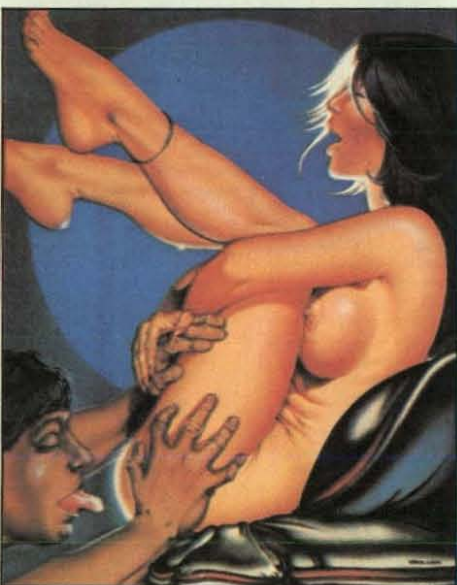
Your June *Sex Play* dealing with "Rimming: Licking a Taboo" was most interesting. While the article was correct in advising that both partners should shower or bathe thoroughly before engaging in such activity, I feel that you did not go far enough on this important issue of cleanliness.

In my opinion, it takes nothing less than an enema to leave the asshole clean and tasty enough to kiss, lick and suck. Not having to worry about any of the wide range of venereal infections is important. Nothing can be more sexually inhibiting than the thought of contracting any one of the long list of diseases you mentioned in your article.

—Jean Scarlett
Soquel, California

Alluring Elaine: I'm proud to state that I've enjoyed and collected every issue of HUSTLER. I must say that your most sensational and alluring model ever has to be *Elaine: Homebody* in your Sixth Anniversary Issue (July, bottom photo).

As much as I've enjoyed my bachelorhood for 27 years, I would surrender it in a second for this woman of beauty. Let's see her again in the very near future. And keep up the good work at HUSTLER, with your exquisite photo-features, controversial articles and



other high standards that make your magazine stand out from the rest.

—John Johnson
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Women Against Porn: After reading Kelly Garrett's analysis *Women Against Pornography: Repression in the Name of Feminism* (July), I have a comment about the antiporn women's movement. In the June issue of HUSTLER, Larry Flynt wrote a *Publisher's Statement* in favor of women's rights. It seems to me that there are two main objectives of the women's movement. One is passage of the Equal Rights Amendment, which Larry Flynt supports. The other is a better understanding of women, which HUSTLER promotes in every issue.

If feminists like Susan Brownmiller think Chief Justice Warren Burger's thoughts on pornography are "thrilling," I'd like to hear what they think about his opinion of the ERA.

—Mark Orlonsky
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

I'm shocked and angry to find out about Women Against Pornography. They are trying to destroy the dreams of many men. I haven't had a girlfriend for about five years, and without female companionship, life doesn't seem to be worth living.

I myself hate seeing violence in pornography—it turns me off. But pornography has saved me from taking my own life, and it has discouraged any thought of rape I might have had. After a friend of mine gave me a men's magazine, I discovered masturbation, which is something I should have learned about a long time ago. Pornography has stopped me from doing real harm!

—John Fuller
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I feel the bottom line concerning the anti-pornography crusade of some feminists is simply the factor of physical appearance. How many women participating in these senseless campaigns and marches could ever qualify to appear in publications such as HUSTLER, *Playboy* or *Penthouse*?

—Vincent Jacobs
Jean, Nevada

Clark Spells Relief: Your interview with the Libertarian Party's Presidential candidate, Ed Clark (July), was good in that it raised issues not normally presented in the media. I'm talking about the individual's being able to choose his own values about right and wrong. I am wary of some of the positions of the Libertarian Party. But faced with an airhead like Ronald Reagan and a confused puppet like Jimmy Carter, Ed Clark is a welcome, viable and important relief.

—B. Arthur Griffin
Bozeman, Montana

Ugliness: I am writing in response to your article *The Mormons: Latter-day Saints With a Bloodthirsty Past* (May). I am not writing in defense of my church, because it needs no defense. Rather, I am responding out of extreme anger at perverted, ignorant, satanic people who have the nerve to even mention the Lord's name in your filthy, rotten magazine! How dare you! I guess I should just feel sorry for you—after all, it must be hard to see beauty when all you're surrounded by is intense perversion and ugliness.

—Pamela Faubus
Hacienda Heights, California

Ugliness, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder.

Women's Rights: I am writing in response to your *Publisher's Statement "Women's Rights"* (June), which urged support of the Equal Rights Amendment. While I feel that all of the arguments made by Mr. Flynt are valid, I remain unconvinced about his conclusion.

My problem is this: Although men have not been entirely fair on the issue of equality in the workplace, neither have women. A classic example is the case of the woman firefighter who was fired for breast-feeding her baby while she was on duty. The woman claimed that her dismissal was unfair and that she had been discriminated against. However, she overlooked the fact that this

particular fire station had a rule prohibiting family members of any on-duty firefighter from visiting the station.

Until women become more reasonable, I'm 100% opposed to the Equal Rights Amendment.

—Lee Andrade
Richmond, California

What you point out is a good example of why the ERA should be passed. If it does become part of the Constitution, men and women alike would be treated equally under the law, with no special privileges for either sex.

Foot Nut: I really must disagree with the *Advise & Consent* answer about foot fetishes (July), in which you wrote: "A man with a foot fetish has a hard time keeping lovers."

I am a 30-year-old male and a foot nut as well. I have been having sexual relations with the same three women for years, and my sex life is alive and happy. You see, it's not *what* you do, but *how* you do it!

—R. Stroman
Red Hill, Pennsylvania

Floored: Again you have floored me. Not only have you published another fine story by Roberta Metz (*Triple Exposure*, June), but now you've gone and shown her pretty face on the *Show & Tell* page with the other

contributors to the issue. It makes me wonder if her body is as fine as her face and her fiction.

I'd also like to thank you for having Theodore Sturgeon as your book-reviewer. I've been reading his stories ever since he broke into the science-fiction field.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Black Flak: In the *Feedback* section of your April issue some asshole wrote in praise of interracial sex ("Soul Food"). There is nothing that pisses me off more than seeing a black prick creaming over a white cunt. It's the lowest form of human activity possible. Any sick white girl who would allow herself to be fucked by a black man needs her damn head examined. And, furthermore, I feel that HUSTLER approves of interracial sex.

—Tim Gonder
Houston, Texas

Kidding Around: I am a very angry reader. You have the right to publish whatever you want to about adults, but you don't have that right when it comes to children. Don't you know there are a lot of weirdos out there? Your magazine gives them ideas. The "Kiddie Car" item in your April issue (*Bits & Pieces*) was terrible. It showed a mother sitting in a car and holding a whip while her four kids were strapped to the front of the vehicle and were pulling it like animals. Children don't owe their parents anything. They didn't ask to be born. Print whatever you like about adults, but leave kids out of it.

—Pam Hensley
Bell County, Kentucky

I liked your cartoon about the "Baby Kick-and-Bleed Doll" in your May issue. Why? Because I was a foster mother. I encountered a one-year-old boy with a black eye and a broken arm—his mother had beaten him. I met another infant with a severe penis infection—his mother hadn't bathed him. This one also had head lice, scabies and a huge tummy—his mother hadn't fed him any solid food.

My point is, while your cartoon may have been a joke, I'd rather see a doll kicked around than see another baby abused.

—Irma Turney
Edinburg, Texas

Beaver Fever: I just had to write to tell you that Terri from Parsippany, New Jersey, in your June *Beaver Hunt* was an instant hard-on. That 34-year-old housewife and mother sent me straight to the bathroom, and I've been back there at least a half-dozen times since.

I really hope you print this letter so Terri can know that her beautiful tits and long, inviting legs have been jacked-off to over and over again, and that she has been



A

B

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in my sexual fantasies ever since I first saw her. I'd love to see Terri spread more of her stuff in the pages of HUSTLER.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Raunch Lovers: We, the members of the Raunchy Pussy Fan Club, are really disappointed with your chickenshit magazine. You act like you're into all kinds of kinky shit, but you always print pictures of healthy-looking cunts. How about showing your readers you have some balls by printing some nice, glossy photos of some really rotten cunts? Like with terminal syphilis or maybe cancer? If you're into degenerate sex, then why not go all the way?

—Warren D. Fortenberry
Clark A. Morrow
Spartanburg, South Carolina

We don't feel we are into degenerate sex.

Cock or Not? Many of us girls enjoy looking at HUSTLER, especially the pictures of men with big cocks. My boyfriend and I like your photos of men getting ready to slip their cocks into their women. We both get really hyped looking at these photos, and we have a super screw afterward. So PLEASE put in more pictures of men (black or white). The bigger the cock, the better.

—Blanche B.
Leesburg, Florida

Your magazine is the pinkest of them all! I congratulate Publisher Larry Flynt for his six hard-working years in the business.

I am a regular reader of HUSTLER Magazine, and I think that it's the best of its kind in the world. Just one exception, however—please get all those damn cocks out of your pictorials; they're ruining the pink!

—R. M. W.
Amarillo, Texas

Scapegoat: After hearing about the many attempts to convict and incarcerate Larry Flynt, I feel that America is looking for a scapegoat. Larry is fighting an uphill battle against charges of obscenity, and I, for one, am with him.

Although I'm not a reader of HUSTLER, I'm glad it's around. It symbolizes the right to say and publish anything. If people want to read it, they can. If they don't want to read it, they don't have to. This is freedom of choice.

HUSTLER symbolizes not just one man's right, but the rights of an entire nation.

—Allen Harrison
Modesto, California

I'd like to comment on all the silly-ass sapsuckers who put down your publication. They're letting a little smut bend them out of shape, instead of concerning themselves with the real problems facing this country—like high prices, the energy shortage and pollution.

At times I have found certain things in HUSTLER to be in poor taste, but I still think it's the best publication of its kind. Your articles are damn good and down-to-earth, not to mention the cute little Honeys you present each month.

—Derrick Woodford
Michigan City, Indiana

Stud Wars: I'd like to make a rebuttal to a certain black gentleman named Jacob Moore who wrote that *Feedback* letter "Black Stud" in your June issue. He seems to entertain the notion that he and his fellow blacks have longer dicks than us white guys.

This is, of course, a matter of opinion. While God may have endowed His black children with bigger tools, He sure as hell skimmed on the amount of gray matter He gave them upstairs. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

That guy who wrote the "Black Stud" letter in the June *Feedback* is a real asshole! What makes him think that just because he's built like a fucking horse, he's going to be a better lover than anybody else? I personally am not built like a horse, but I'm no less a man. I've had my share of girls—both black and white. And let me tell you, they were all pretty well-satisfied. So he can stick his "black monster" right up his own black ass.

I hope this letter is not taken as racist, because it's far from it. My point is this: Just because this guy says he has a cock down to his knees doesn't make him any better than I am.

—E. B.
Honolulu, Hawaii

I didn't appreciate the "Black Stud" letter in your June *Feedback* section. The statement that "white guys are letting their women suffer from the need of a real stud" is a crock of bullshit! A 14-inch dong doesn't make anybody a real man, especially considering that the average vagina is not much more than four inches deep.

Let's be realistic: What does this guy do with the other ten inches? I think the author of "Black Stud" is better equipped for a circus sideshow than for a bed. There's more to making love than having a horsedick.

—Tom Long
Corvallis, Oregon

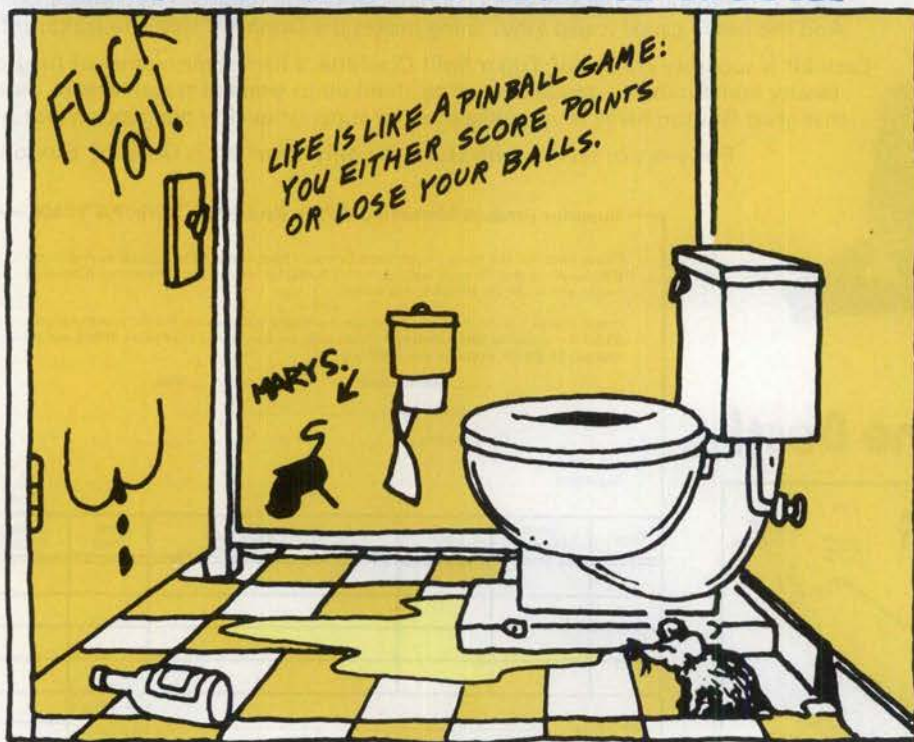
Smoke-out: The Camel cigarette ad on the back cover of your June issue is pretty disgusting. We feel that it is morally sick and low for you to use John Wayne—who suffered from smoking those damn Camels—in an advertisement.

Otherwise, your magazine cuts it with us.

—Craig Benbeck
Jane Pohlman
Norfolk, Nebraska

The ad you refer to is a public-service message that HUSTLER runs periodically to warn against the dangers of cigarette-smoking.

GRAFFILTHY



THANKX AND \$25 TO W.G.A. AND K.G., RICHMOND, KY

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Women who are artificially inseminated with sperm that has been mixed with caffeine have a 10% better chance of becoming pregnant than women who are inseminated with uncaffeinated sperm. That's the claim of Dr. Joseph Barkay of Central Emek Hospital in Alfula, Israel. Dr. Barkay recently inseminated 58 women with a mixture of five parts semen to one part caffeine, and compared their rate of pregnancy to another group of inseminations without caffeine. He attributes the higher number of pregnancies in the caffeinated-sperm group to the increased activity of the sperm. Caffeine, being a stimulant, appears to cause the sperm to "swim" faster up the vaginal canal, increasing their chances of reaching and fertilizing the female's egg during their short life-span. According to Dr. Cy Schoenfeld of the New York School of Medicine, under a microscope "perked" semen specimens "look like rush-hour crowds in the New York subways."

Prison officials in West Germany have turned down a convict's request for "an escorted leave to a brothel." They denied his plea to visit a whorehouse on the grounds that, since the prisoner would have to be escorted, "officials would have to supervise to the fullest degree any sexual activity." They further explained that because the prisoner would also have to be handcuffed, his escorts might have to be "called on to render assistance." It was concluded that the special leave would cause undue hardships. Officials also noted that the inmate's long abstinence from sex "would probably reduce the whole procedure to a few seconds."

As part of a crackdown on sexual harassment in the Armed Services, a female U.S. Army private has been jailed for indecently assaulting a male soldier. A special one-judge court-martial in Nuremberg, West Germany, convicted Private Cheryl Taylor, 20, of having committed assault and battery against Specialist Fourth Class Kevin Knox, 19, in a supply room on a U.S. military base in West Germany. According to Army spokesman Major David Russell, Taylor was found guilty of "wrongly committing an indecent, lewd and lascivious act" by placing her hand on Knox's groin area and squeezing. Reportedly, Taylor has denied touching Knox indecently and has accused him of being a military-police informer.

A circus/amusement park in Florida has announced plans to create an exhibit where the public can watch animals have sex. The designers at Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus World believe that millions of Americans are willing to pay money in order to watch animals "do it," and they intend to build a public-view breeding area. Circus World official Larry Bucking says that the "bucolic boudoirs" are expected to draw large crowds, but if some of the animals become too shy to perform in front of the audience, "We'll have to build something that will hide the people, but let them watch."

According to a newspaper report, more than 200 women were burned to death last year in New Delhi, India, because they brought insufficient marriage gifts to their husbands. Many more "bride-burnings" are believed to have been disguised as suicides or household accidents, claims the "Washington Post." The crime allegedly occurs most frequently among lower-middle-class families striving to improve their status by gaining more material goods through dowries. The "Post" reports that until last summer police generally refused to investigate such cases, but the city's new police commissioner, P. S. Bhinder, now says he is "worried about the increasing number of dowry deaths in Delhi."

Three young women, dressed only in mustard, were arrested and jailed in Lansing, Michigan, after they attempted to steal a parcel-delivery truck. Charlene Roper, 27, Doshaline McCuin, 30, and Sandra Lewis, 25, were apprehended when police answered a call reporting that three nude women had been seen outside the home they share. When the police arrived on the scene, the women were attempting to drive off with a United Parcel Service truck, and the driver was chasing them on foot. The officers stopped the truck and hauled the trio in. They were charged with indecent exposure and joyriding. No explanation was given for their odd behavior. 🍌

GASOLINE AND ALCOHOL DON'T MIX



That one last drink you take "for the road" may very well be the last you ever take. More than half of all fatal vehicle accidents in a typical year involve drivers who had been drinking. In 1978, for example, more than 25,000 Americans died because of drunken driving. When you drink and drive, you're a potential killer. You also could be signing your own death warrant. So next time you order one for the road—think about it.

IF YOU DRINK, DON'T DRIVE.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Bathroom Erection: I am a 22-year-old male, and I am bothered by the fact that I get an erection sometimes when I shit. This has been happening to me for about a year now, and I sure hope it doesn't mean I'm queer or something.

—R. S.
Atlantic City, New Jersey

A large piece of fecal matter moving through the intestines can press against the prostate gland and the seminal vesicles, causing an erection. The prostate, which is located near the anal canal, produces a large amount of the fluid in the ejaculate (semen or "cum"). The seminal vesicles are the pouches that store semen. Also, the blood pressure inside the abdomen during defecation can cause blood to flow to the penis, resulting in an erection.

There are also urogenital diseases that can cause this pressure and the resulting erection. You should check with a urologist for your own peace of mind.

It is unlikely that either of these physiological responses means you're a homosexual. You are a homosexual only if you make love or want to make love to men exclusively or nearly so.

It is possible, however, that there are psychological reasons why you get hard-ons when you shit. If you don't think the actual physical pressure of the fecal matter is causing the erections, the act of shitting itself may be turning you on. People who are sexually aroused by the presence of feces are called coprophiliacs. If this is the case with you, and if you are worried by it, try talking to a qualified sex therapist or psychologist.

Too Hairy: I am a 26-year-old male who has a lot of body hair. My girlfriend thinks I look like a gorilla when I get undressed. Is there any safe way to remove some of this hair? I want her to love my naked body.

—J. T.
Bakersfield, California

Maybe the problem is your girlfriend's, since many women prefer men with lots of hair. But if you really think you are so hairy that women can't stand it, removing some of your body hair may improve your sex life.

Shaving is out because it only makes body hair grow back tougher and more stubbly. You might want to consider electrolysis. This is a method of permanent hair-removal. A fine needle is inserted in the hair follicle, and the root is destroyed. Electrolysis is an expensive process, costing about \$30 an hour.

Another type of electrolysis you might want to try is the Depilatron method. If needles bother you, this is a good procedure, since the tip of the instrument touches only the tip of the hair you want removed. The electric current travels down the hair, killing the root. This method of hair-removal is supposed to be the most painless. For more information (and to obtain a list of clinics in your area), call Depilatron's toll-free number: 800-523-6728.

If you are interested in obtaining a device to use at home, buy a Perma-Tweeze. This is also an electrolysis device, available from the General Medical Company. To order one, send \$21.15 to Department WD-61, 1935 Armacost Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90025.

Chicken-Fucking: I have this fantasy about fucking a chicken. It used to be enough to just think about it, but now I find myself planning to do it. Will this be harmful to me?

—F. R.
Fremont, Nebraska

Various forms of bestiality (animal-fucking) have always been a part of human sexual history. In terms of poultry, Paolo Montegazza writes in *The Sexual Relations of Mankind*: "The Chinese are famous for their amorous affairs with geese, the necks of which they are in the habit of cruelly wringing off at the moment of ejaculation, in order that they may get the pleasurable benefit of the anal sphincter's last spasms in the victim."

In rural areas, horny country boys sometimes engage in chicken-fucking when there is simply no human partner who is available and willing. Chicken-fucking won't harm you, but it will kill the bird. Back in July 1976 we reported in *Advise & Consent* that fucking chickens "usually causes the chicken to die because the bird's egg sac (the poultry version of the uterus) is pulled out with your cock when you're finished. We think this is an unnecessary and extremely inhumane form of cruelty to animals." That advice still holds.

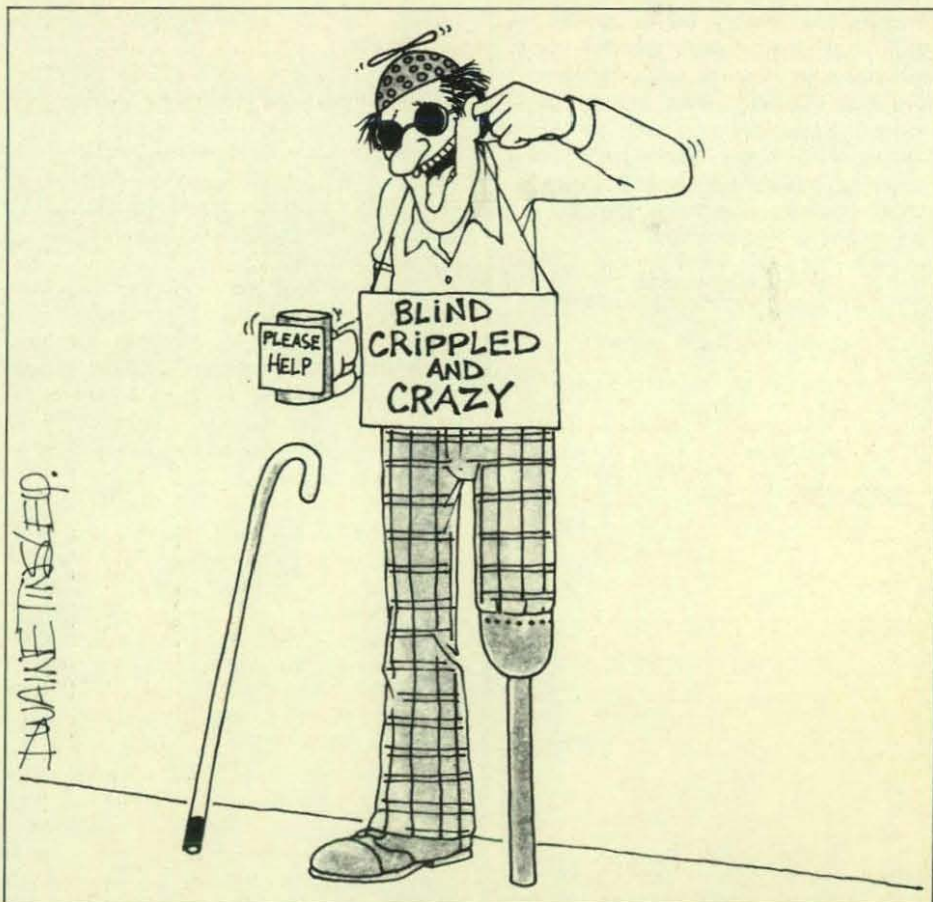
While a sexual experience with a chicken is not unhealthy for you, fantasizing about sex with a chicken might be less than positive. You should probably talk with a sex therapist or psychologist to find out why you have these fantasies.

Running Dry? I am a 19-year-old guy, and I'm worried about the amount of cum I ejaculate. I masturbate or have sex just about every day. When I stopped to measure the amount of cum I had, there was only about one spoonful. Does this mean I'm sterile? What can I do about it?

—B. C.
Charleston, West Virginia

An average ejaculation produces three to five milliliters of semen, or about one teaspoonful. So having only a "spoonful" of cum is perfectly normal.

The amount of cum you ejaculate has little to do with how potent or sterile you are, since sperm make up only a tiny amount of your cum. Ejac-



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ALL MY MONEY
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ulating daily can affect your sperm count, as it takes 40 hours after ejaculation for your count to build back up to normal. If you don't want to father a child right away, don't worry about it. If you want to have a sperm count taken, wait 40 hours after ejaculating before having the test administered.

Testicle Veins: I am a 32-year-old male with big veins on my balls. I can't tell you how ugly they are. Is it some kind of venereal disease? What should I do about them? I am afraid to have sex or even masturbate until they go away.

—D. H.
Portage, Michigan

Enlarged veins on the balls are called varicocele. They are similar to varicose veins, which women often get on their legs. They are not a symptom of VD. Varicocele is neither an uncommon affliction nor a dangerous condition. However, varicocele can reduce your sperm count (see August's *Sex Play*, "Sterility in Males") by raising the temperature in your testicles, and thus interfering with sperm production.

See a urologist as soon as possible. He will tell you whether you should have the veins removed at this time. The surgical procedure for removal is fairly simple.

Three to Wed: I am a 33-year-old man who is in love with two beautiful women. They are both of age, and they both want to marry me. In fact, the three of us want to be married to each other. Is there any state where this is legal?

—J. M.
Chester, South Carolina

Only one spouse at a time is the law everywhere in the United States. Polygamy (having more than one spouse) is against the law even in Utah, which was settled by the Mormons, who at one time were noted for their multimarriages. So to avoid legal hassles, you'll probably have to keep your three-way relationship outside the bounds of official matrimony.

You should know that there are more than just legal problems involved with any kind of plural relationship. As famed anthropologist Dr. Margaret Mead put it: "Marriage is difficult enough, just plain monogamy. Polygamy is more difficult... and group marriage is just too difficult for anybody. It's never been practiced, therefore. Nowhere in the world."

Partialist: I am a 28-year-old man who especially enjoys having sex with women who don't have lower limbs. To me a woman's torso is everything. I feel comfortable with my fetish, but I have a hard time finding lovers. Do you have any suggestions for me?

—T. K.
Clearwater, Florida

Those who prefer lovers who are missing limbs are called "partialists." You may want to check out a copy of *Fetish Times*. It's an adult newspaper with ads catering to desires similar to yours. You can subscribe by writing to B&D Publishing Company (P.O. Box 7109, Van

Nuys, California 91409). Twelve issues will cost you \$18.

Sucking Milk: I am a 27-year-old male who wants to suck real tit milk. My girlfriend is willing to let me do it, but we don't know how to go about it, since we aren't ready to have kids yet.

—P. W.
Johnson City, New York

A woman does not need to have given birth or be pregnant in order to lactate. Milk can be induced in the breasts by sucking. To do this you need to suck each breast for about 20 minutes as often as six or more times a day for several days. You may want to build up slowly to this rate, to avoid sore lips and jaw muscles for yourself and sore nipples for your girlfriend.

Sucking can stimulate the pituitary gland to produce two hormones. One of these, prolactin, causes the breasts to produce milk. The other hormone, oxytocin, affects the milk-secreting ducts.

You should also make sure your girlfriend is willing to put up with swollen breasts, which often feel sore and congested. Lactating can also make her feel tired and cause headaches, and it will probably result in stretch marks.

For more information on this subject, read *HUSTLER's* October 1979 *Sex Play*, entitled "Lactating Ladies."

Sex Surrogates: I'm a 24-year-old woman who really wants to be a sex surrogate. Who can I contact on the West Coast to find out about this profession?

—H. J.
Sacramento, California

A professional sex surrogate usually works as an assistant to a sex therapist. The surrogate acts as a sexual partner to single clients, helping them to deal with their sexual problems in a new way. Most professional surrogates have had training as nurses or counselors or in some related helping profession.

For more information on this line of work, contact the International Professional Surrogates Association (IPSA) in Los Angeles at 213-469-4720. Surrogates earn between \$35 and \$50 for each two-hour session. Of course, those wishing to go into this profession should have a good sense of their own sexuality before they can hope to assist anyone else in developing more positive sexual self-values.

Loss of Desire: I am a 25-year-old guy with a problem that you'll probably think is stupid. I don't get turned-on at all anymore. I seem to have zero sexual desire. I find myself still talking up sex a lot with my friends, but it's all bull. All I want to do after work is sleep. I'm really getting worried about this. What's wrong with me?

—J. E.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

You aren't alone. The latest psychological epidemic reported by therapists these days is loss of sexual desire. Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, head of the Human Sexuality Program at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, calls this problem "sexual anorexia." She says that sexual

anorexia is a brain-mechanism malfunction caused by physical and psychological occurrences.

She says stress seems to be a prime cause of loss of desire. Maybe your job is causing your present problem. Dr. Kaplan uses psychological and behavioral techniques to overcome loss of desire. Check with a urologist to see if you have any medical problems causing your present lack of sexual interest. If there is nothing wrong, ask for a referral to a good sex therapist.

IUD Pains: I am a 24-year-old guy, and my girlfriend is the same age. We've had a great sex life for the two years we've been together, but now a problem seems to have come up. Three months ago my girlfriend had an IUD put in, and now she has pain during intercourse. If I thrust deeply, she says it's really painful. Is this pain caused by the IUD? Will it go away eventually, or is there something she could take to relieve it?

—B. E.

Raytown, Missouri

When an IUD is functioning properly, there is no pain during intercourse. All IUDs, even those containing metal, have plastic portions that bend when pressure from a penis is applied or when its wearer's uterus contracts. Your girlfriend should see a gynecologist at once.

Pain caused by an IUD is nothing to fool around with. It could mean that your lover's IUD was inserted improperly or has moved from its original location. There is danger of it perforating the walls of the uterus. IUDs also play a role in causing tubal infections, which can result in inability to become pregnant.

Some women simply can't wear an IUD, and your girlfriend may be one of them. Have her discuss other means of birth control with her doctor. Most important, she shouldn't try to cover up the pain with medications. She needs to find out what is causing it.

Male Contraception: I'm a 33-year-old guy with four children. I don't want to father any more kids, but I also don't relish the idea of having a vasectomy. Is it true that testosterone shots will make it impossible for me to impregnate a woman?

—D. R.

Kansas City, Missouri

Injections every ten to 12 days of testosterone, a male hormone, can reduce most men's sperm count to zero. Sperm and testosterone are both produced in the testicles, and production of both is stimulated by similar brain messages. So when injections of testosterone artificially increase the supply of that hormone in your bloodstream, the brain messages stop, and neither sperm nor testosterone are produced. Without sperm you can't fertilize a woman's egg to make her pregnant.

One drawback with this method of male contraception is that it doesn't always work. The injections can also cause liver trouble, prostate cancer and acne. Most doctors will not recommend testosterone injections for birth control, and neither do we. 🐾



THIS MONTH IN CHIC

SEPTEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW



DANGER! ELECTRIC SMOG—Every gadget that plugs into a wall uses electricity—and electricity emits radiation. An 800,000-volt power line creates so much radiation that scientists have coined a term for it: electric smog. And it can cause heart attacks, exhaustion, even leukemia. Lowell Ponte's analysis could be a life-saver.

HOCKEY: VIOLENCE ON ICE—Some fans are alarmed—and others fascinated—by the mounting mayhem in pro hockey. Players realize that intimidation is almost mandatory, and every National Hockey League team has at least one brawler called a "policeman." Critics claim that the often-bloody fisticuffs are turning hockey into "Rollerball." Writer Billy Altman skates right into the controversy.

THE CHRISTIAN CONSPIRACY—Is your life being controlled by it? The Christian Voice organization is trying to mobilize the 60 million Americans who describe themselves as religious conservatives into a powerful voting bloc. With U.S. congressmen already under its wing, Christian Voice wants to go beyond destroying some of our civil rights and start shaping our country's foreign policy! Author Robert McGarvey says theirs may be the loudest voice on Capitol Hill.

PAUL HARVEY: PREACHING THE NEWS—His TV broadcasts reach an estimated 45 million people each day, not to mention the 11 million listeners who tune into his controversial radio show. That makes Paul Harvey one of the most influential opinion-molders in the country. Harvey's familiar sign-off, "Good day," is the only thing about the man that's predictable. Fascinating profile by Jay Lynch.

A PIECE OF THE ACTION—CHIC's fiction this month takes you to Atlantic City's first gambling casino, where a foxy female blackjack dealer meets up with a horny businessman. What happens when they concoct a slick scheme that will lead them to riches... if they can beat the Establishment and the Mob? Find out in this sizzler by Christopher Gilmore.

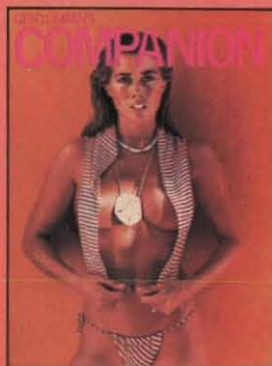
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Bits & Pieces

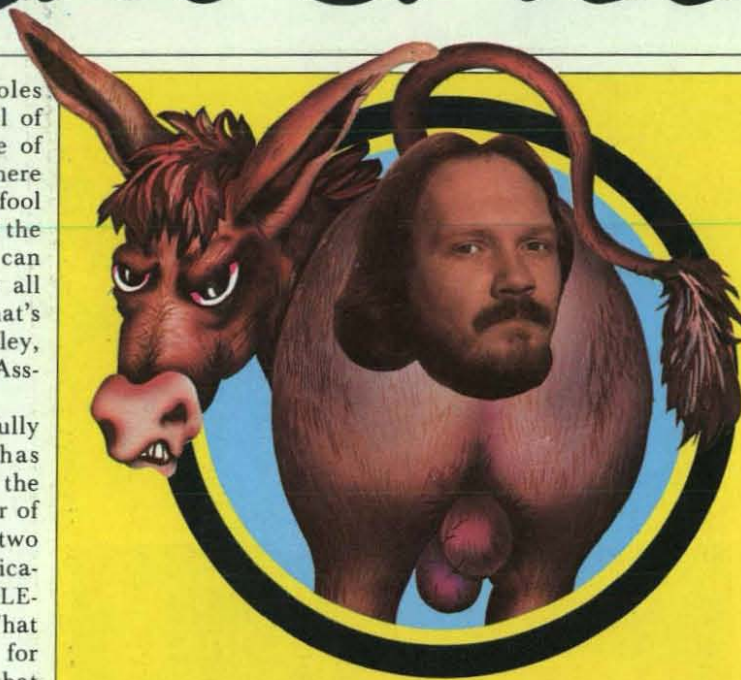
There are assholes who can fool all of the people some of the time, and there are assholes who can fool some of the people all of the time. But an asshole who can *disgust* all of the people all of the time... well, that's got to be Dwaine B. Tinsley, HUSTLER's September Asshole of the Month.

Most readers are painfully aware that Tinsley has seemingly forever been the Humor & Cartoon Editor of HUSTLER as well as of two other Larry Flynt Publications—CHIC and GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION. That means he's responsible for the shit-obsessed humor that has so thoroughly revolted and gagged even the most loyal of our readers.

This is not to say that Tinsley's idea of humor is limited to piling on cartoon after cartoon based on fecal matter. To insure that millions of Americans are completely sickened every month, he includes an abundance of snot-and-zit cartoons for our readers' "entertainment." Thanks to Tinsley there have probably been more boogers in the pages of HUSTLER than underneath all the desks in this country's elementary-school classrooms.

The reason Tinsley's cartoons are so crude, vulgar, tasteless, gross, vile and ugly is simple: The cartoonist himself is crude, vulgar, tasteless, gross, vile and ugly. True, HUSTLER readers have had it pretty rough, being forced to look at his cartoons every month. But think how much worse off the HUSTLER staff has been, being forced to spend its working hours in the same building with the guy.

Needless to say, a general



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Dwaine B. Tinsley

sense of euphoria has accompanied the announcement that Dwaine B. Tinsley is voluntarily leaving his post as Humor & Cartoon Editor of HUSTLER, CHIC and GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION to lead the life of an urban cowboy in Houston, Texas. Tinsley, of course, should be accustomed to people rejoicing when he leaves. Nobody else wants much to do with him either. Even the guy who illustrates those "Draw Me" matchbook covers would refuse his attempts to hang around with him. No one likes an "artist" who picks his nose

to obtain a color reference.

As reported in the May 1977 HUSTLER, Tinsley started his professional career drawing flies during his stays at various prisons. He spent more than four years behind bars, including a 15-month stretch in solitary confinement. That explains why even today he draws in total darkness. It may also explain why he would never leave his office to go to the bathroom, assuring that memories of his stay among us will linger in the air long after he's gone. And, of course, it might further explain his unnatural

affection for the shit-and-snot jokes that represent this magazine's all-time high moments in low taste.

Another embarrassment to the good name of Larry Flynt Publications was Tinsley's reign as Publisher of *Slam*, a humor-and-satire magazine for adults. His publishing knowledge, sense of humor and gut feeling for what Americans wanted to read helped bury this publication after only three issues. In what could have been a brilliant premiere edition, Tinsley placed a picture of a small boy on the cover, making *Slam* look like a kid's magazine.

This stupid mistake confused potential readers as well as retailers, who displayed *Slam* alongside *Mad* and other children's humor magazines. This resulted in one of the lowest percentages of sales per issues printed in the history of magazine publishing. Never has one man been paid so much to make such a big mess of a project in so short a time.

He won't be missed, but every silver lining has a cloud. Like a dog turd on the bottom of your shoe, assholes like Tinsley have the bad habit of always turning up. The sad truth is that Tinsley, though no longer our Humor & Cartoon Editor, will continue to publish his own cartoons exclusively in the pages of Larry Flynt Publications.

Like most of those "honored" on this page, Tinsley has no idea what an asshole he is. To him, shit-and-snot jokes are art of the highest degree. He is without doubt the leader in this kind of "humor." Dwaine B. Tinsley is truly a legend in his own mind.



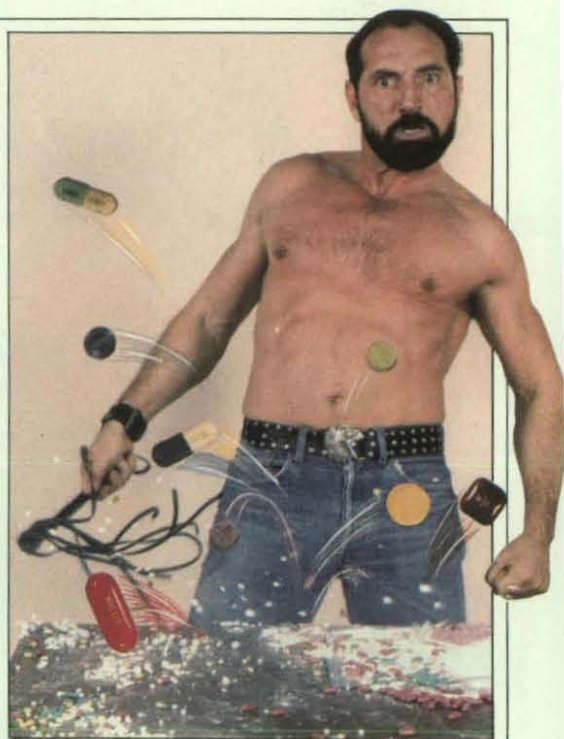
Please Curb Your Mower

Usually, when a kid comes running into the house yelling, "Dad, there's shit on the lawn!," it's no big deal. But this

photo, taken by a HUSTLER reader who's also an aviator, shows that there is sometimes good cause for alarm.

Drug Abuse

Don't let that friendly face fool you: This man is guilty of one of the most serious moral problems facing the world today—abuse of hard drugs. HUSTLER asks you to think twice before you take a hit at that joint, pop that downer or shoot that heroin. It's a tough habit to break, but like this poor soul, you can whip it.



The Perfect Companion

Now that Larry Flynt Publications' GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION is a hit at the stands, we thought we'd give you a little taste of what's inside. We strolled past their editorial office the other day and noticed smoke pouring out from under the door. Must be those sizzling typewriters. (For subscription information, see ad on page 18.)



Watchdog

This canny canine is the newest member of the HUSTLER security force. It was about time we had some real protection around here, and everyone feels a lot safer. The only problem is when he goes out into the bushes to check for prowlers—then we have to watch for security leaks.





Donna Summer



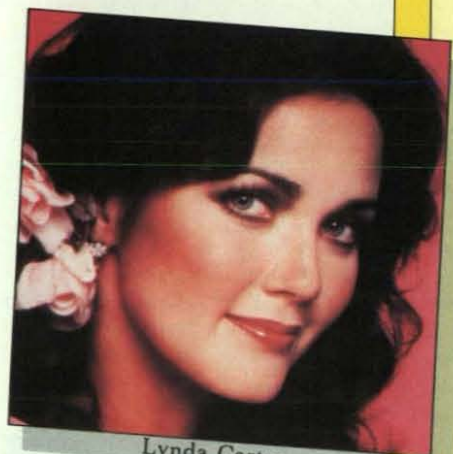
Loni Anderson



Valerie Bertinelli



Cheryl Tiegs



Lynda Carter

Million Dollar Winners

Here are the winners in 1980's "Ten Most-Wanted Million-Dollar Muffs" contest. This year saw quite a few new faces in the pack. *WKRP in Cincinnati*'s Loni Anderson snatched the most votes by an overwhelming margin, followed by: Valerie Bertinelli of *One Day at a Time*; Bo Derek of *10*; *Dukes of Hazzard* co-star Catherine Bach; country singer Dolly Parton; Cheryl Ladd of *Charlie's Angels*; Charlene Tilton of *Dallas*; *Wonder Woman* Lynda Carter; model Cheryl Tiegs; and disco queen Donna Summer.

While Jaclyn Smith and Raquel Welch came within a hair of making this year's bush league, other members of last year's Top Ten—like Farrah Fawcett, Suzanne Somers and Linda Ronstadt—muffed it totally. One final tidbit from the contest tally was that former *Playboy* Playmate and Hefner arm-ornament Barbi Benton tied for last-place honors with Amy and Lillian Carter, Debbie Reynolds and transsexual tennis star Renee Richards.

As always, we offer \$1 million to any of the Top Ten contestants who will pose for us *HUSTLER*-style and bare their box-office potential to our readers.



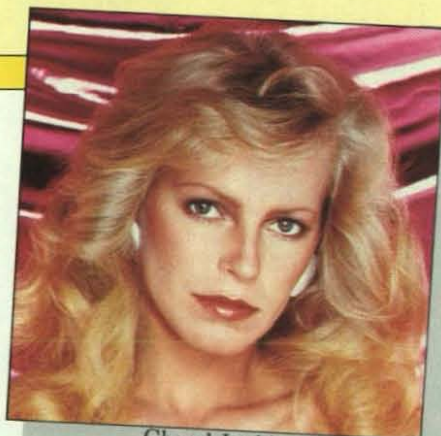
Bo Derek



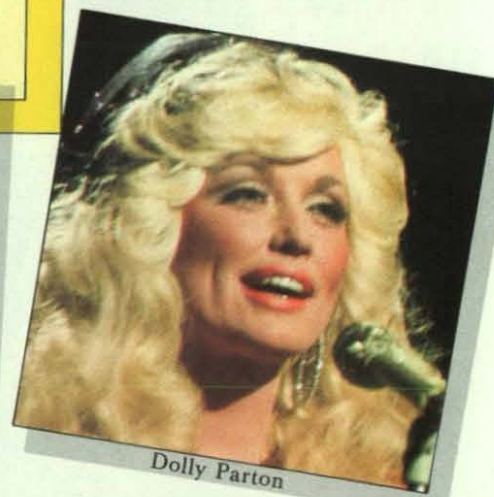
Catherine Bach



Charlene Tilton

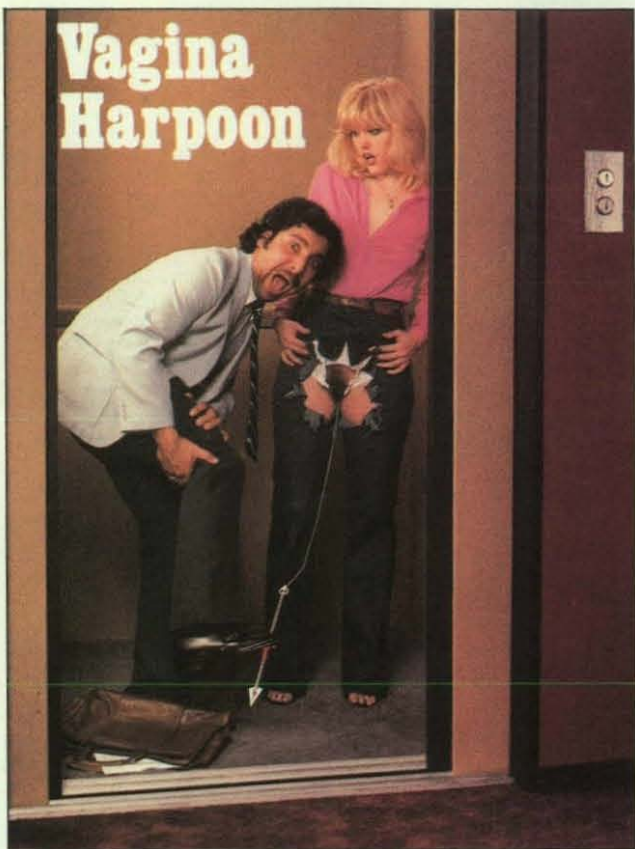


Cheryl Ladd



Dolly Parton

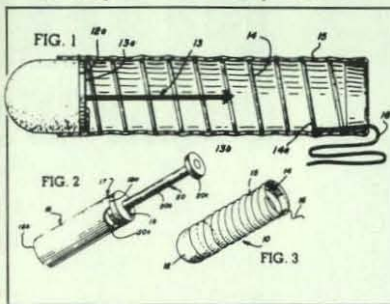
Vagina Harpoon



The schematic below is for U.S. patent #4,167,183—the anti-rape harpoon. Invented by Charles Barlow of Tucson, Arizona, the device is constructed to shoot a small harpoon into an assailant's penis upon forced entry into the vagina.

Needless to say, HUSTLER sees a few bugs that should be worked out before this contraption is marketed. We've illustrated just one of the many situations in which the vagina harpoon could be a potential health hazard for the innocent bystander.

An accidental misfiring takes second place to only one other horrible possibility—forgetting to take the device out. This occurrence would give new meaning to the old saying, "You only hurt the one you love."



Bonds of Matrimony

Here's one bride who looks ready to love, honor and obey. Who said that marriage can't be beat?

Ads We'd Like to See



In 1904 the brand-new Mrs. Margaret Whiting was shown by her husband what her first "marital duty" would be. Three months later the "liberated" Margaret Whiting puts Mr. Whiting in his place.

You've come a long way, baby.

**VIRGINIA
SLIME
CHEWING
TOBACCO**



Photograph: Bob Kruff

Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that tobacco chewing can be hazardous to your social life.

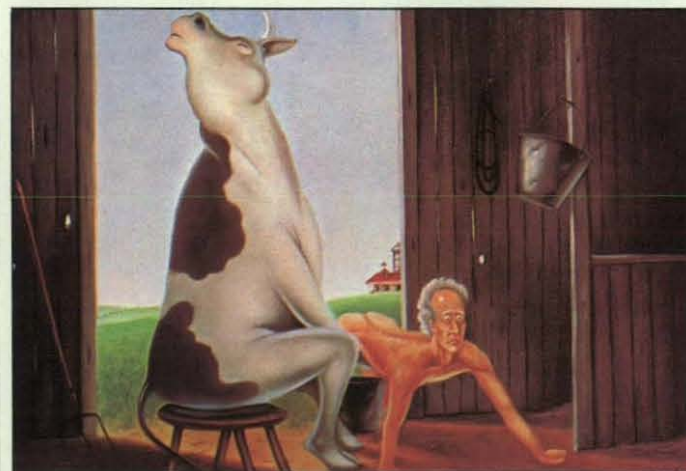
Behind the Barn

This print is from a collection entitled *Manimals*, which includes eight prints depicting animals and humans in reversed roles. In 1976 the artist, Harry Michael, was allegedly asked by the judges of a Cedar Key, Florida, art festival to remove the painting shown here from his exhibition. They further asked Michael not to sell his prints at the show, because complaints had been received that the artworks were "pornographic."

Harry refused on the grounds that he was being censored and

that the removal of the one painting would physically imbalance the structure holding up his exhibit. He was then arrested for disorderly intoxication, and his works were confiscated by the police.

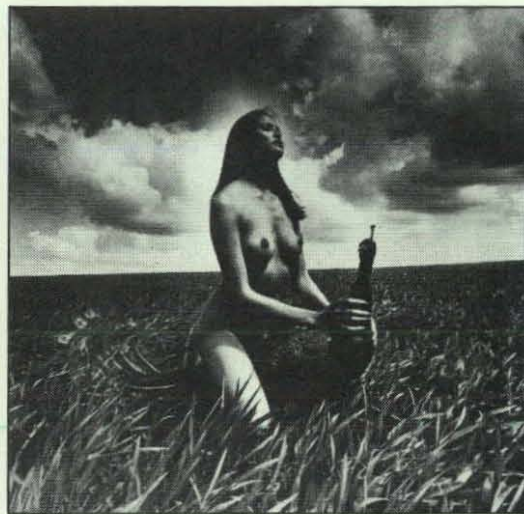
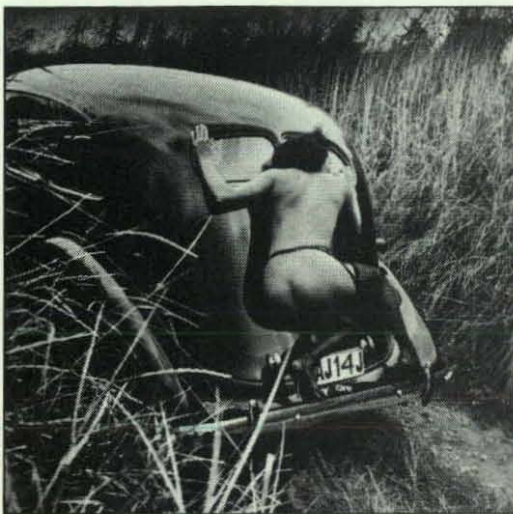
Although his *Manimal* prints evoke a strong response, Michael says, "I didn't do it to offend people. I want people to get a good laugh and think." The full set is available for \$15 plus \$2 for postage and handling from Manimal Productions (P.O. Box 13734, Gainesville, Florida 32604).



Misplaced Affection

Women in France are definitely having problems relating to men. These photos by Carel Fonteyne appeared in the French magazine *Zoom*, and show an obvious species-identity crisis. It's okay to jump a car or stuff a bird, but not the way these girls are going about it."

Zoom is available through European Publishers (1103 46th Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11101).

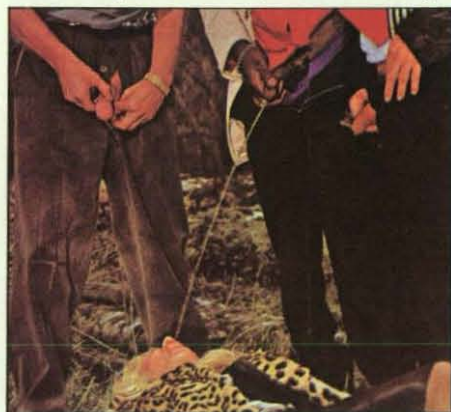


Sturm und Drain

There are more European hard-core magazines on the market now than one can shake a schnitzel at. One that stands out from the riffraff is *Snob*, a German weiner-wanker that plays free and loose with the elegant set and their unusual whims.

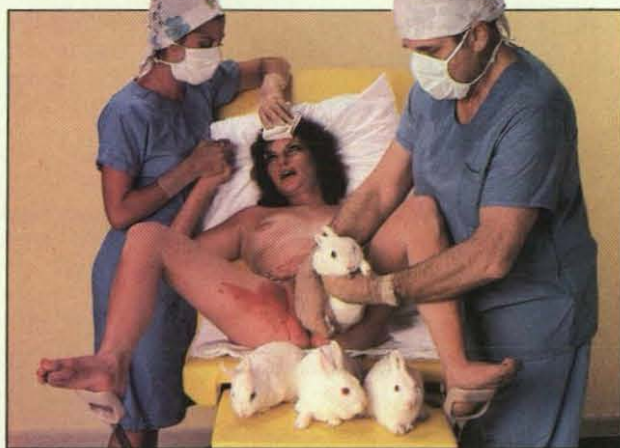
Featured in the first issue is Lady Emily (pictured here) and her adventures with the staff. As it turns out, the butler did it—and so did the chauffeur and the gardener. Lady Emily obviously needed something to wash down those rubbers.

For information concerning *Snob*, contact Buch-und Zeitschriften-Vertrieb (Monchstrasse 15, 6500 Mainz, West Germany).

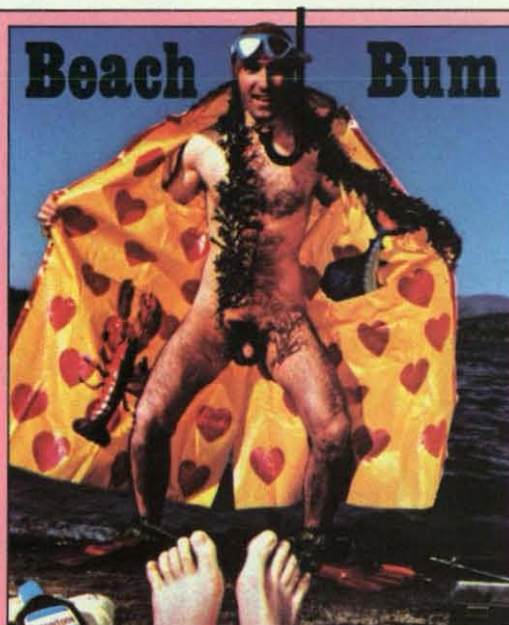


Multiplication Table

A report came across our science desk that researchers have succeeded in developing a female rabbit that can bear young without the fertilization of a male. Not to be outdone in the world of science, the HUSTLER research team shook the dust off its junior chemistry kit and set out to make medical history. Our science sleuths figured that if a rabbit could have rabbit babies without the help of a male... why not humans?



Beach Bum

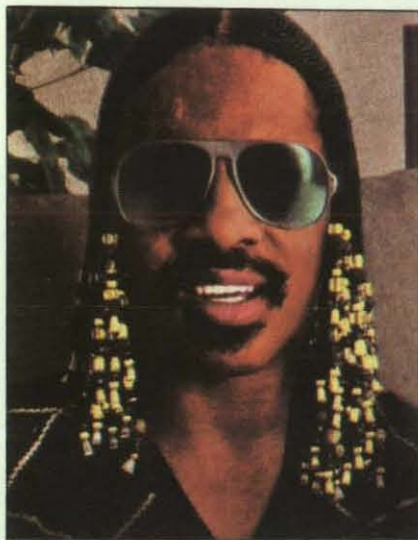


When loony Jerry Aibel hits the beaches, it's a frontal assault that no one forgets. Although Jerry is HUSTLER's favorite flashing son, we have to remind him, "It's not the size of the snorkel, Jerry. It's how long you can stay down."

Sex A-Peel

A banana like this is hard to resist and easy to eat. All she had to do was pull back the skin and... *voila!* No wonder banana peels get so slippery.



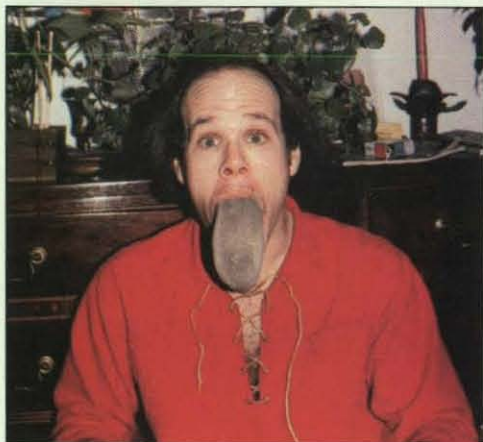


10 of Spades

Stevie Wonder's life-long wish to "be a beautiful white woman" has finally come true. The singer successfully underwent the world's first race-and-sex-change operation. Now calling himself Bo (a common black ghetto name), he is retitling his latest album *The Secret Life of Transplants*.



A Matter of Taste

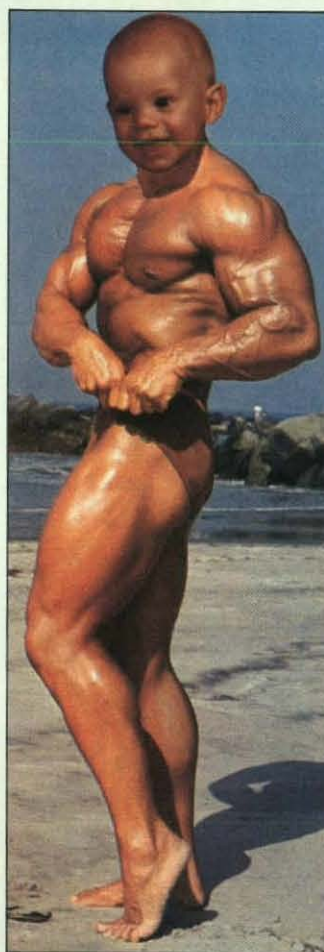
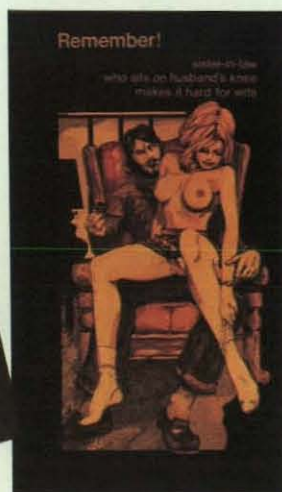
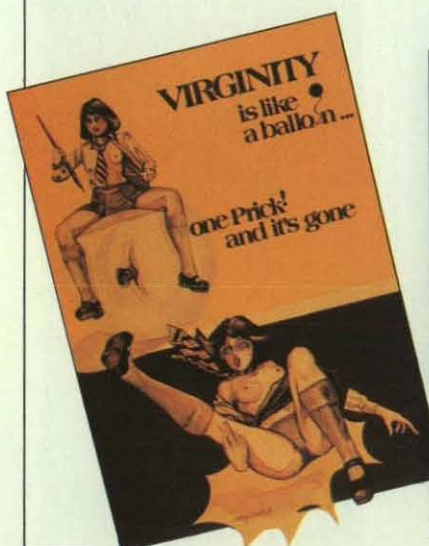


Originally scheduled to appear in HUSTLER's *Advise & Consent* column, this reader's problem seemed, after careful examination, to be more appropriate for *Bits & Pieces*. His dilemma is one that past *Bits & Pieces* editors have been very familiar with—too much tongue-in-cheek humor.

Words to Live By

Here are some illustrated sayings by our wise, old friend, John Carroll. John's work has been published in this section before, and his distinctive style

and off-the-wall humor always catch our eye. As Confucius say, "Artist who send in many Bits bound to see some of his Pieces in print."



Body-building

Is this going to be the result of all the new exercise programs for infants? Will we find babies working out on the rings instead of teething on them? One thing's for sure—no one's going to take any candy from *this* baby.

Q-Tip Swab

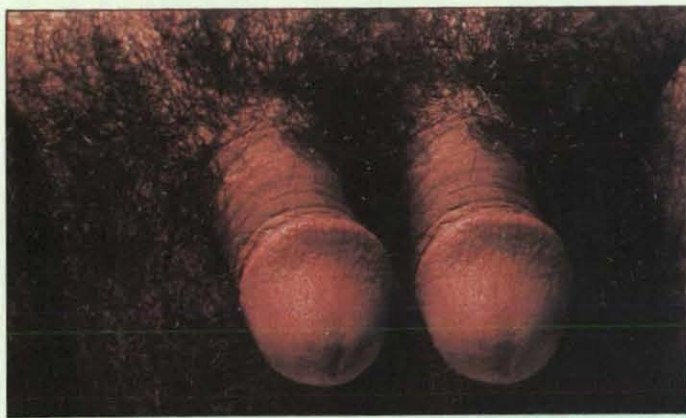
So *that's* how the Navy eliminates wax buildup on board a ship. We wonder what they use on the poop deck?

Deadliest Sin

This illustration is from a set of lithographs by Joseph Lieberman that contain his visual and verbal descriptions of the ancient religious taboos, the Seven Deadly Sins. Never having seen this act in a circus, we expect that he's showing us the dread result of the deadliest sin of all—necking with a giraffe.

More information on Lieberman's drawings of all the sins is available from Oscar's Ladd Circle Gallery (1996 S.E. Ladd Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97214).





Two Heads Are Better Than One

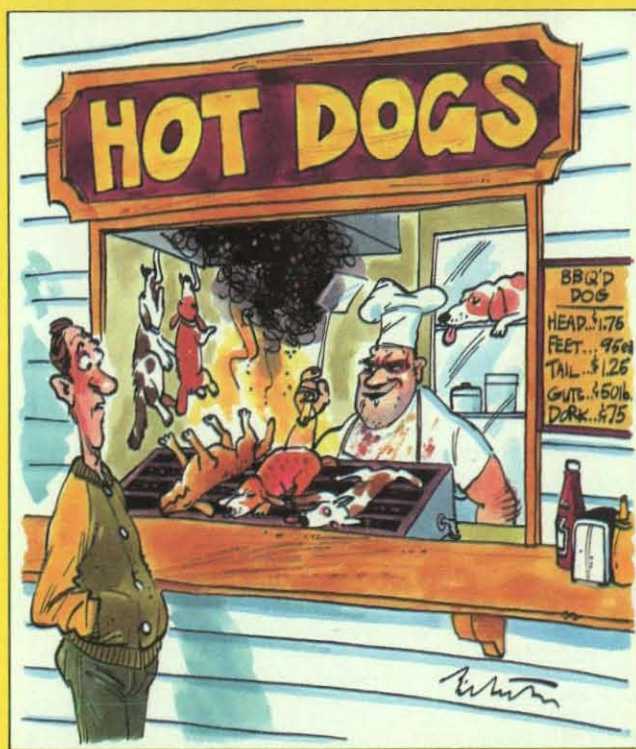
The count on this guy is four balls, two strikes... but no score. The reader who sent us this photo said he was having trouble finding a girl with compatible equipment. We suggest Siamese twins.

Picking a Candidate



Here's First Lady Roz Carter at Iowa's Democratic caucus. Jimmy sent her there to dig up some votes, but it looks like she dug up something else instead. Despite her, Jimmy won Iowa by a wide margin... not by a nose.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



HUSTLER Update



NUCLEAR DISASTERS: HOW THEY LIED TO YOU
April '80

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has approved procedures for the release of low levels of radiation from the Three Mile Island nuclear reactor, despite objections from two commission members that local officials had not been properly consulted. The radiation released by the Three Mile Island accident in March 1979 was for the most part contained within the inner chambers of the reactor. The approved procedures deal with the radiation that will be released when workmen are allowed to open certain rooms in the containment building for the first time since the mishap.

THE MORMONS May '80

Our article on the Mormon Church suggested that it is "the single-most-powerful and best-organized group opposing the Equal Rights Amendment." The *Miami Herald* has since reported that the Mormon Church of Florida organized a last-minute campaign in 1978 that raised over \$60,000 for local anti-ERA candidates. The paper claimed that the money was used to finance a statewide advertising blitz and to pay for the printing and distributing of 425,000 leaflets criticizing the ERA. When the fund-raising effort began, only two votes in the Florida Senate were needed for ratification. But the amendment went down to defeat, leaving it 15 ratifying states short of the number necessary before it can become part of the Constitution.

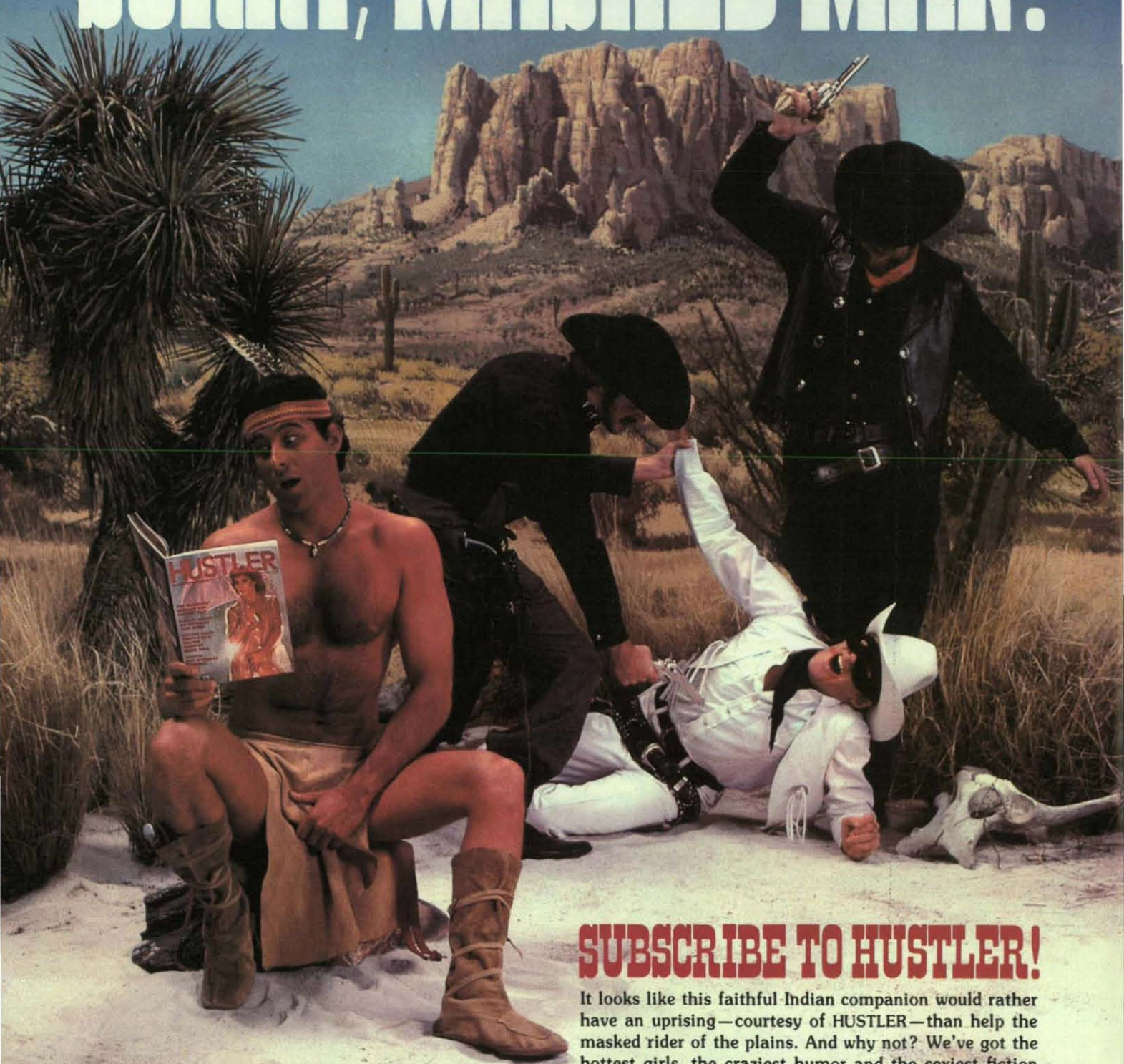


Yank

Most New England towns have a small park with a Civil War commemorative statue in the center, standing proud and erect. Some, as shown in this reader's photo, are more erect than others. This stone Yankee from Winchester, New Hampshire, proves that the South isn't the only part of this country that will rise again.

Contributors We pay \$150 for interesting items for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For September, \$150 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Ken Berthiaume, Adrian C. Brooks, John Carroll, Peter Kacharos, Chuck Oxley and C. R. Ozer.

SORRY, MASKED MAN!



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It looks like this faithful Indian companion would rather have an uprising—courtesy of HUSTLER—than help the masked rider of the plains. And why not? We've got the hottest girls, the craziest humor and the sexiest fiction around—not to mention our in-depth reportage giving behind-the-scenes information on events crucial to you. Get yourself a reservation on HUSTLER by clipping out the coupon below and subscribing today!

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Jeffrey Ressler

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

The Girls of Mr. X

The old expression "Money can't buy happiness" is the message of this hard-core German import. And unfortunately for the mysterious Mr. X (Hans Engels), money can't even seem to buy a good fuck.

Mr. X is a wealthy playboy who surrounds himself with a stable of single (if not beautiful) women. He provides them with every material possession possible, but they still refuse to let him get into their cunts.

For example, Angelique (Angelique Brown) is Mr. X's favorite mistress. He's footing the bill for her expensive beauty-parlor treatments, but Angelique prefers giving head to her



'The Girls of Mr. X' (above and below) is packed with heavy sex.

hairdresser rather than to her sugar daddy. Later on, when Mr. X comes across with the money to buy her a new set of clothes, Angelique decides to get personally fitted by the manager of a dress shop. Every time luckless Mr. X tries to collect a little interest on one of his female investments, something goes wrong.

Another of the girls takes horseback-riding lessons at Mr. X's expense. When he arrives to help her dismount from her stallion, the girl gets waylaid in the stable by a nimble groom. As always, Mr. X goes away holding the feed bag.

Even when it seems certain that Mr. X is about to score, fate plays a dirty trick on the hapless hero. Alone in a row-boat with one of his girls, it appears inevitable that the horny millionaire is about to hit the big payoff. However, just as the long-awaited moment is about to arrive, Mr. X clumsily topples out of the boat, and his girlfriend is rescued by an able-bodied seaman.

Frustrated and angry with himself for being such a sap, Mr. X swears he will never look at a beautiful girl again. But as the film ends, we see him about to repeat his old mistakes.

The Girls of Mr. X is a lightweight story. It's not very amusing, and the character development is pathetically weak. As far as the technical aspects of the film go, the quality is only fair. Obviously, this flick doesn't have a lot going for it. But it is loaded with wall-to-

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.






Susan Delojo combines work with pleasure as the maid in 'Education of the Baroness,' a French import.

wall sex that takes place in several different locations—horse stables, bathrooms and a dance studio among them.

Sadly, however, the abundance of fuck scenes doesn't make up for the unattractive women in the cast. Had this film featured some of the luscious lovelies we've seen in other European imports, *The Girls of Mr. X* would've earned a higher rating.

—Manny Neuhaus

Education of the Baroness

 *Education of the Baroness* is a French film that packs more raunchy sex and bawdy humor into a feature than seems possible. And if that's not enough, the story line shows a healthy contempt for the ruling class.

The movie is about Baroness Charlotte Dupont (Brigitte Lahaie), a big-breasted upper-class woman who becomes the victim of her unhappy maid, Alice (Susan Delojo). As the film opens, Alice is entertaining two of her friends in the Baroness's kitchen. One friend is her blind, accordion-playing brother, John (John Gatto), and the other is a hoodlum named Mr. Finch (Robert Lourd). Madam Dupont unexpectedly enters

the kitchen, sees the party and fires Alice. Mr. Finch, a greasy underworld figure, is wanted by the police and needs a place to hide out. So he, John and Alice take over the house and hold the Baroness hostage.

After the group takes command of the house, Mr. Finch forces the Baroness to reverse

roles with the maid. Then he sexually ravages Madam Dupont to the tune of John's accordion music. As Mr. Finch turns the Baroness over to butt-fuck her, he cries out, "Up the ass with the leisure class!"

Meanwhile, Baron Peter Dupont (Aude Lecoq) is believed to be at a business meet-

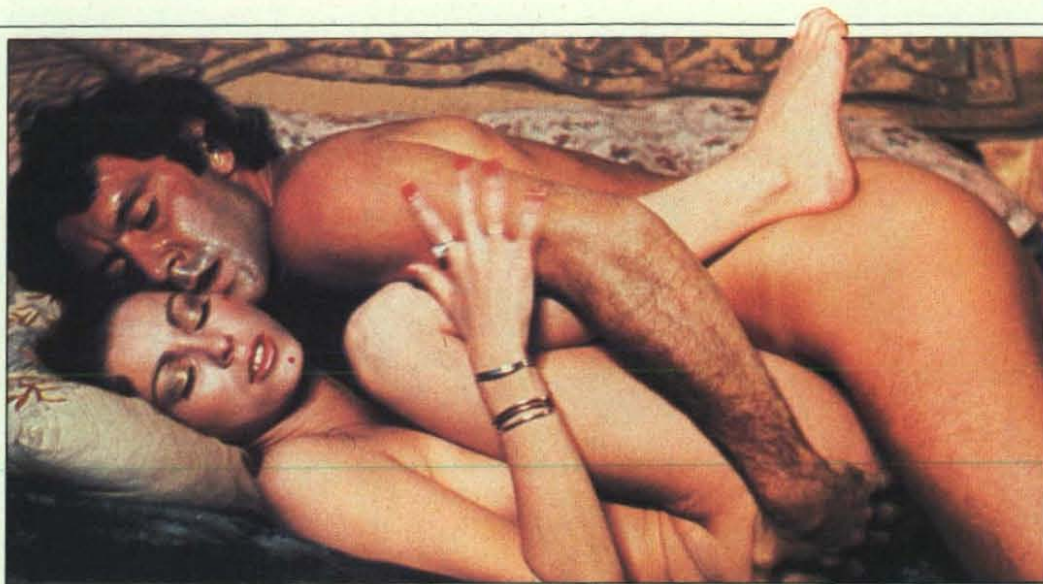
ing in town. Actually, he's engaged in a marathon fuck session with his mistress, Melanie (Albar). Melanie's no ordinary girlfriend; she specializes in sexually humiliating rich businessmen. In fact, when Melanie gives the Baron a handjob, she won't let him come in her mouth or on her tits. Instead he has to shoot his wad all over his money.

The film is skillfully edited, with several hot hard-core scenes and believable character development. For example, Alice's horniness is well-established in the film's first reel as she's seen going about her chores holding a dust rag in one hand and diddling herself with the other. Mr. Finch's psychological hang-ups are explained when he reveals the history of his bad luck with women. And poor, sightless John talks to empty chairs and ends up screwing his own sister by mistake.

Education of the Baroness is technically superb in all aspects. Even the dubbed-in English dialogue is no distraction. The film is a refreshingly funny and joyously dirty movie jammed with sex scenes throughout. As a matter of fact, it's probably one of the best fuck films you'll ever see.—M.N.



The Baroness Charlotte Dupont (Brigitte Lahaie) lathers her upper-class body prior to her 'Education.'



Annette Haven and John Leslie star in 'F,' a far-out sexual fantasy set in a kinky twilight zone.

Honey Throat

Honey Throat is a truly nauseating film that was patched together using old and new footage from other porn flicks. In fact, it's one of the worst adult films ever made. The kindest thing to be said about this dud is that it evokes nostalgia; *Honey Throat* rivals the quality of those scratched, grainy stag movies made in the 1940s.

The plot seems as if it was hastily contrived on the first day of shooting. Honey (Arcadia Lake) is the shy, homely shampoo girl at a beauty parlor where housewives come to get fucked rather than clipped. She harbors a secret crush on her boss, Jonathan (Eric Edwards), but is too scared to approach him. The self-conscious shampoo girl enlists the aid of Laurie (Katy Kean), a co-worker at the beauty salon, to help her become more seductive and appealing. Laurie's "sensuality training" calls for Honey to participate with her in a lesbian encounter and in a threesome with her boyfriend, Randy (Ron Hudd).

Long John Holmes is featured in *Honey Throat* as the chief stud and manicurist of the salon. He appears with Samantha Fox and Serena in badly dubbed hard-core scenes that were obviously blown up from a scratched 16mm print. Holmes, Serena and Fox have no dialogue during their scenes; instead, the filmmakers spliced in some noisy moans and groans

to simulate sexual ecstasy. These segments are so mismatched in their lighting and film quality that they'll hurt your eyes.

As if all this weren't bad enough, the mastermind behind this piss-poor production added the most bizarre and jarring music to the soundtrack. The producers really made a terrible mistake when they assembled this monster. But the biggest mistake will be made by people who pay to see it. This sex film is so bad it's not even boring—just offensive. —M. N.

F

The film *F* is literally out of this world. It's about another dimension of time and space where the wet dreams of all mankind are devised and tested. Inhabiting this fantasy land are giant man-eating cunts, nymphomaniac windup dolls and cocksucking cave-women. Once in a while normal human beings are allowed to enter this sexual twilight zone to let their wildest, kinkiest dreams become reality.

One of these visitors is a cabbie named Hank Cannonball (John Leslie). He's lured into the eerie "House of F" by the Dream Girl (Annette Haven), who's responsible for fulfilling all of his wet (and sometimes life-threatening) dreams. Hank's humdrum job as a taxi driver is depicted in the first five minutes of the film; the rest of the time he's getting his dipstick oiled by a variety of exotic women.

His first encounter is with three women posing as apparently lifeless dolls. Hank quickly locates the key—a giant black dildo—that winds them up and brings them to life. However, he gets more out of the mannequins than he bargains for. The dolls are set for long-playing action, and they go berserk when Hank wants to take a breather. His narrow escape from danger is the first of many more to come.

Hank has several other lustful encounters, including a hilarious bit in which he's swallowed whole by a giant vagina. In one of his misadventures he's pounded to his knees by a cavewoman. There being no common language between them, Hank communicates with primitive hand signals. "Suck cock," he says while demonstrating on his finger and pointing down to his crotch. Eventually the female Neanderthal swallows all of Hank's stiff prick.

The moments of erotic comedy in *F* make it solid, bawdy entertainment. Its few flaws include an overabundance of spacy makeup, as in one scene in which three sex-maidens are covered from tit to cunt with multicolored glitter. But the way-out premise of the film is a welcome change of pace from traditional adult-movie fare. It'll probably be so popular with audiences that a sequel will be made. Of course, the ad for *that* film will say, "From the makers of *F*, now comes *U*..."

—M. N.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Bon Appetit
Fantasy
Her Name Was Lisa
Legend of Lady Blue
Sensational Janine
Star Virgin
Talk Dirty to Me
The Budding of Brie
The Ecstasy Girls

Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde in Black Silk
Caligula
Frat House
Heavenly Desire
Kate and the Indians
Ms. Magnificent
Pro Ball Cheerleaders
Secrets of a Willing Wife
Sizzle
Tangerine
Tigresses—and Other
Maneaters

Half Erect

Bangkok Connection
Chopstix
Double Your Pleasure
Female Athletes
Fulfilling Young Cups
Hot Legs
John Holmes, Superstar
Olympic Fever
Robins Nest
Screwple
Telefantasy
The Pleasure Shoppe
The Sensuous Detective
Two Sisters

One-Quarter Erect

Dracula Sucks
Inside Desiree Cousteau
More Than Sisters
Mystique

Totally Limp

Candy Goes to Hollywood!
Carnal Highways
I Am Always Ready
Sweet Savage
Three Ripening Cherries
Tropic of Desire

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

The Studio

By Jeffrey Jones, Michael Kaluta, Barry Windsor-Smith and Berni Wrightson; Big O Publishing, P.O. Box 6186, Charlottesville, Virginia 22906; \$14.95

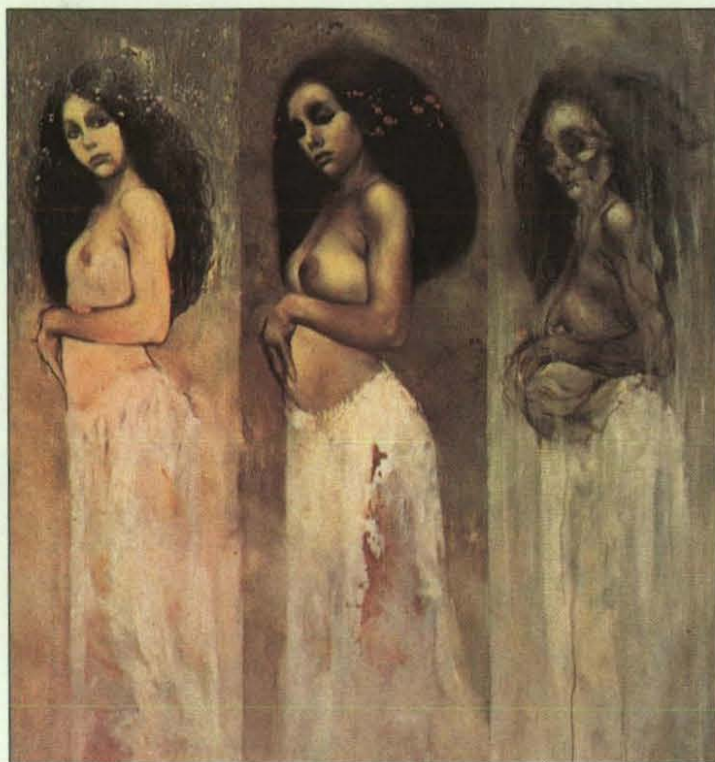
This book will bend your mind and flatten your eyeballs. *The Studio* is a study, in words and paintings, of an artists' collective in Manhattan. Illustrators Jones, Kaluta, Windsor-Smith and Wrightson converted an enormous loft on the 12th floor of a warehouse into their artistic nerve-center. Today these young men are producing some of the world's finest images of fantastic visions.

And what a fantastic vision this book's design is too! *The Studio* is a foot square, which means that the double-page prints are two feet across and a foot high. The detail is clear, the color is just fine, and the typesetting really gets the message across. This book, printed in the Netherlands, is produced by a company (Dragon's Dream) with extremely high standards. *The Studio* is beautifully put together, and provides wonderful representations of each of the artists' works.

Jeffrey Jones is, perhaps, most famous for his fantasy cartoon called *Idyl*, featured in *National Lampoon*. *Idyl*'s a girl who lives alone, naked and pregnant on a planet where she has weird arguments with trees and turtles. I once asked Jones why *Idyl* was pregnant, and he replied with a straight face, "She was born that way. They all are. Didn't you know?" His pictures may be strange, but they certainly are brilliant.

Michael Kaluta was an Army brat, born in Guatemala and hauled all over the globe. Today he's the perennial kid who walks on railroad ties and throws rocks at tin cans. But he's also a talented painter with a head filled with dreams and monsters, all graphically presented in *The Studio*.

Barry Windsor-Smith came to America from England. Al-



One of Jeffrey Jones's strange, fantastic visions from 'The Studio.'

though the heroic fantasies of Marvel Comics come across strongly in his style, he's noted for adding a lot of attention to smaller details. His good head and strong hand produce vivid images of barbarians, magicians and beautiful enchanted women.

Horror and terror are Berni Wrightson's specialties, but he adds his own unique touch. Wrightson has the ability to overstate his point just enough

to make it work. Even his most horrific drawings have a basis in realism.

Besides the reproductions in *The Studio*, there are clearly written biographies of each artist. Whoever wrote this material (there's no mention of an author) deserves a lot of credit. The thrust of what's written here is that fine art is for everybody, and that fine artists are guys who get hungry and horny

and lost sometimes and have sweaty armpits just like yours and mine.

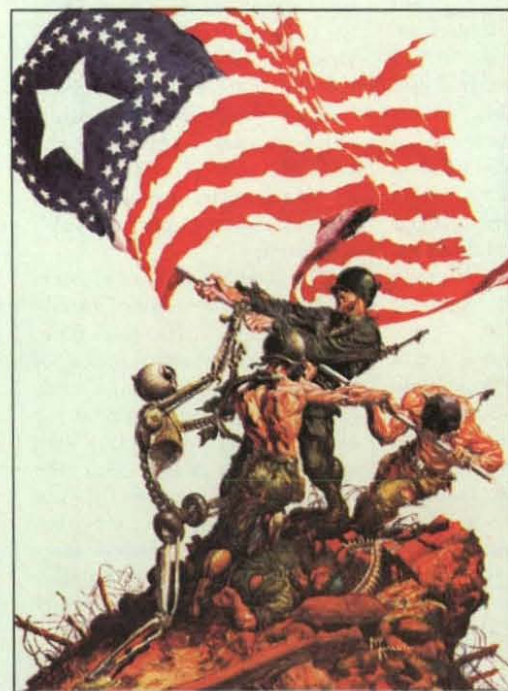
Father's Days

By Katherine Brady; Seaview Books, Inc., 747 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017; \$9.95

Very few autobiographies will grab you as tightly as *Father's Days*. Although Katherine Brady is not a writer by profession, her prose embodies that rare combination of natural talent and sharply honed skill. The subtitle of *Father's Days* is *A True Story of Incest*. And it's clear that she wrote this book because she had to. It was part of the process of putting herself back together after finding her entire personality shattered.

As a child, Katherine Brady was known as "a good little girl." In high school she earned straight A's, and her boyfriend was the best-looking guy in town. She went on to marry into high society and raise two lovely kids. During this entire time, however, she was living in an emotional hell: She had been making it with her father for ten long years.

She describes her father as a figure of authority, stimulation, sniveling pathos and even real love. Over the years, he taught her the fine arts of deception, lying and secrecy. But when she grew up, Brady couldn't carry her guilty feelings locked inside



'The Studio': A book packed with vivid images of barbarians, magicians and beautiful, enchanted women.

any longer. She told her loved ones about the incestuous affair. As a result, her marriage blew apart, she was shunned by her friends, and even her own sister turned against her.

It isn't easy to take an objective stand on incest. Because family affairs have been kept secret for so long, it's been difficult to learn how widespread incest is and what kind of psychological damage it may or may not inflict.

Brady's book is a beachhead to an understanding of one woman's experience with incest. Hopefully, it will power up the growing concern about parent-child sexuality. One thing's for sure: A sensitive and courageous lady such as Katherine Brady shouldn't have to live through so many nightmarish years.

Give Me That Prime Time Religion

By Jerry Sholes; Hawthorn Books, 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$8.95

Jerry Sholes worked with the Oral Roberts evangelical organization for three years before deserting it in a towering rage. And if his exit scene is as he describes it in this book, it's a wonder that he didn't leave after three weeks. His account of Roberts's treachery, *Give Me That Prime Time Religion*, consists mainly of small gripes about working with the religious organization. The book would have been much more interesting had the author concentrated on the larger issues that disgusted him.

And, according to Sholes, there are plenty of those larger issues to get upset about. He says flatly that none of the money blizzard sweeping over Oral Roberts ever blows in the direction of the sick and poor people who so badly need it.

Sholes denounces Roberts as a liar for asserting that he's spoken with God on 21 occasions. He also calls him a hypocrite for claiming that he prays over every vial of anointing oil he sells to the suckers. He even accuses him of being a crook for allegedly laying up \$3 million for himself and his family

through a dummy publishing company. In addition, Sholes claims that the famous media minister would rather have a high-scoring basketball team at his Oral Roberts University than save a burning soul. And so on and so on.

The picture he draws of the Roberts operation is pretty frightening. Apparently, people all over the country looking for some sort of relief turn to this glossy predator for comfort. And Roberts makes it quite clear that the comfort they get will be in direct proportion to the amount of cash they give him. If you're interested in religious frauds or exposes of powerful preachers, then pick up a copy of *Give Me That Prime Time Religion*. This book will shock and enrage you.

It would be interesting to contrast Roberts's activities with those of another evangelist, namely Jesus Christ. Jesus didn't need a television show, a university, or mountains of money to spread his message. The only equipment He ever had were a pair of sandals and a robe, and the only thing He ever asked for was the acceptance of an idea.

Aquarian Odyssey

By Don Snyder; Liveright Publishing Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036; \$9.95

Aquarian Odyssey is Don Snyder's personal photographic



'Odyssey' provides a glimpse of the 1960s' flower children at play.

history of the 1960s' flower children (or hippies, however you care to remember them).

Every page in this book is in full color, the images presented are lush and exciting, and the brief captions tell it like it was. Probably the most remarkable thing about the volume, however, is that all of the pictures came from one man's camera.

Snyder takes the reader from the beginnings of the era, with LSD guru Tim Leary at Millbrook, New York, right up to "the big wash-out" following the Rolling Stones' tragic Altamont concert. Other highlights along the way include love-ins, light shows, the Woodstock festival, Satanic rituals and the Hell's Angels' funeral for biker Chocolate George.

Ace photographer Snyder, deep into experimental shutter-bugging since the early 1950s, used innovative techniques in capturing his subjects on film. Snyder believes that photographers shouldn't become black boxes themselves, without feelings or personal involvement. It's clear that Snyder was involved in the hippie trip, or else he never could have gotten intimate photos like the ones featured in *Aquarian Odyssey*.

What was it that made these crazy kids—dropouts, freaks, runaways and addicts—strike out at the solid structures of home, family, government and "decency"? Did they have a glimpse, however faltering, of a world in which people didn't have to be afraid of each other? The flower children shared, laughed, cried and danced openly. What made them want to live in a way that had nothing to do with piling up money and junk food and shiny automobiles?

Whatever it was they wanted, they didn't get it. The world is grinding on pretty much the same way it did before the hippie movement happened. Nevertheless, these kids shot something into the American bloodstream that wasn't there before, and it's something that's not bad. It's the fuzzy feeling that some outrageous kind of freedom may be better than no freedom at all.

Thanks to Don Snyder, we can all get another glimpse of this spirit.



The Make Love, Not War generation is documented in 'Odyssey.'

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Judy had her first orgasm with David. Although she had fucked dozens of men in the past, and had even been married once, none of her sexual partners had ever taken the time to satisfy her properly. In fact, Judy didn't even know if she was capable of reaching climax. But after she met David, things began to change.

They met at a party, liked each other and later that evening wound up in bed together. Judy expected the same old wham-bam sex she'd grown accustomed to. David, however, began very slowly, speaking softly to her as he unbuttoned her blouse and then removed his own clothes.

When they were both naked, he showered her body with gentle, loving kisses that sent waves of electricity through her. He kissed her neck passionately, then probed her ear with his tongue. And Judy really felt special when David went down on her, flicking his tongue over the length of her cunt but concentrating on her clitoris.

Judy felt great. Here finally was a man who wanted her to enjoy sex and not merely cater to his own selfish desires. Judy was *set* for an orgasm; she was feeling aroused, and her body was primed. She was comfortable with David even though her head was spinning in circles.

Then it happened. While David was eating her out, she began to feel her body reacting to the pleasure. Yes, she was coming, and for the first time in her life she felt like a completely fulfilled woman. Her body was convulsing in sexual release. And when it was over, David kissed her mouth soulfully.

How did David bring Judy to orgasm? Well, the simple truth is that no man can *make* a woman have an orgasm if she doesn't want one. Macho studs with the power to make their women come exist only in the imagination. But despite evidence gathered by sex researchers proving the macho man to be a myth, this stereotype remains the contemporary role-model men aspire to

In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to help you increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions you—ultimately—a much better lover.



THE FEMALE ORGASM

by Maxwell Eden

and women yearn for. Many men continue to place unnecessary pressure on themselves by believing that their masculinity is based on the ability to make women come. To make matters worse, many women complete this vicious circle by expecting men to be responsible for satisfying *their* sexual appetites.

In reality, a man can only *cooperate* in helping a woman achieve orgasm, by giving her what she already desires. Her desires are something he must learn about with her help. Contrary to the macho myth, men generally do not possess an innate knowledge of female sexuality.

Dr. Lonnie Garfield, in her recent

book *For Yourself: The Fulfillment of Female Sexuality*, concludes, "Men don't have any magical answers for successful sex, and they are not capable of reading a woman's mind to find out what she wants or needs." Writing along similar lines more than 30 years ago, pioneer English gynecologist Dr. Helena Wright advocated that women need to take the upper hand concerning their own orgasms. In her book *More About the Sex Factor in Marriage*, Dr. Wright detailed how a woman should guide the man's hand over her pubic area until it gives her pleasure.

In other words, women must take responsibility for their own sexual satisfaction.

Sex experts Masters and Johnson have concluded that men and women are similar in their responses to sexual stimulation. In fact, according to sex surveys such as Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, the majority of women can bring themselves to orgasm within four minutes. This means that, provided the stimulation is right, women can have orgasms as easily and as quickly as men.

Why then has the female orgasm—a reliable bodily response—assumed a mystique that makes both sexes anxious? The answer lies in the behavioral development of male and female sexual roles. Both boys and girls

grow up *learning* how to act like men and women, respectively. But the teaching process concerning sex education falls flat on its face: Most adolescents—boys and girls—haven't even learned what the clitoris is, let alone where it's located. Multiply these sexual misconceptions by the number of people in a society, and you end up with a staggering number of unhealthy behavior patterns—which may lead to problems, like females who can't come.

Many sex specialists feel that the female orgasm itself is a behavioral response. According to Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of the Kinsey report, women's orgasms are the result of

"learned behavior." In other mammals, says Dr. Pomeroy, "females don't orgasm at all... therefore you might expect a fairly high percentage of human females not to have orgasm because it isn't part of their heritage to have it. But it appears that all human females can *learn* to have orgasm."

Researchers have concluded that rules for sexual behavior are handed down from one generation to the next. Since women's roles have been historically defined only in relation to men's, most cultures have naturally developed around a male perspective. Anyone doubting that this has been a man's world from the beginning need only refer to the Bible. In Genesis the pattern is clearly set for future male/female development when the biblical God creates woman as an afterthought, to bring comfort and companionship to man.

Our culture defines masculinity largely in terms of sexual achievement. And although the theme of boys earning their manhood through performance is found all over the world, nowhere is it as intense as in the American bedroom.

The stereotyped American male role-model is all too familiar: He has an instinctive sexual knowledge of how to drive women wild with pleasure using his steel-hard, foot-long penis. Dr. Pomeroy claims that most men rate

themselves solely on the basis of their performance—the size of their penis, how long the sex act lasts and how many orgasms he and his partner have. This puts undue pressure on the male and can frustrate him if he fails to live up to his imaginary "Guinness Book of Sexual Records."

But like it or not, this male stereotype has been our legacy. And to one degree or another men attempt to live up to this fantasy image. Thinking you're Superman is one thing, but jumping out of a window to prove it can be dangerous. Although fantasy can be healthy when kept in proper perspective with reality, men *and* women behave destructively by rating a man's masculinity on the woman's ability to reach orgasm. This attitude places a man in the position of having to orchestrate sex regardless of whether or not he knows how to play the instrument.

Although researchers such as Masters and Johnson have made remarkable breakthroughs in the biological aspects of sex, much of the psychology behind it has remained a mystery. But since it's often impossible to separate the biological from the psychological, discovering elements of one can lead to insights regarding the other.

A noteworthy example of this is Masters and Johnson's findings in their 1966

study, *Human Sexual Response*. They reported on what many sex researchers consider the major myth-reversal of the century: It's not the penis thrusting against the vagina that stimulates the clitoris; it's the friction of the clitoral hood against the clitoris that produces the stimulation necessary for the female to achieve orgasm.

Masters and Johnson point out that most women prefer to avoid the overwhelming intensity of direct clitoral contact, and then suggest that the *entire* pubic area be stimulated rather than just the clitoris. According to the sex specialists, "Direct manipulation of the clitoris produces a narrow margin between stimulation and irritation."

To make sure irritation doesn't occur during lovemaking, Masters and Johnson urge the woman to tell the man what is pleasurable for her. Another instructor of human sexuality puts it this way: "One of the best four-letter words for intercourse is T-A-L-K." *Communication* is very important.

How can you cooperate in bringing a woman to orgasm? Since each woman is an individual, you'll never be able to find out what can please all of them every time. But the following helpful hints are a general blend of the needs and desires of most women:

Do it her way. Give up your male-role-model responsibility, and let her know that the things she gets off on are okay too. If she wants to get on top, let her. After all, the more she can control clitoral movement, the more easily she'll reach orgasm. If it doesn't seriously conflict with your psychological makeup, go along with whatever she desires: bondage, S&M, costumes, vibrators or threesomes. Remember, as long as no one is hurt, perversion does not exist.

Slow down. You can build sexual excitement by slowly feeling your way around her entire body. After all, it is her anticipation of your next move that leads to increasing desire. Make sure you take the time to hunt out her erogenous zones. Her body can tell you what's going on inside her mind. Is she breathing faster? Is she getting warmer? Is she writhing when you kiss or touch a particular area? Can you sense the sexual tension building in her breasts and pelvic movements? Learn to pay attention to your lover's body.

Touch her. The skin is our largest sexual organ. A woman's awareness of her skin is very important to her sexuality. Your exploration of her naked body with your lips, tongue and hands can be a tremendous turn-on. Even the gentlest breath or the most subtle touch can excite her in preparation for orgasm.



Make oral love. Cunnilingus is effective only when performed as a natural part of lovemaking. Accept her genitals as being beautiful and tasty. If she senses you are merely attempting to give her lip service, you've only reinforced her self-consciousness. As any experienced muff-diver will tell you, watching and feeling a woman come as you give her head is an immense turn-on for both partners. But oral sex takes a lot of technique to be performed well. You'll want to proceed carefully and savor those special sexual juices, not gulp them down as if they were a fast-food soft drink. Let your partner guide you so you'll know what flicks and swirls of the tongue give her the most pleasure.

Be outrageous. Don't get stuck in a boring sexual routine. In many ways a woman's orgasm is the product of her imagination. Most women respond remarkably well to the unexpected sexual thrill. Keep your lovemaking spontaneous and uninhibited. For example, at a party you can try finger-fucking her in a corner of the room. This impulsive romantic gesture, along with the fear of getting caught in the act, can arouse a woman to a tremendous fever pitch. Always strive to make your encounters freewheeling and exciting. Tap into her fantasy life and enjoy it with her.

Don't stop. Unlike men, who reach a point of no return when they come, women require stimulation not only up to the point of orgasm, but throughout the orgasm as well. The beginning of a woman's orgasm is her most vulnerable moment. If the stimulation is interrupted within a second before she comes or in the middle of her orgasmic throes, her sexual tension may decline rapidly. You must communicate to her that, even if you come before she does, you'll still be there to help get her off by doing whatever she wants. Remember, it's very important that the woman be allowed to set the pace for stimulation as she begins her orgasm. But don't stop just when she starts.

These tips are meant to be used as a starting guide to helping a woman achieve orgasm. But there really are no secret recipes for mending relationships, or complete courses in satisfying a woman. Sexual knowledge is obtained only through experience, study, experimentation and, most important, the desire to learn.

Sexual awareness, communication and encouragement by the female can dramatically improve the willing male's understanding and technique of how to better satisfy her. But, as sex researchers point out, *the man can't do it alone.*

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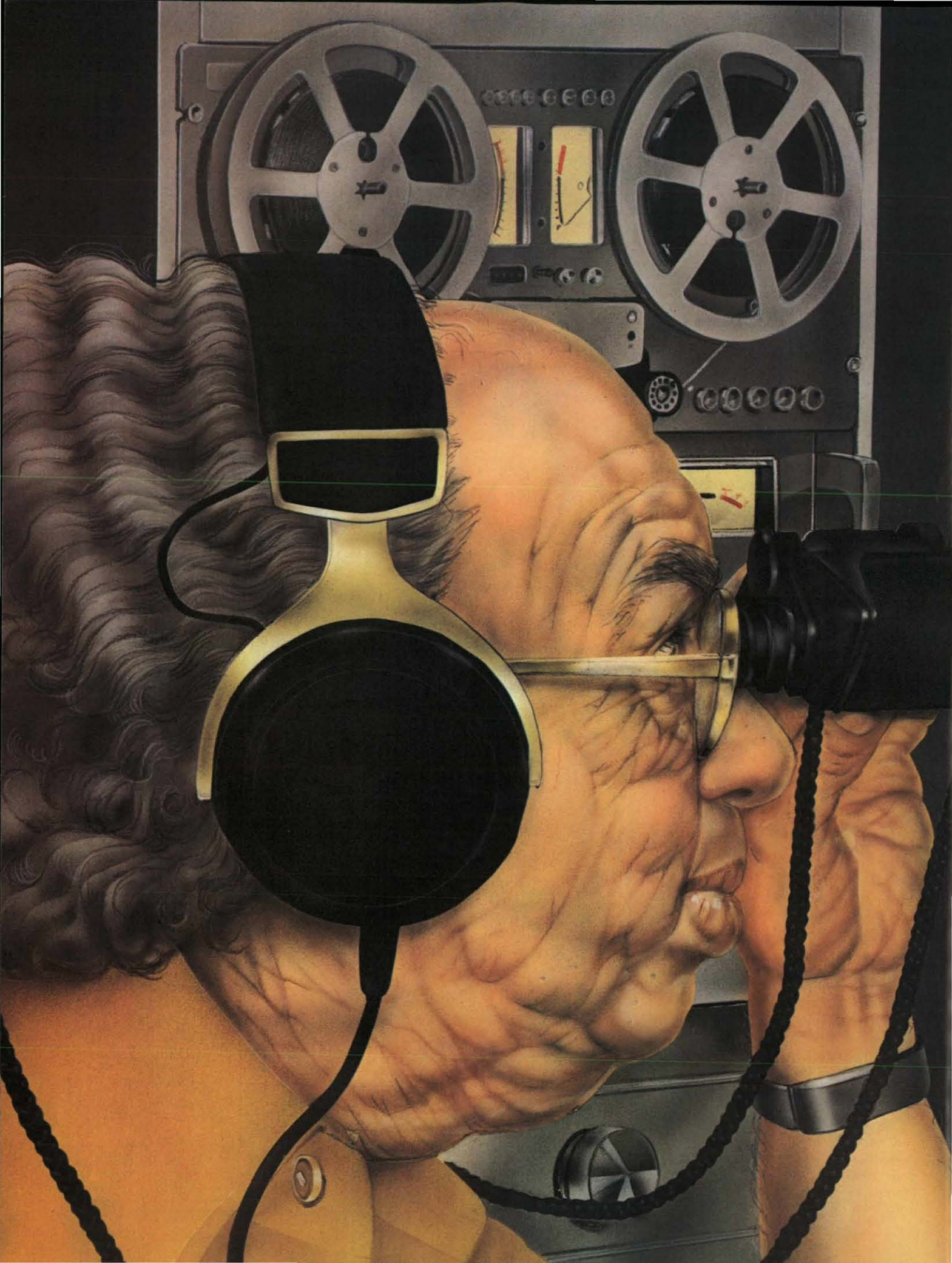
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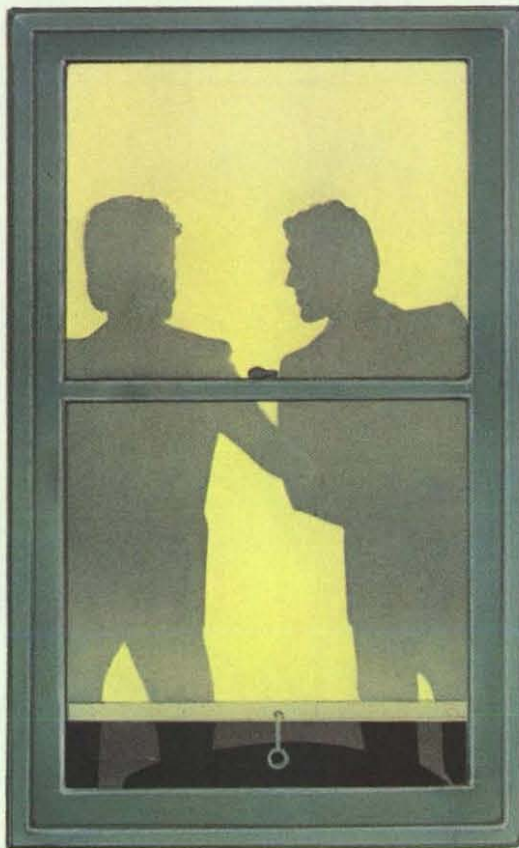
It was like a scene out of an old B-movie thriller, except that the three major characters were all too real.

Confronting one another in a dimly lit lawyer's office were William Raggio, district attorney of Washoe County, Nevada, and Joe Conforte, owner of a string of brothels in that state. After years of trying, Raggio had finally managed to nail the proprietor of the Mustang Ranch on a vagrancy charge that he intended to make stick. But Conforte had other ideas. Now he was saying that a girl who had recently visited the DA about a divorce was in fact underage and that her mother was about to publicly charge that Raggio had taken the girl to bed.

Concealed in a vacant office directly above Raggio and Conforte, San Francisco private detective Harold K. (Hal) Lipset was eavesdropping on their conversation. He listened intently through a pair of saucer-sized earphones clasped to the sides of his head.

"That's statutory rape," Conforte continued. "If this hits every paper in the country, you might as well pack up and get out." Rather than simply force Raggio into dropping the charge against him, the brothel-keeper decided to make the DA grovel. "You got to say it like this: 'Your Honor, we ask dismissal, and I want to apologize to Mr. Conforte because he was picked up erroneously,'" he instructed. "*Erroneously*, do you hear? I want that word said."

That word and all of Conforte's other damaging remarks were picked up (by a supersensitive microphone Lipset had



tucked away in a heating duct) and recorded on tape. Thanks to the detective's ingenuity, Conforte eventually found himself facing, besides the vagrancy rap, an additional charge of extortion by intimidation. Raggio walked away with his reputation intact. And Hal Lipset had again established his supremacy as King of the Private Eyes and Ears.

By almost any measure the 61-year-old sleuth is the busiest, best-known, most sought-after and most successful detective-for-hire in the U.S.—and perhaps the world. In his 34 years as founder, president and resident gumshoe of Lipset Service, the cigar-chew-

ing investigator has taken on close to 15,000 cases and, in pursuing them, has logged well over a million miles across five continents. His globally wired operation is staffed by eight full-time agents and eight part-timers who turn up posing as everything from meter-readers and refrigerator repairmen to newspaper reporters, massage-parlor hawkers and Heinz 57 salesmen. Past president and chairman of the World Association of Detectives, he has virtually written the book on electronic bugging.

Lipset's innovations in the field date back to his creation of the celebrated "pry martini," a radio transmitter hidden in a simulated olive with the toothpick functioning as an antenna. In later years he wired up briefcases and wall sockets, cigarette packs and brassiere padding; even a cake of soap was once used to tape a conversation in a Turkish bath.

One of his memorable performances came in 1965, when he was the star witness at the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee's inquiry into illegal surveillance. During his testimony Lipset casually opened his coat, revealing the tiny transmitter hidden therein. He assured the lawmakers that the device was turned off. But later, to dramatize how devious the eavesdropping business can be, Lipset announced that he was recording the proceedings after all. He had secretly buried another device in a bouquet of roses situated directly in front of the committee's chairman, Senator Edward Long (Dem.-Louisiana).

Then there was the Las Vegas casino that had spent \$35,000 on security measures for its top-secret board room—surrounding the walls, ceiling and floor of the room with a copper sheath. Assigned to make certain it was bugproof, Lipset

PROFILE BY ARTHUR ZICH

Illustrations by Joann Daley

had himself locked inside. Exactly five minutes later he signaled to be let out of the windowless room. Then he walked outside and taped an entire board meeting from an air-conditioning duct in the back of the building.

"I recognized that people using the room had to breathe," he explains, seated in his million-dollar Victorian mansion overlooking San Francisco Bay. "So I simply dropped a battery-powered transmitter into the source of air—the duct—and recorded what it picked up."

It's no wonder Lipset served as the model for eavesdropping detective Harry Caul—Gene Hackman's part in Francis Ford Coppola's Academy Award-nominated film, *The Conversation*. "Lipset," says an admiring defense attorney who retains him, "is the real-life equivalent of Sam Spade, Travis McGee and [Agatha Christie's] Hercule Poirot, all rolled into one."

And he more than lives up to comparison with those fictitious investigators. Home and headquarters, in fact, is just 20 blocks from the site of Spade's old office in *The Maltese Falcon*. A replica of the bird broods on a shelf in Lipset's living room. His 23-room home in plush Pacific Heights boasts expensive wall-to-wall Persian rugs, Austrian-crystal chandeliers overhead and a Japanese garden out back. There's a walk-in basement evidence vault, a wine cellar stocked with rare French vintages, and a \$60,000 custom-built recording studio.

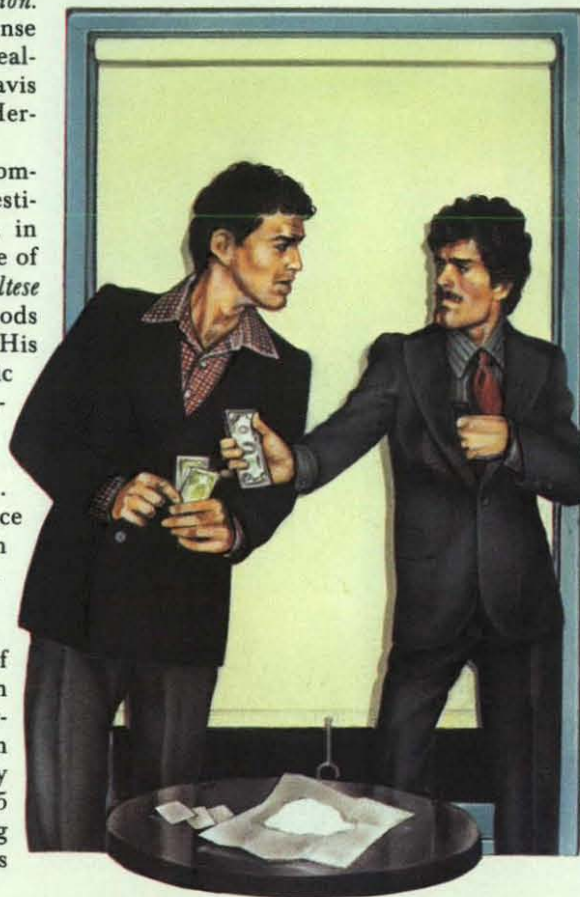
Lipset tools around the streets of San Francisco in a \$15,000 Citroen SM powered by a 140-mile-per-hour Maserati engine—keeping in touch with home base via two-way radio. A widower for the past 15 years, he squires a stable of dazzling women who'd make even James Bond raise an eyebrow.

Yet for all his opulent lifestyle, Lipset on the case is far less 007 than Barnaby Jones. "I've never had the car over 80," he confesses. He carried a gun exactly twice in the ten years he had a license, letting the permit expire 20 years ago. "I was afraid I might shoot my own ass off," he admits. Lipset has had no lessons in the martial arts, and cannot recall the last time he was physically accosted. These days his most strenuous diversions from the world of intrigue involve a daily dip in the San Francisco Press Club's pool and an intermission drink at the opera or symphony.

Averaging some 500 cases a year—with thousand-dollar retainers up front

and an admitted gross of more than \$300,000 annually—there are few assignments he will not take a crack at cracking. "Money is my morality," he says. "Good business means justice is being served. Under the American system of justice the point is not truth or falsehood, guilt or innocence. The point is the accumulation of admissible evidence. My job is to get it, and I am not averse to using every technique in the book, if necessary. If you want someone to pray for you, go to your priest or rabbi. If you want an investigation, come to me. I am, quite literally, the private citizen's last line of defense."

Beyond his hard-boiled professional-



ism there are three reasons for Lipset's success. First, his personal demeanor is deliberately low-key, like that of an uncle. "I communicate the feeling that I've heard it all," he explains. "A client feels he can leave his problems with me and walk away unburdened." Second, he believes nothing a client tells him. "Every case has two sides," he says. "I simply cannot accept what my client says as the premise of my investigation." And third, no case is too controversial or unpopular to tackle. His newsworthy clients have included Communist philosophy professor Angela Davis, former Black Panther Party chairman Huey P. Newton, left-wing labor leader Harry

Bridges and two celebrated groups of prisoners—the Soledad Brothers and the San Quentin Six.

"I've been revolted by a client, but never by a case," Lipset declares. "I don't take on an underdog to champion a cause. I do it to redress an imbalance in the system. The process does not start out with a lawyer and an investigator on each side of the table. It begins with some guy wasting in jail while a huge, powerful and technically proficient system moves to convict him, put him in prison and get on to the next case—and the next and the next."

But Lipset's work goes far beyond bugging. His casebook ranges from child custody, theft and insurance fraud to industrial espionage, corporate security and executive protection. Among his clients are millionaires and confidence men. His contacts include tipsters, touts, cops and convicts. When the People In Need program was launched following the Patty Hearst kidnapping, Lipset was called in to stop an outbreak of warehouse pilferage. He did so by enlisting 35 hulking volunteers from the Delancey Street Foundation—a San Francisco rehabilitation-and-education center for ex-cons—to drive the trucks and run the warehouse. Theft stopped overnight—proving, perhaps, that it really does take a thief to catch one.

When a San Francisco dressmaker named Paul Maris defaulted on a \$3.5-million loan, it was Lipset who discovered that Maris was actually Gerald Zelmanowitz—a Mafia stoolie who had squealed to the FBI and had been given a new identity, residence and business by the government. A check of the family's Social Security numbers provided Lipset with his main clue: All the numbers were consecutive.

Lipset's flair for his profession traces back to a hitch in the Army Criminal Investigations Division during World War II. After being discharged, he worked briefly in Chicago as managing editor of a furniture-trade journal, and then moved to San Francisco in 1946 with his young bride. Their son, Louis—an attorney and today a full-fledged partner in Lipset Service—was born before Lipset could finish college; so he dropped out and went to work for the Veterans Administration, verifying that hospitalized vets received proper treatment.

Then a lawyer friend, discussing changes he foresaw in the legal profession, turned Lipset on to what would become his life's work. "The Perry Masons



"Frankly, Howard, I think we're Number One because we get better dope than the other teams."

of this country are going to need a lot more Paul Drakes," the attorney said, referring to the fictional superlawyer's backup supersleuth.

In 1947 Lipset received his investigator's license, was rejected for a job at the city's only reputable agency and promptly went out on his own. His lawyer friend gave him some cases. So did other attorneys, including California's governor-to-be, Edmund G. (Pat) Brown. One day a law firm called to ask if he had any recording experience. "Of course," Lipset fibbed. Immediately he bought an old-fashioned wire recorder and learned how to operate it.

This new assignment involved the theft and subsequent sale of thousands of dollars' worth of Parker pens from a military post exchange. The question was whether the buyer, Lipset's client, knew that the pens were stolen. Hiding the recorder in the trunk of his old Studebaker, Lipset drove around with a bartender who had served as the middleman in the illegal transaction. He assured Lipset that his client had no idea the merchandise was hot. When the bartender told a different story in court, Lipset introduced the secret recording he had made of their conversation. The jury took just seven minutes to return an acquittal. "I made 50 bucks," Lipset recalls. "And I never looked back."

Reflecting on the 37 years since, a career characterized by more brainwork than risk, Lipset notes that his closest call involved a case he didn't take. A worried father had expressed fears that his daughter was being held prisoner in Jonestown. Lipset offered to fly to Guyana and attempt to rescue her. But the father said to hold off while he thought it over. And that was the last Lipset heard from him. "The girl turned out to be the mistress of the Reverend Jim Jones," he says with a shudder. "When I found that out, I could picture myself down there in the jungle, whispering to the girl: 'It's all right; don't tell a soul. I'm really here on behalf of your father. . . .'"

Some of Lipset's most imaginative work has come in exposing insurance fraud. To refute a false claim of a back injury, Lipset simply let the air out of the claimant's tires, then hid in some shrubbery and filmed the man jacking up his car. Another time he intercepted a claimant's order for a coal delivery and deposited the coal himself in the wrong driveway. Then he filmed the supposedly pain-crippled individual carting the stuff off in a wheelbarrow.

Lipset's most fascinating claims case has to be the man who faked his own death. His motive was to get rich quick and simultaneously shed a dreary wife.

The scheme was to paddle out into San Francisco Bay, supposedly on a fishing trip, and simply disappear. When the boat was found empty, authorities assumed the fellow had fallen overboard and drowned. His wife also accepted that conclusion. But a skeptical insurance company called in Lipset. Eventually he discovered that just before the so-called accident the victim had taken out another policy naming his sister as beneficiary. The brother and sister intended to split the money and live anonymously in another city. But it didn't work out that way. Two years later, using information from a confidential source, the intrepid Lipset found the man living in Florida.

Finding things—people, objects, even pets—comprises a large portion of Lipset's business. When an international businessman bought a ranch in Nevada and decided to staff it with buddies from his old World War II outfit—Merrill's Marauders of Burma fame—he asked Lipset to locate them. The trail was 25 years cold; yet the detective managed to contact five survivors. When a painting was purchased from San Francisco's Cory Gallery with a \$52,000 rubber check, it was Lipset who retrieved the work of art from the check-writer in a nearby city. And when a pet raccoon named Rudy was kidnapped from the home of one of Lipset's neighbors, the private eye again rushed to the rescue. "My lawyers assured me there was no law against nabbing a raccoon," he says, trying to suppress a grin. "So I dispatched one of my most trusted agents and kidnapped him back."

Missing kids pose special problems and have given Lipset some of his most painful moments. Over the past 15 years he has recovered well over 50 minors, from Moonie dropouts and flower children to custody-battle victims abducted by a parent. "With runaways I have a hard-and-fast rule the parents must agree to before I'll take the case," Lipset declares. "I will not bring the child back, and I will not reveal where he is to anyone. If I did either, credibility with my sources would vanish, and I'd never find another runaway. What I try to do is open a line of communication—get the kid to contact the parents. After all, it was a breakdown in communication that drove the kid out in the first place. Surprisingly, once they realize the grief they're causing their parents, the kids usually go back."

But not always. Several years ago the 13-year-old daughter of wealthy divorced parents left her alcoholic mother and shackled up with a gang of tough young dudes in the Haight-Ashbury dis-

(continued on page 50)



"How long have you had this fear of a bird shitting on your head?"



"Lunch? No, thanks, my last humjob blew a huge load!"

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PROFILE: HAL LIPSET

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trict. The youths took turns romancing her for a while. Lipset, called in on the case, proposed posting a reward for her safe return—and one of the girl's own boyfriends brought her home. At that point the girl's father asked Lipset to persuade her to settle down.

"The father's lawyer arrived in a private plane," Lipset says contemptuously. "The father was too busy to come himself. It was the most bizarre lunch I've ever had. Here were two grown men trying to explain to a 13-year-old girl that if she went to school for five more years—any school, anywhere in the world—her father would give her several million dollars. I said, 'Do what he wants, and you can buy the Haight-Ashbury and give it to your friends.' She looked at me with the hardest face I have ever seen on a child. 'Fuck my father!' she said. And that was the end of it."

Another custody case, involving a six-year-old girl's abduction to Canada by an emotionally distraught father, touches Lipset even more deeply. The girl had been gone for two years. Lipset was called into the case after several other detective agencies tried and failed even to find her. "We could have filed

charges against the man in Canada," he explains, "but he'd only have disappeared again." So instead, Lipset took the mother with him, found the girl and spirited her off to a Canadian motel for a tearful reunion.

"I left them alone in the room and went out to the bar," Lipset recalls. "While I was sipping a beer, a newscaster on the TV gave me the shock of my life. The father had gone to the police, and there was an all-points bulletin out on me. Then the announcer said the girl had leukemia and would die in a matter of hours if she didn't get her medicine. That really shook me. I couldn't take a chance with her life. But how could I be sure the Canadian authorities weren't lying to get us into custody?"

The one way to find out had the added advantage of leading police to believe that the three of them had already recrossed the border. He phoned a physician friend in San Francisco, asking him to call the girl's doctor in Canada and find out what medication she required. Through a confidential Canadian contact, Lipset got the medicine without a prescription and set off with mother and daughter through the wintry Canadian night, speeding over dark, twisting back roads to avoid roadblocks.

"It was heartrending," Lipset recalls.

"There was the girl, explaining that the Canadian doctor told her that her blood was sick—that the red corpuscles were fighting the white ones. I had tears streaming down my cheeks."

They made it back across the border into the U.S. But nine months later the little girl was dead. "At least," Lipset says sadly, "she had the time with her mother."

His vast international experience made Lipset the natural choice when Shreve & Company, a venerable San Francisco jewel firm, was faced with an embarrassing dilemma. Its special assistant to the president, a beautiful, raven-haired German-born woman named Irmgaard Cross, had vanished—along with a reported 90 gems worth a cool \$1 million. On a hunch, Lipset first checked out San Francisco International Airport, discovering that the woman and her American husband had purchased tickets to Switzerland under their own names. He phoned ahead immediately to get a World Association of Detectives colleague on the case in Geneva. "The ticket purchase scared me," Lipset explains. "Pros don't do that. I had to find them before some real professionals read about the theft, picked up their trail and killed them for the gems."

With a photocopy of an arrest warrant stashed in his pocket, he caught the first plane out. During a layover in London he phoned Geneva; his colleague informed him that the couple had departed for parts unknown—possibly as long as six days before. Lipset set about making up the lost time. In the next 36 hours he flew to Cologne, West Germany, and obtained a photo of Irmgaard Cross from her family; then to Geneva, where he got the Swiss police on the case; then back to Paris, hoping for help from Interpol, the worldwide police-information network. "They were no help at all," he complains.

But a phone tip from the Swiss police put Lipset on a night flight to Madrid. He picked up credentials from the Spanish national police and took off that very day for Spain's Canary Islands (off the African coast). The very next morning, at a tiny seaside inn on the island of Tenerife, Lipset pinpointed both the couple and the missing gems—just nine days after taking the case. "They had actually stolen 22 more pieces than Shreve was aware of," he recalls. "Local police made the arrests."

The husband got three years in prison; the lovely Irmgaard got deported to West Germany; and the case had a belatedly satisfying bonus. "The night before she was to leave the U.S.," Lipset says, "Irmgaard called me up, saying she

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"What the hell, fella—you gotta expect some side effects!"



"Billy, don't spill that on the carpet! Cathy, no pets on the furniture!"

DEATH BY BUREAUCRACY

RED TAPE CAN KILL YOU

The year is 1971. A middle-aged man discovers that his blood pressure is dangerously high, putting him in jeopardy of a fatal heart attack or stroke. His doctor, having exhausted all drugs available in America, wishes to prescribe a risk-reducing medication in wide use throughout the world.

But the physician is helpless. No new high-blood-pressure agent has been approved for use in the United States for more than seven years.

The year is 1977. A child starts shaking violently, swept into an epileptic seizure. For more than eight years French doctors have been using valproic acid to control this condition. American epileptics have no choice in the matter.

Valproic acid is still years away from being approved in this country.

The year is 1979. Fantastic advances have been made in developing drugs that could help prevent the recurrence of heart attacks. Doctors around the world express enthusiasm at the possibility of saving tens of thousands of lives and avoiding pain.

American doctors wring their hands. The drugs are available to them only on an experimental basis.

Similar frustrations continue unabated while Americans are victimized by an intimidating government bureau-

cracy that strangles the development and release of new drugs in miles of red tape. The phenomenon has even been given a name: the "drug lag," meaning that drugs—even those initially discovered in the United States—first become available in other countries.

"This is a *national* tragedy," comments Dr. F. Gilbert McMahon of the Tulane University School of Medicine. "During the past ten to 15 years federal regulations concerning clinical pharmacological investigation of new drugs have become so pervasive, picayune and difficult that today 40% of all new drugs discovered in American companies are first studied outside of the U.S. The early study of a drug leads to the early marketing of drugs abroad and the denial of important new drugs to American patients."

One of the most startling examples of drug lag is a compound for the control of high blood pressure called bethanidine. Its importance was first documented in this country by Dr. Ray Gifford in 1963. He confirmed the findings of European and Australian researchers who found the medication "potent and useful" in the treatment of hypertension, with definite advantages over other drugs then available for many patients suffering from this condition (which can lead to heart disease).

Bethanidine was approved for mar-

keting in the United Kingdom that same year and subsequently has become available in every country in the world, except one—the United States.

Seventeen years after he first documented its importance, Dr. Gifford—now head of the Department of Hypertension and Nephrology at the Cleveland Clinic Foundation—is prohibited from prescribing bethanidine to his American patients, although he can prescribe it for Canadians.

Some physicians who have immigrated to the United States have been utterly appalled. "I don't want to be insulting to a country that I have made a serious commitment to," says Dr. Matthew Conolly of the UCLA Medical School, formerly a British practitioner. "Quite frankly, the American therapeutic scene is a laughing stock of much of the rest of the technically advanced world because of the repressive and illogical restrictions that are imposed upon the developments in the introduction of new drugs."

The culprit appears to be none other than the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, the federal agency charged with the responsibility of regulating and approving every drug that the American consumer purchases.

With an operating budget exceeding \$300 million and with more than 7,000 employees, the reasons for the FDA's



REPORT BY TOM NESI

Illustration by David Mann



sluggishness can hardly be attributed to a lack of either revenue or manpower. Countries with far less money and personnel have managed to approve and regulate drugs with far more efficiency and just as good a safety record as the FDA.

An average of eight or nine years and more than \$60 million is often necessary for a compound to go from the chemical stage to the point where it reaches the pharmacist's shelf. The accompanying paperwork involved has been described as "staggering."

"It now takes literally truckloads of raw data to get a drug passed," comments one drug-company official. In fact, a recent estimate of the amount of written material in support of one drug application is 70,000 to 100,000 pages. That's nearly ten times longer than the entire *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which is supposed to contain the bulk of mankind's knowledge.

The situation makes many researchers and physicians involved with the development of new drugs decidedly pessimistic. Dr. William Wardell, who is both a physician and a pharmacologist at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry, declares, "I believe there is a real risk that the entire system for developing new drugs in the U.S. is becoming so complex, unwieldy and costly that it may defy the best corrective efforts of the FDA and the adaptive responses of

the industry and clinical researchers."

Dr. Wardell, who is credited with coining the term "drug lag," identifies a number of important drugs that reached America long after they won approval abroad. The U.S. was the 15th country to market indomethacin, a drug used to reduce swelling in the body; the 32nd country to approve the important anticancer drug adriamycin; and the 40th country to permit the antitubercular antibiotic capreomycin.

Making matters worse, once the FDA finally approves a drug, the indications for its use are many times restricted and out of date. It is not uncommonly found that a drug originally intended and FDA-approved to combat a specified disease works well against another. A good example is lidocaine, which was used to treat the heart problems of two U.S. presidents at a time when the drug had only officially been approved for use as a local anesthetic. However, the FDA only gives doctors permission to prescribe a medication for the original disease; they must await new rulings before prescribing it to control or cure other maladies.

The drug lag is not only creating frustration among patients who need the substances and among physicians who want to prescribe them, but among the entire research and pharmacological community as well. Some pharmaceutical houses, afraid that they cannot recoup their investments, have been forced to cut their research budgets

for innovative drugs. Hoechst-Roussel Pharmaceuticals, Inc., the largest drug company in the world, reports that the percentage of its annual research budget has decreased by one-third in the past five years.

According to an ongoing study presented at a recent Congressional hearing, between the years 1961 and 1977 the United States was the unquestioned leader in pharmaceutical innovation, but it lagged far behind in the introduction of new drugs. During the last three years of the study, 1975-1977, U.S. companies were credited with 47 of the 190 new drugs created worldwide. But in considering the country of initial marketing, the United States was ninth among the 12 nations surveyed.

Have there been any health benefits because of these longer approval times? A report presented by the U.S. General Accounting Office (GAO), which studied the drug-lag problem, found that there were no negative effects from earlier approvals overseas.

The chief GAO investigator, Gregory Ahart, stated that Americans were paying for the delay with their health and gaining no identifiable benefits. In fact, while Americans may debate who is ahead in the arms race or who is winning the battle for the most stable currency, the United States is without doubt losing its lead as a medical and pharmaceutical innovator.

There is simply more incentive and better opportunity to develop new drug products overseas. Why spend years fighting a bureaucratic tangle in America, when research can be carried out more efficiently and inexpensively in countries like England and Japan?

Unquestionably, small independent researchers have been stymied by this situation. While a large corporation such as The Upjohn Company may be able to wait 12 years to license one of its new products, a clinical investigator for a modestly financed firm, clinic or university can seldom afford to spend the millions of dollars and do the mountains of paperwork a large drug company can.

More and more often, pharmaceutical-house resources and the time of investigators have gone into satisfying government regulations rather than working in the laboratory. An example is Upjohn's attempt to get a license for its contraceptive drug Depo-Provera.

"The FDA has delayed [approval] for 12 years," states Upjohn spokesman Lawrence C. Hoff. "In the meantime this drug has now been marketed for contraception in more than 60 countries and has been used safely for more than 6 million woman-years. Few companies





"While you were screwing around up there, some clown from the Empire came and deprogrammed everybody!"

could undertake research on a compound for contraception and tolerate the costs and time involved in waiting so long for approval. The documented drop in research on new forms of contraception... can be attributed in some part to the example set by [the] FDA's delay on Depo-Provera."

It is, of course, understandable that drug companies would complain of regulation, but so do independent researchers.

Dr. Ray Gifford, who first studied bethanidine in the U.S., worries that the cumbersome regulatory process is indeed hurting the small innovator. Gifford states: "It's a mistake because I think a lot of people other than those in the big pharmaceutical companies have good ideas. But there is no hope for them to get their product or their discovery developed and marketed."

Dr. Matthew Conolly concurs: "I'm appalled at the drugs that are not available for me to use here."

For its part, the FDA claims that there is no drug lag—that one of the reasons some drugs have been approved overseas first is that pharmaceutical firms didn't even seek approval in the United States. That's an assertion researchers find absurd. If it is true that drug companies don't first come to the FDA, it's because they consider the process a waste of time. They can do clinical investigations and get licenses to market

their products far more easily in other countries. Big multinational corporations would just as soon make big profits overseas, where there is less government meddling.

An FDA official also claims that some drugs that are not available elsewhere are available in the U.S. When asked which ones, he could supply no specific names—and he said that no one in the pharmaceutical community could think of any, except perhaps some that are experimental and under investigation.

Former FDA Commissioner Dr. Donald Kennedy states that his agency had instituted a program to classify certain drugs as "important" and was handling them with special attention. And it's true that this new classification system has helped in getting approval for certain "breakthrough" drugs.

But in true bureaucratic fashion, an inconsistent pattern emerges. The FDA has fairly rapidly approved some drugs, while others languish. What Kennedy can legitimately claim is that the FDA's monitoring procedure assures consumers that drugs prescribed for them are of extremely high quality and—as far as modern science can reasonably ascertain—safe and effective.

A short time ago a Florida doctor was prescribing snake venom to treat multiple-sclerosis patients. Before clinical trials on human beings were scheduled to begin, the FDA ordered toxicity tests

and found that the venom contained a substance potentially harmful to humans. The substance was deliberately added by the snake-handler who provided the drug. But the prescribing physician was unaware of its presence.

This case underscores a major problem facing modern medicine: A doctor has neither the time nor the equipment to test new drugs that arrive in his office. By and large he must rely wholly on data supplied by the drug companies and on recommendations of the FDA. Without FDA regulation, doctors could have no independent confirmation of the safety, purity or effectiveness of a drug.

Furthermore, the FDA carefully monitors drugs even after they have been approved. Some compounds about which the FDA has doubts are given a go-ahead only with the proviso that the drug company reports all side effects—thus providing an important post-approval watchdog system.

Researchers have become increasingly aware in recent years of the hidden and potentially long-term side effects of certain compounds. And the FDA makes a good case when it speaks of the need for careful post-approval drug surveillance, especially with regard to a medication's being a possible cancer-causing agent—or carcinogen.

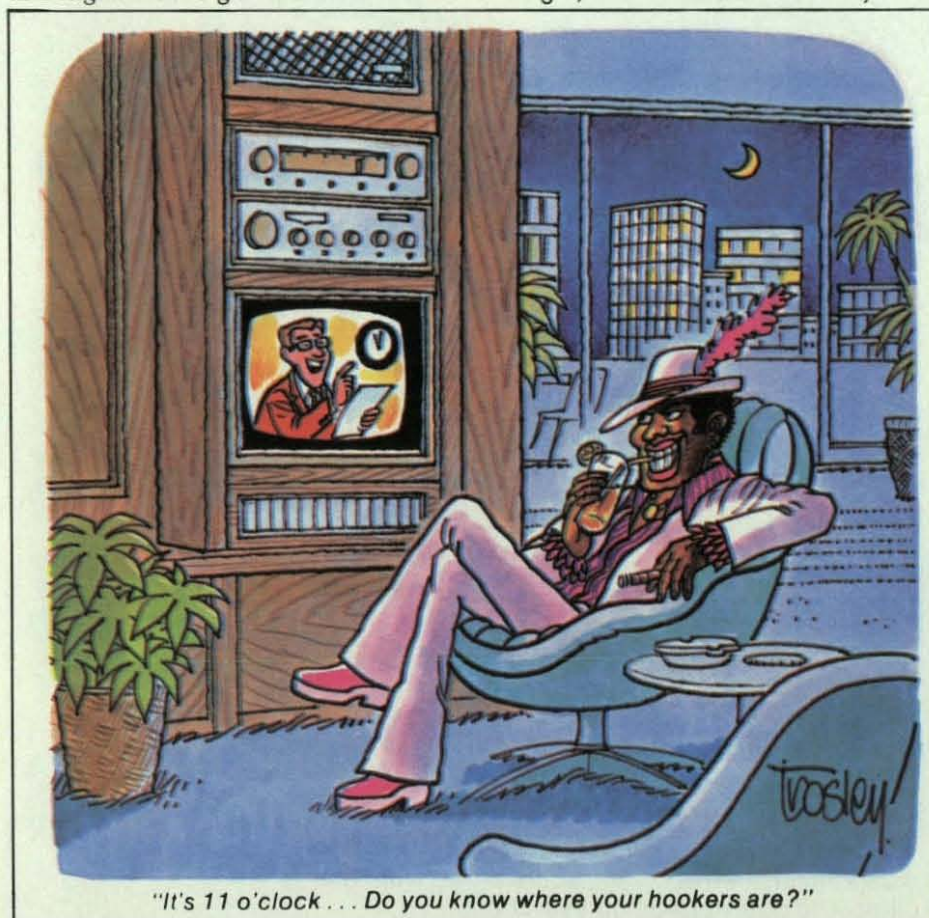
When it was recently found that a substance once present in many sleeping aids (methapyrilene) was a possible carcinogen, the FDA asked the companies marketing these products to voluntarily recall them, resulting in the swift and effective removal of the chemical from pharmacists' shelves.

Follow-up reports have also revealed problems with already-approved prescription drugs. A few months ago a team of investigators discovered that some patients' conditions were deteriorating after long-term use of psychiatric drugs employed to control psychosis—a mental derangement characterized by a loss of contact with reality. And last year a major European study cast doubt on the effectiveness and even safety of a common cholesterol-lowering agent.

On balance, however, it appears that drug regulation has hindered more than it has helped. All the testing in the world could not and did not assure the absolute safety of all the drugs the FDA has approved since 1962. And far too many important medications continue to suffer from neglect.

One can only conjecture how many lives were lost because of FDA delays in approving propranolol, among the most significant drugs of recent years. This compound for the treatment of high blood pressure and a number of other

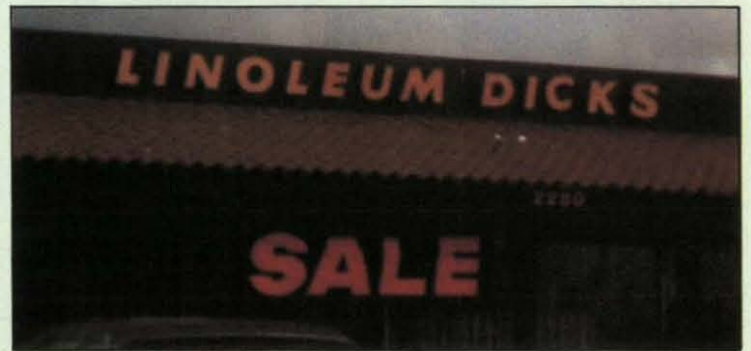
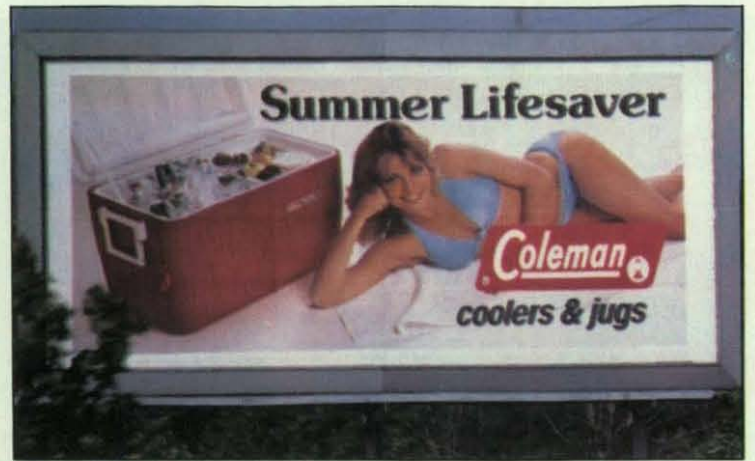
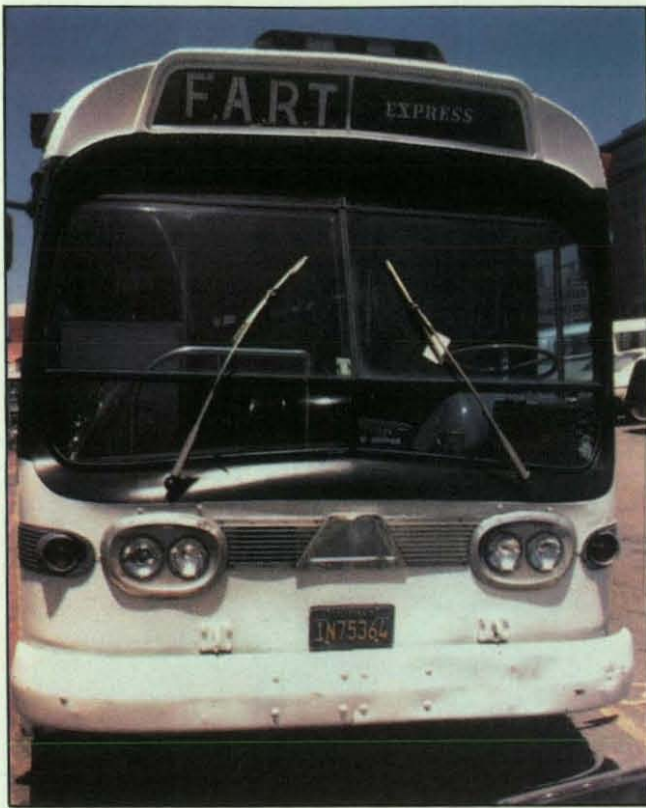
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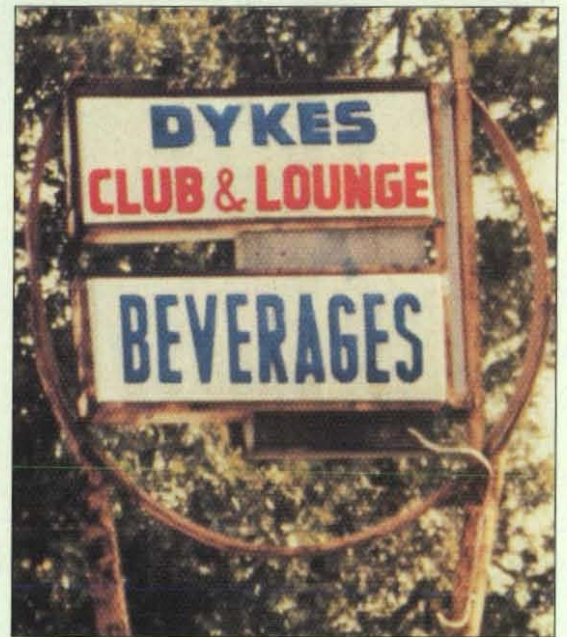


GIVING THE HIGH SIGN

Here's a tribute to those unsung heroes who work while the rest of the world sleeps, risking life and limb to add that special touch to a business sign or billboard. And also to the sign-makers who keep their tongues in their cheeks when a customer asks for a message that's not going to read quite like he expected. These candid shots were sent in by readers who are always on the lookout for a good laugh.







DMSO: THE FDA'S BIG HEADACHE

Often it takes a public hue and cry to arouse the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. The history of DMSO—dimethyl sulfoxide—stands as a classic example.

In the early 1960s Dr. Stanley W. Jacob, a surgeon at the University of Oregon Health Science Center, found that this common industrial solvent relieved inflammations in body tissue. He noted that DMSO worked wonders by traveling in the bloodstream and between the molecules of the skin to deep layers of muscle.

Other researchers quickly confirmed Dr. Jacob's findings. They also discovered that this chemical, which is derived from wood, had numerous additional applications, including possible anticancer activity. DMSO was being touted by some as the miracle drug of the century.

Then, in 1965, the FDA learned of reports that DMSO caused nearsightedness in rabbits. Afraid of another thalidomide scandal, the agency banned DMSO and halted all DMSO experimentation, saying the chemical was toxic and charging that no evidence existed to support claims of its abilities.

As more testimonies to its effectiveness became known to thousands of patients with little other hope of relief from severe pain or crippling ailments, a booming underground market developed for the substance. But two major factors worked against the persistent attempts of Dr. Jacob and other scientists to get it legalized.

First, since DMSO represented limited profit potential, the major drug companies chose not to lobby for its approval. Second, the effectiveness of the compound turned out to be more difficult to prove than anyone had at first imagined.

Under a 1962 Congressional mandate, new drugs were required to establish their value on the basis of strict, scientifically controlled tests. Such tests had to be done "double-blind," meaning that neither the doctor nor the patient would know whether the actual drug or a harmless, ineffective substitute called a placebo was being administered. But soon after DMSO was given to test subjects, they developed an unmistakable garlic-like breath. Since doc-

tor and patient knew very quickly who was getting the DMSO, conducting double-blind testing was impossible.

For years the drug was caught in a bureaucratic maze—doctors trying to meet government effectiveness standards and bureaucrats insisting that the drug was unproven. In April 1978, when the FDA finally approved DMSO only for treatment of bladder problems and not for arthritis, protests from thousands of older citizens prompted an investigation by the House Select Committee on Aging. Dr. J. Richard Crout, director of the FDA's Bureau of Drugs, told the committee that his agency was "willing, indeed anxious" to approve DMSO for rheumatic pains—but only if "controlled trials meeting the statutory standard are available."

An angry Dr. Jacob claimed that tests had already been conducted on more than 100,000 patients and that DMSO could treat some 300 ailments besides arthritis, including bursitis, paralysis, burns, bruises, and swelling within the skull.

Meanwhile, newspaper articles and medical journals were regularly carrying accounts of speedy recoveries by patients employing the inexpensive chemical (\$20 for a six-ounce bottle). According to one case history, a man who had had his spinal cord severed and who was diagnosed as permanently paralyzed regained lower-body movement after using DMSO. A blind woman used the controversial chemical and, astonishingly, regained her eyesight.

In recent months, goaded by renewed outcries, Congress has directed the FDA to conduct further tests on DMSO and to expedite its findings. Since then the FDA has convinced a respected research institute to test the compound for its effectiveness in treating scleroderma, a crippling disease that can lead to amputation of limbs. The results on those tests are at least two years away.

And the controversy still lingers, with the medical profession split down the middle over the chemical's effectiveness. Confidently, Dr. Jacob predicts that DMSO will become the most widely used medication of the next decade, ranking alongside penicillin and aspirin in importance.

DEATH BY BUREAUCRACY

(continued from page 56)

disorders was approved *seven* years earlier in the United Kingdom than in the United States.

"From 1963 to 1973 there was not a single new antihypertensive drug approved for marketing in the U.S.," states Dr. F. Gilbert McMahon, who represents the American Society for Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics. "Although this bottleneck has improved during the past five years, such important antihypertensive agents as bethanidine, which has been available [worldwide] for approximately 15 years, is still not approved by [the] FDA. The important antiarrhythmic drug, verapamil, though available in many countries, is not available in the U.S." An antiarrhythmic drug controls and stabilizes the heartbeat.

Former FDA Commissioner Kennedy, of course, asserts that the delays are simply part of the agency's openness and tremendous concern for safety. Many researchers, however, do not speak of the FDA investigators with the same reverence as Dr. Kennedy does. "It's really absurd to sit still and sign your name 400 times to 400 pieces of paper," says Dr. McMahon, referring to the bureaucratic snarl.

Professor William Regelson, M.D., of the Medical College of Virginia, has encountered similar difficulties. "I go absolutely crazy when I do clinical research," he says. "Guys from the drug industry with Ph.D.'s come in, look over my shoulder, check little details, boxes... incredible Mickey Mouse stuff. And they have to do that because of the [current FDA] rules that doctors can't be trusted."

Much of the FDA's interference starts when new drugs are being tested on laboratory rats. The laboratory and animal experiments are the first part of several long and stringent "phases" of testing before a new drug can be dispensed to human beings on any basis whatsoever. Naturally, certain pre-testing must be done. Poisons and potentially carcinogenic substances must be carefully screened from even the earliest clinical trials. But pharmacologists are often asked to provide just as precise data for rat experimentation as for human experimentation. Dr. McMahon recommends committees of advisers to review the early data and eliminate the role of the FDA altogether.

Later phases of drug-testing give researchers even more headaches. With regard to human trials, FDA rules have become so complex that drug-company officials are petrified of even the

(continued on page 128)

Ernst



"Play with it again, Sam!"





MIRANDA

Soft Touch

With her body draped in soft furs, Miranda likes to spend lazy afternoons lounging on her plush velvet couch. There she is far removed from the stresses of big-city life in her native Los Angeles. "Doing nothing has its own rewards,"

Miranda says. "Especially with the sun filtering in through the lace curtains. The warm feeling seems to penetrate my body." She confides that she often pursues the pleasures of her own sensuality during these afternoon interludes, letting the soft touch of her own fingers bring her to satisfaction.













HUSTLER'S HONEY • SEPTEMBER 1980



An American businessman spent a lot of time in Rome. A devout Catholic, he tried for years to get an audience with the Pope. When his request was finally granted, he reverently approached his Holiness and kissed his toe. After the Pope had blessed him, the businessman said, "Your Holiness, I want you to know this has been the most inspirational experience of my life. I am deeply grateful. While I'm aware of the solemnity of the moment, I want to share a story with you. There were these two Polacks—"

"Excuse me, my son," the Pope interrupted, "but are you aware that I am Polish?"

"Yes, your Holiness," the man continued. "But don't worry—I'll go slow."

After having six kids right in a row, the illiterate mountain man's wife demanded that her husband visit the local family-planning center. There a doctor dispensed a supply of condoms for the man, but did not instruct him on using them properly. Two months later the man returned, saying, "Doc, the old lady is expecting again."

"That can't be!" the doctor exclaimed. "You must've torn one when you slipped it on your dick!"

"Hell," replied the mountain man, "I've been swallowing 'em. No wonder I shit in little plastic bags!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *whorehouse* as: a gash station.

One afternoon a society hostess was giving a garden party. While making her way around the guests, she nibbled daintily on cucumber sandwiches. But the poor thing ate one too many, and as she greeted some late arrivals, she let out a loud fart.

"James!" she said to the butler, quick as a flash. "Stop that immediately!"

"Certainly, madam," he replied coolly. "Which way did it go?"

Question: What created the Grand Canyon?

Answer: A Jew digging for a nickel in the sand.

Two Okies were driving on a mountain road when suddenly the car went over a cliff. The Okie on the passenger side yelled, "Oh, my God, we're gonna die!"

The Okie who was driving the car reassured him, "Don't worry about a thing. There's a stop sign at the bottom."

A big-time gangster decided to go to his son's school to see how the boy was doing. The man sat down with his bodyguard and listened as the teacher asked the boy some questions. "Who was the first president of the United States?" the teacher asked.

"George Washington," the boy replied.

"Who was the second president?" the teacher inquired.

"John Adams," the boy said.

Then the teacher asked, "Who killed Abraham Lincoln?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders and said, "I don't know."

The gangster poked his bodyguard in the ribs and remarked, "Tha'sa my son. He'sa no snitch!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *fart* as: a bugle call announcing the coming of General Shit from Fort Asshole.

HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think
that's funny...

One day a bigot was pursuing his favorite pastime of driving around town looking for blacks standing by the side of the road who he could run down with his car. As he drove along, he saw a black figure walking by the roadside, and so he increased his speed. But the man turned around, and the bigot could see that it was a priest wearing a black suit and white collar and carrying an empty gas can.

The man stopped and asked the priest if he wanted a ride to a service station. The priest got in, and the two of them drove off. That day there was an unusual number of blacks walking along the road, and the bigot was going crazy trying to curb his desire to run one down. Finally he saw a

big hulking black man by the sidewalk, and he knew he couldn't restrain himself any longer.

He pretended to fall asleep at the wheel and let the car drift over to the side of the road. Then he heard a loud "BLAM!"

The bigot slammed on his brakes and looked up at the priest, saying, "Oh, my God, Father. Did I hit him?"

"No," the priest replied. "But you got close enough for me to whack him with my gas can!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$50. Sorry, but we can't return your submissions.

CHESTER & HESTER



Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER

PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU




You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get **PERSONAL**
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE
↓





HUSTLER'S LEGAL SURVIVAL GUIDE

WHAT ARE YOUR RIGHTS?

Ask the average guy how much he enjoys a visit to a lawyer's office, and he'll probably tell you, "About as much as having root-canal work."

Lawyers usually mean bad news. Oh, there's the occasional instance when someone gets a telephone call from a lawyer, goes to see him and finds that a relative he never knew he had has just dropped dead and left him \$10 million. But most of the time a trip to an attorney's office means you've come to discuss a divorce, an arrest, a lawsuit or something else you could do without.

Lawyers know that their job is pretty much of a downer too. Maybe that's why they charge so much—anywhere from \$35 an hour (for which you get a fuzzy-cheeked recent law-school graduate) to \$150 or more an hour, for which sum you can get the bad news direct from a gray-haired, pin-striped senior partner. And that's for *office* hours, remember, not courtroom time. Fees for court appearances vary widely, but \$400 per appearance is just about the minimum you can expect.

However depressing it is for the attorney to sit in his office and listen to your problems, lawyers' fees guarantee that it'll be even more depressing for *you*.

Your friends at HUSTLER would like to take some of the sting out of the law by giving you some general information about the most common kinds of legal problems. Since each case is different, no advice can apply to all HUSTLER readers. But after reading this guide, you should have a better understanding of what the American legal system does and doesn't do. You'll know which problems you can handle yourself, some of the things your lawyer should be doing for you, and how to go into a lawyer's office with pertinent information. (The latter is important, since lawyers bill by the hour, and the more organiz-

ing you can do on your own time, the more money you'll save.)

What follows is a series of dramatized situations describing typical legal problems you may someday encounter—and advice on how best to handle them.

TRAFFIC TICKETS

You're headed west on U.S. 40. You've just spent a hot summer day driving through the Texas Panhandle and the wastelands of New Mexico. Your radio's blasting out country tunes, you're settled back in the driver's seat, you glance up into your rearview, and—

Oh, shit! A flashing red light. Now where the hell did that state trooper come from? You pull over to the shoulder and wait in your car.

You are about to receive a traffic citation. For many Americans a traffic ticket is their first brush with law enforcement. What do you do now?

The thing to keep in mind about getting a ticket is that the real penalty is not the 15 or 20 bucks you'll be fined. It's what will show up on your insurance premium next year, especially if you've had one or two tickets already this year.

Your first step is to ask the cop why he stopped you. He'll volunteer this information anyway. He'll say something like, "Well, Mr. Smith, we clocked you going 63 miles an hour in a 55 zone." The reason *you* want to ask is because your only chance to talk him out of the ticket comes before he starts writing it. In most places in the U.S. an officer can't tear up a citation once he's begun to write it without taking you back to the precinct house, waiting around for a sergeant and a watch commander, and generally putting you through more trouble than you'd encounter in traffic court. That's because in some towns, people used to slip the cop a twenty to tear the ticket up.

If the cop's week-old baby was bap-

REPORT BY BEN PESTA

Illustration by Paul Stinson

tized today, and if you're a priest or an attractive woman, you *might* talk him out of it. Probably not, though. The next step is to ask him how he clocked you: using radar or VASCAR (a computer-aided stopwatch system) or visually. Don't look triumphant if he doesn't mention any electronic gadgetry; the California Highway Patrol, using only its eyes and its speedometers, writes about 17% of the approximately 6.5 million speeding tickets issued in the entire USA each year.

You can ask the cop how his radar or VASCAR works, and he'll almost certainly explain it to you. Then he'll have you sign the ticket. *Don't refuse to sign it*, no matter how badly you think you've been railroaded, or else he'll have to take you downtown and book you right away. Don't tear it up either; you need the info on the ticket more than the cop does. He has his own copy anyway.

Before he leaves, ask the officer any other questions you have in mind. For example, if you were stopped for running a red light, you might want to ask, "Where were my wheels when the light changed from yellow to red?" If they were already in the intersection's crosswalk, the traffic cop has erred, and you should be acquitted in court.

Although the Constitution guarantees you the right of free speech, we don't

advise making any remarks about the police officer's ticket quota, his eyesight or his mother. He might just decide that it's time for a white-gloves safety inspection of your car, both inside and out.

Should you fight your ticket in court? Yes—but *only* if you really think you can beat it. You can attack the validity of a radar speed measurement by getting evidence from the manufacturer on his equipment's accuracy. On any ticket you'll want to note the time of day you were cited, the weather conditions and the position of the police car relative to your own. (The object is to create a reasonable doubt in the judge's mind; perhaps the officer had a poor view of your car.)

What are your chances? Only about 30%—but that's 30% of the 1% who show up in court *and* demand a trial. The biggest thing you have going for you is that to you your ticket is a big deal. To the cop, who'll have to remember the circumstances a month or so later in court, it was only a very small part of a day's work.

DRUNK DRIVING

All drunk-driving arrests begin the same way. A traffic officer observes you driving "erratically" (this can mean anything from wobbling a little to driving down the wrong

freeway lane at rush hour). He pulls you over. He smells your breath, hears that your speech is slurred, notices an open tequila bottle on your front seat—in some way he has probable cause to suspect that you're under the influence of liquor. He asks you to step out of the car.

This step should put you on notice; police officers rarely ask you to leave your vehicle unless they intend to arrest you.

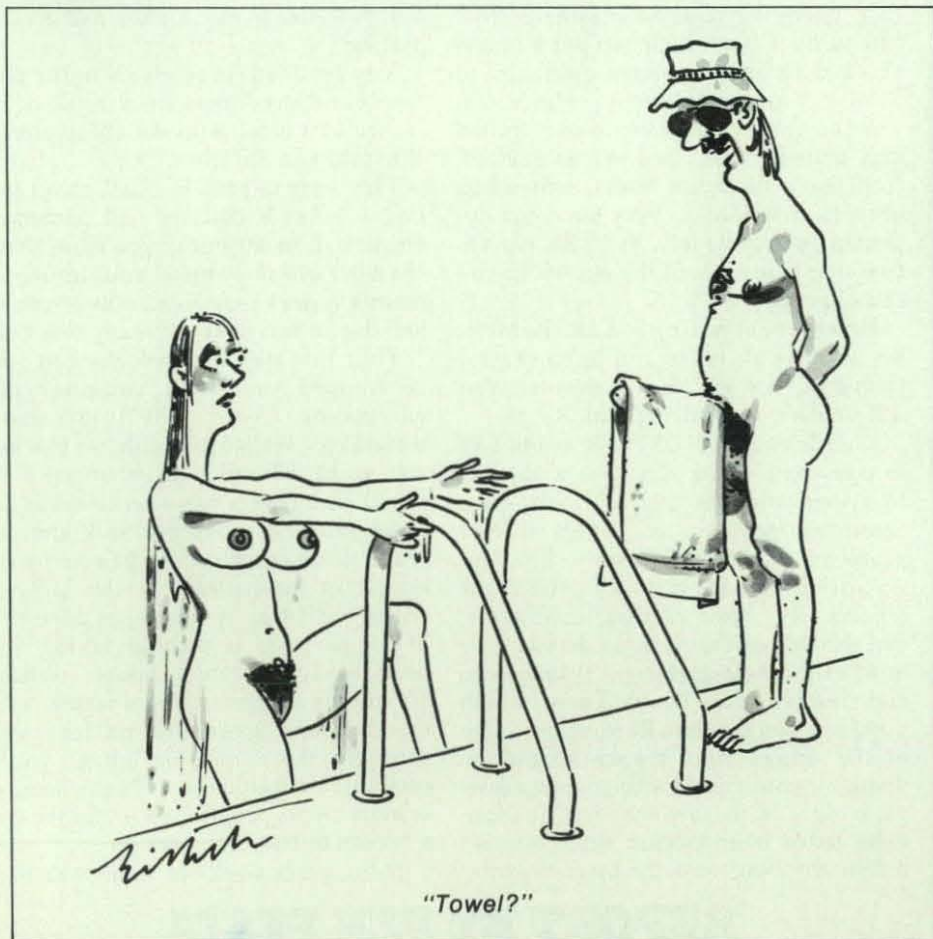
Next he'll ask you to perform some simple tests. You may have to recite the alphabet, walk a straight line, stand on one foot and close your eyes, or stick your arms straight out from your shoulders and bring your index fingers in to touch your nose. If you can't perform these maneuvers to the cop's satisfaction, he'll ask you to stand up straight and put your hands behind your back. This makes it easier for him to get the cuffs on.

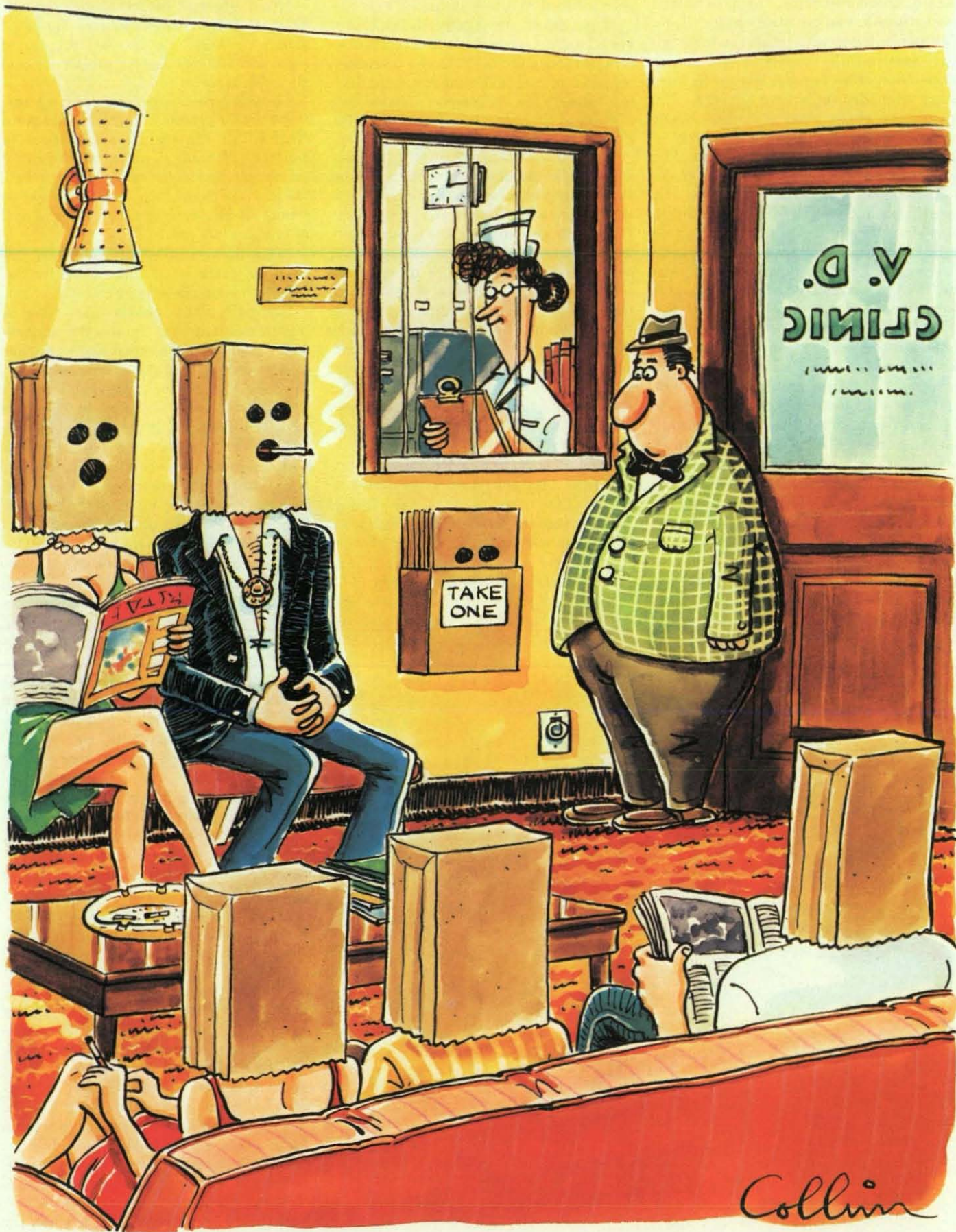
You'll be told that you're under arrest for driving while intoxicated and that you have the right to remain silent, that anything you say can and will be used against you in court, that you have the right to legal counsel of your own choosing and that if you can't afford a lawyer, the court will appoint one for you. He's required by a Supreme Court ruling to give you this warning. At this point the cop will probably ask you if you've been drinking, where you've been, how much you drank, etc. Be polite, but don't answer him! After all, he's just told you he can use it against you.

The next stop is the local station house or, in some cases, a hospital. Here's where drunk-driving arrests stop being alike. What you should do now depends on which one of the 50 states you've been arrested in.

The officer in charge will want you to take a test to determine the amount of alcohol in your blood. There are three kinds of tests in general use. The breathalyzer test analyzes the alcohol fumes in your breath and makes a projection regarding the amount of alcohol in your system. Police also can analyze blood and urine samples to determine how bombed you are.

If you're busted in Illinois and refuse to take the breath test, your license may be suspended for three months. You can get it back if you can create a reasonable doubt that you were drunk—for example, if you were taking a prescribed medication that, unbeknown to you, reacted with a beer you drank after a softball game. If you take the test and flunk it, your license can be suspended for a year, you can be fined up to \$1,000, and you may be jailed for up to 364 days (though jail sentences are rare). Consequently, an Illinois lawyer would advise you to refuse to take the breathalyzer test





Collin

California uses all three tests—breath, blood and urine. If you're busted in California, you get your choice. But a California driver who refuses to take any test *automatically* draws a six-month suspension of his license. Even if he later beats the drunk-driving charge, the suspension sticks. And it's by no means certain he'll beat the charge. Say a traffic cop testifies, "We pulled Mr. Smith over after we saw him try to make a U-turn on a freeway on-ramp. His breath smelled like the Anheuser-Busch brewery." The judge will probably agree with him that you were drunk.

your speech is slurred, but you don't smell like booze—you may be *required* to give a blood or urine sample.)

How drunk is legally drunk? Not very. In most states a blood-alcohol content of more than 0.10% is the minimum required to establish that you were driving under the influence. That's five ounces of 86-proof bourbon for a 160-pound man in one hour.

All three blood-alcohol tests are impossible to fake, and courts accept them as *very* conclusive evidence. So you should know the law in your own state. If you do get busted, most cities have lawyers who specialize in drunk-driving cases. Contact one; drunk driving is a serious charge. And even if the breath test has you dead to rights, the lawyer can sometimes bargain with the DA to reduce your charge to reckless driving.

If you're thinking of making a practice of driving drunk, HUSTLER's advice is: don't. You'll endanger your own life as well as the lives of others.

You're having a few friends in for dinner one night. The stereo is turned up (though nowhere near the pain threshold), and you're all feeling mellow—and suddenly there's a knock at your door. You open it a crack. Two cops are standing out in the hallway.

"We're from the city police," one says.
"We had a call about a burglary next door."

"Sure, officers," you say, opening the door. After all, why not be cooperative? You've got nothing to hide . . . except for that bag of grass your old lady has just trotted out onto the coffee table.

"Lookie here, George," the older cop says to his rookie partner. "Looks like we got a Health and Safety Code violation in progress." He turns to you, at the same time taking his handcuffs out of his belt-loop. "Okay," he says, "you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you. . . ."

What do you do now? Have you just been subjected to what the Constitution calls "unreasonable search"?

Generally, the police *must* have a search warrant that details the address of the premises to be searched and what they expect to find there. Not only that; their search must be limited in scope to the kind of thing detailed in the warrant. For example, if they're looking for a stolen car, they can search your garage and driveway and the street in front of your house. They can't go inside and rummage through your desk drawers. Any evidence they obtain illegally cannot be used against you in court.

There are, however, some exceptions. If you *invite* the police into your home, you're in a whole different ballgame. In the example described above, you'd be stuck; the police were on your premises with your permission, and they came upon evidence of a crime being committed *in plain sight*. The moral: Since you're under no obligation to admit law-enforcement officers with no warrant, don't do so unless you're sure you're clean.

(But watch it: State your objections clearly and politely, and don't put up a fight. Police won't think twice about charging you with resisting arrest, disorderly conduct, assault on a police officer or any one of several other charges tailor-made to fit these circumstances. Keep in mind too that police carry service revolvers and lead-weighted batons.)

Another exception is when, for reasons of practicality, the police have no time to obtain a warrant: Say they witness a crime in progress—for example, you're strangling a Tupperware salesperson, and you've left your front door open—or there's danger of evidence being destroyed (like maybe flushed down the crapper). Of course, in these cases you probably wouldn't let them in even if they showed you a warrant. It wouldn't matter anyway; they'd kick the door in.

A third kind of exception is when the police are in hot pursuit of a suspect.

A black and white line drawing cartoon by J. Kohl. It depicts a man and a dinosaur in the water. The man is on the right, looking towards the left. Above his head is a thought bubble containing a hamburger and a hot dog. The dinosaur is on the left, looking towards the man. Above its head is a thought bubble containing a hamburger. A large red splash is visible in the water near the man. A palm tree is in the background. The signature 'J. Kohl' is in the bottom right corner.

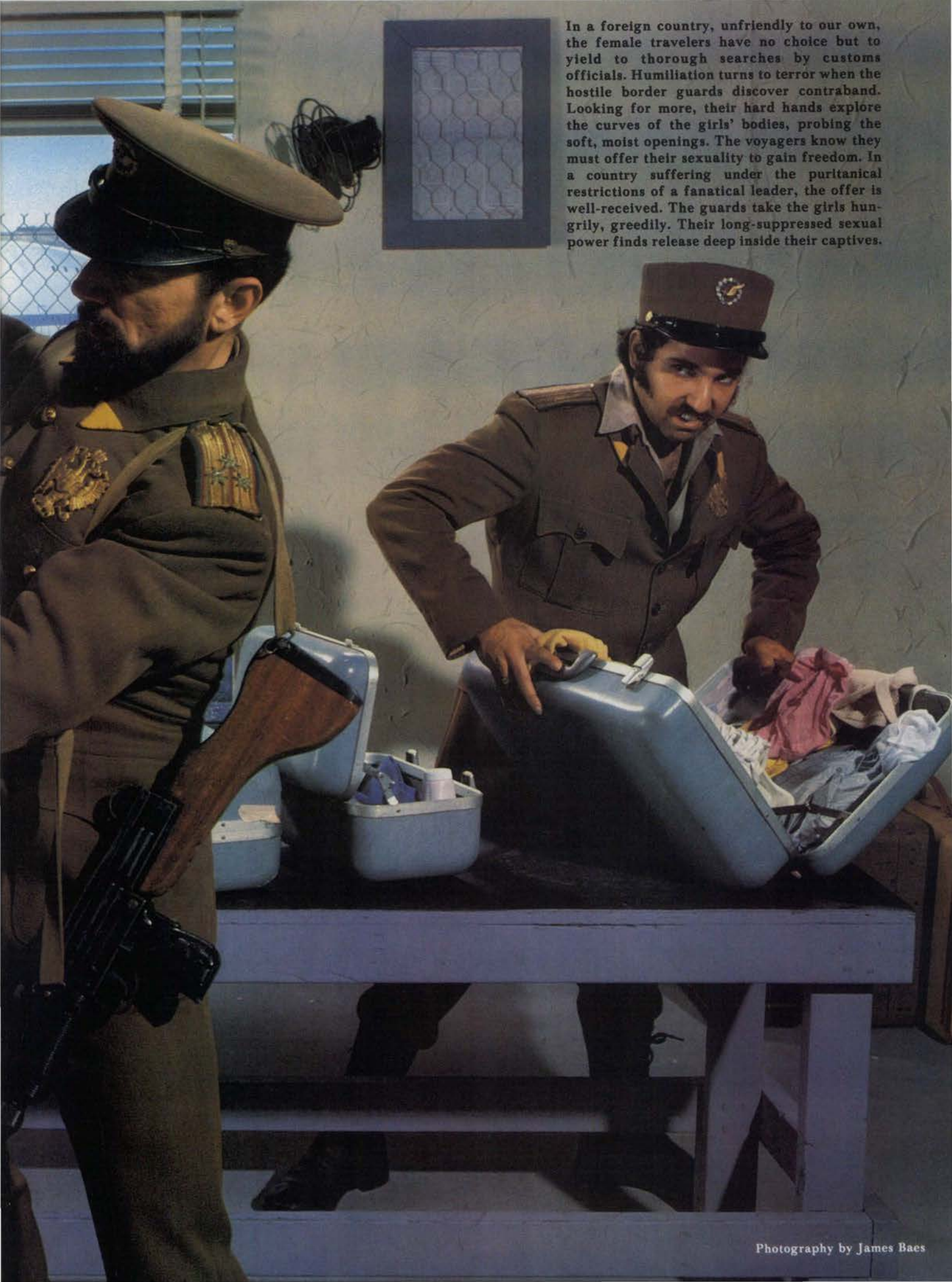


"Gee . . . uh . . . that's a very nice tattoo. How about just giving me a quick handjob?"



STRIP
SEARCH





In a foreign country, unfriendly to our own, the female travelers have no choice but to yield to thorough searches by customs officials. Humiliation turns to terror when the hostile border guards discover contraband. Looking for more, their hard hands explore the curves of the girls' bodies, probing the soft, moist openings. The voyagers know they must offer their sexuality to gain freedom. In a country suffering under the puritanical restrictions of a fanatical leader, the offer is well-received. The guards take the girls hungrily, greedily. Their long-suppressed sexual power finds release deep inside their captives.

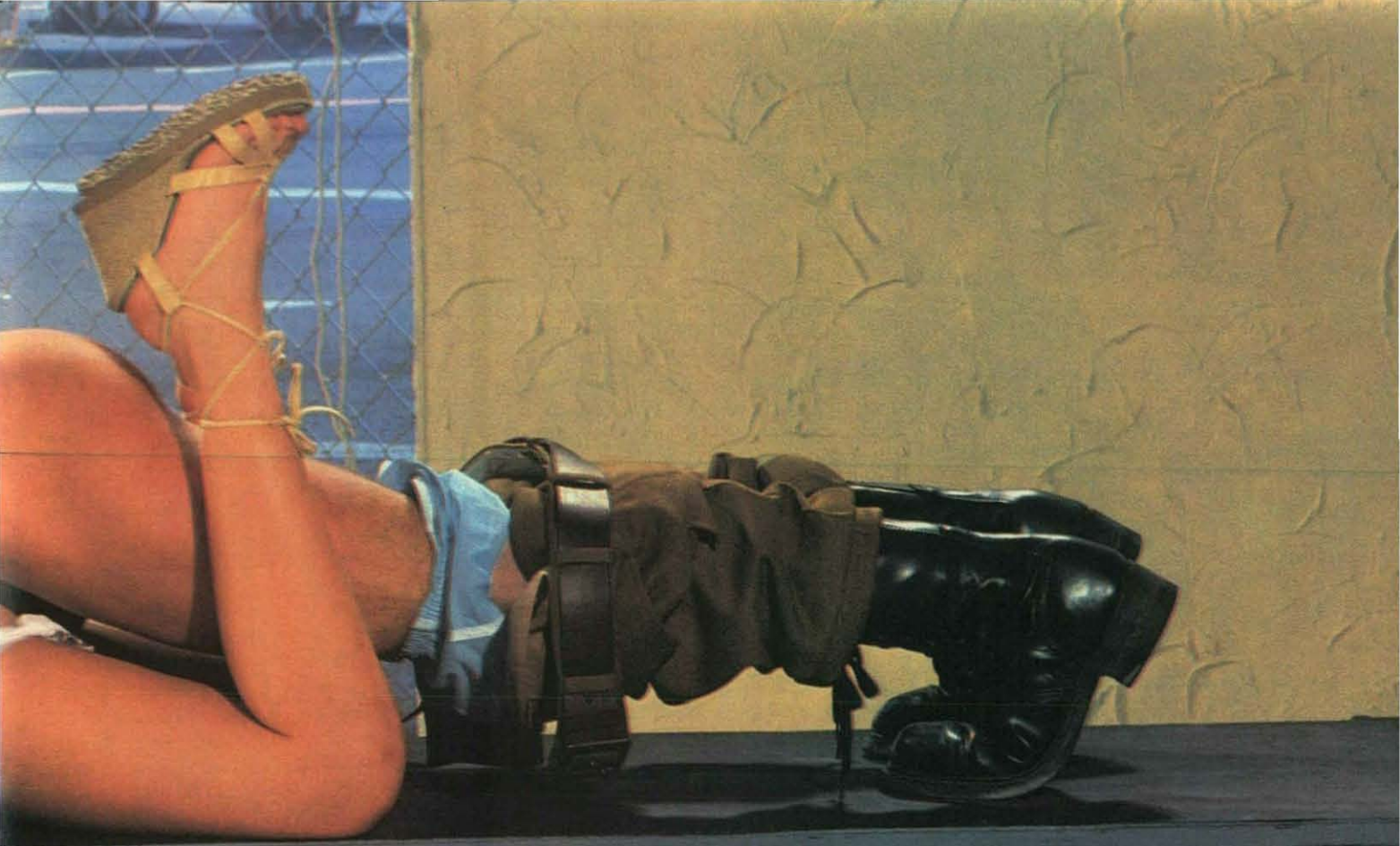












(continued from page 78)

Suppose the cops had seen their burglary suspect run into your apartment, gun in hand. If you'd hardly expect them to drive back downtown, wake up a judge and have him swear out a warrant, you'd be right. They'd bust in—and you'd be damned glad to see them.

You also are protected against unreasonable searches in your car, but your rights aren't quite as strong as they are in your own home. Since a car can be moved around and hidden, police usually don't need a warrant. They can search you if they have probable cause to suspect that a crime is being committed.

Let's say you're driving down the road in your Dodge van—the one with the psychedelic cutouts in the windows and the bumper sticker on the back that reads, "Dope smokers get it up higher." The local gendarmes pull you over, ask to see your license, tell you that you were speeding, make you get out of the van, search your glove compartment and come up with a vial of cocaine. Are you going to win or lose in court?

You'll win—unless your lawyer is a real dunce. If you're stopped for a traffic violation, in most cases the cops can only ask to see your driver's license and registration. There's nothing illegal

about psychedelic cutouts or bumper stickers; so in this case the police had no probable cause to suspect a crime was being committed.

But what if you'd had a joint in your hand when the police came up to the driver's-seat window? That's evidence *in plain sight*. What if you'd had a quart of Jack Daniel's on your breath? They would have had probable cause to search further, and anything they'd come up with would be admissible in court. What if the joint had been in your ashtray instead of in your hand? Then the result would depend on whether the ashtray was in plain sight of the cop. There have been a lot of interesting court cases that turned on the issue of what is and what isn't "in plain sight."

No matter *where* you are—your house, your car, on the street or in church—if you're under arrest, the police have the right to search your person. Our laws give them this right mostly because they'd do it anyway. No competent police officer would arrest a suspect without first checking for concealed weapons. They can also search the area within your immediate reach, to make sure you can't grab for a .38. But if you're in the front seat of your car, they can't decide to ransack the trunk or take out the rocker panels.

There are two major problems with

unreasonable police searches. The first has to do with something you may have already noticed: In all of our examples, illegal search or no, you still get busted. The place to assert your rights against unreasonable search is in court, where your lawyer will file a motion to exclude illegally obtained evidence. If the judge agrees that your rights have been infringed, he'll grant the motion.

Your lawyer will then be ready with *another* motion, this time to have the case dismissed for lack of evidence. The judge will grant this one too—unless you've been careless enough to give the cops other, *independent* evidence that you've committed a crime, such as by saying, "Yeah, that's a stolen car in my garage. This is an unregistered revolver in my hand too. What're you gonna do about it?"

The point to remember here is that the cops aren't going to debate Constitutional law while you, your car or your premises are being searched. There has *never* been a case recorded in which a police officer said, "Gee, sir, I just noticed that the search warrant says 'stolen office equipment,' and all I found were three pounds of heroin. So I guess you're free to go, and I'd like to offer my humblest apologies."

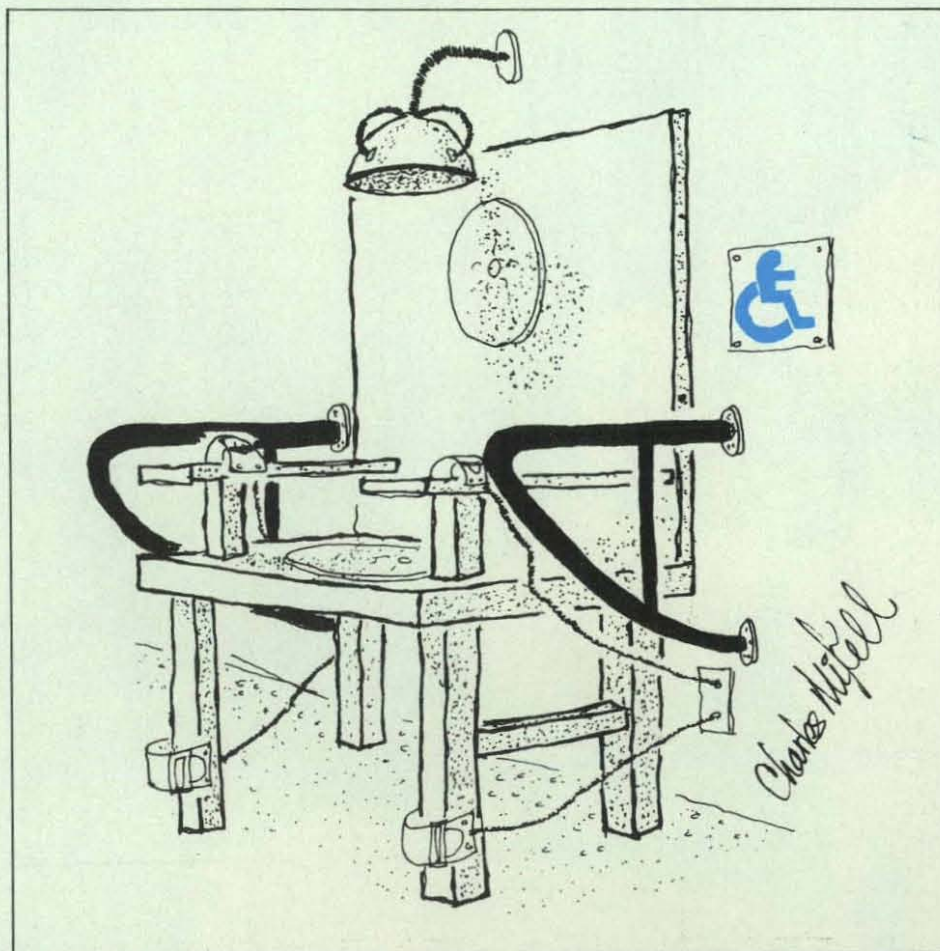
The second big problem is that all contraband goods (meaning marijuana, cocaine, unlicensed guns, smuggled cigarettes or anything like that) are immediately forfeited to the state. So even if the police who searched your car violated every amendment in the Bill of Rights, you're still not going to get your dope back. You might file suit in a case like that—if you're dumb enough, and if you could find a lawyer unscrupulous enough to take your money in what he knew would be a lost cause. But the judge would just look at the complaint and throw it out of court.

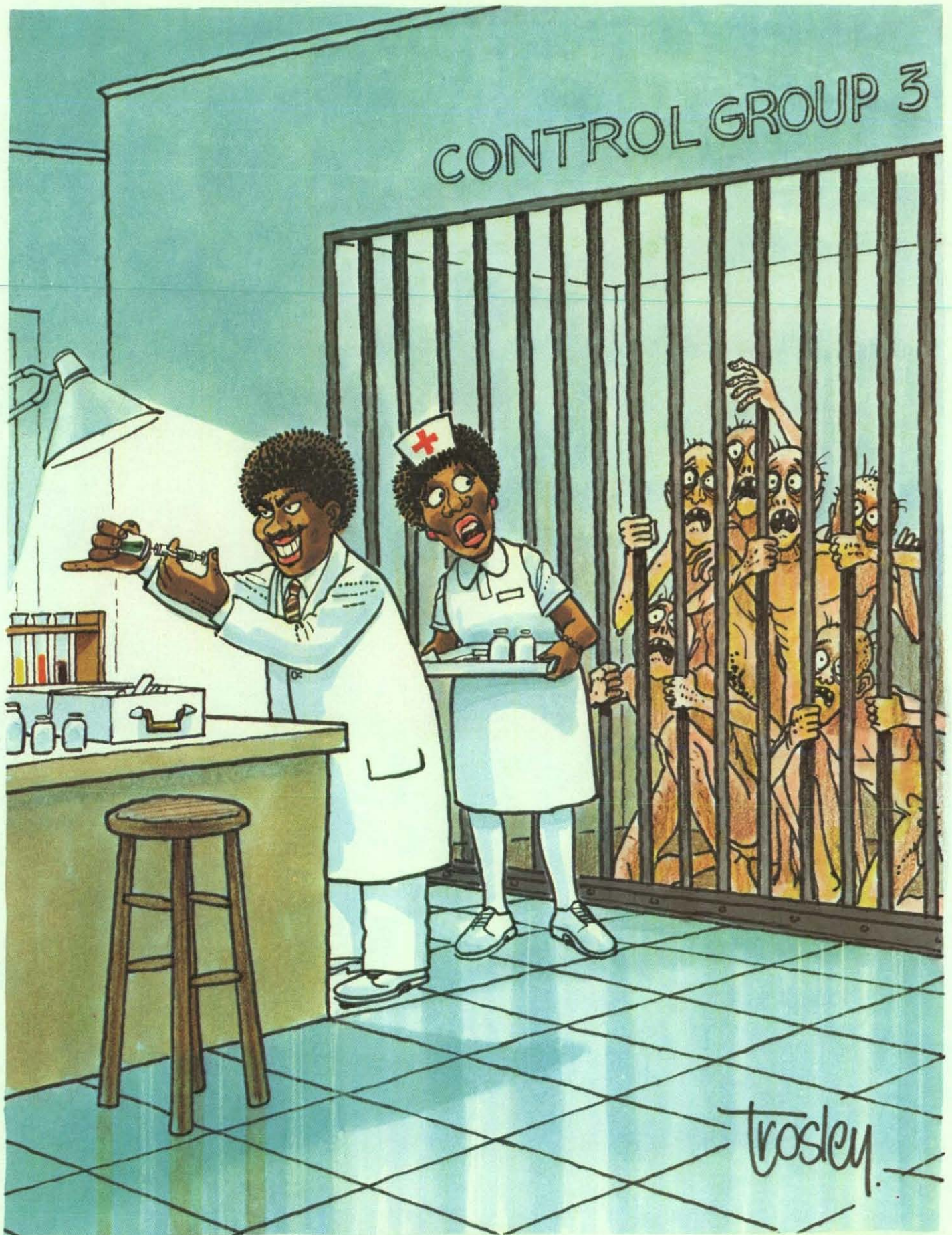
GETTING DIVORCED, OR JUST UNSHACKING UP

Eight years ago, when your wife was the hottest number in the steno pool, you couldn't wait to make it legal. She wore the shortest skirts in the office, she was the first secretary in the company to go braless, and she could suck the chrome off a trailer hitch.

So what happened to her? It seems like a bunch of militant Iranian students snuck into your house one night, stole your adorable, hot little wife and left in her place the woman who's been making your life such hell lately—the one whose daily routine seems to consist of watching soap operas, gaining weight and running up the MasterCard bill. However the tragedy occurred, you've had about all you can take. You want out—and the sooner, the better.

(continued on page 112)





"Why can't you just use white mice like everyone else?!"






FALL GUY

It was kind of a celebration. I'd just finished 11 weeks of work on a film for Columbia. Every muscle in my body ached. The public has this strange idea that stuntmen don't get hurt when they do stunts in the movies. Don't believe it. Try falling off a three-story building some time—even if there are airbags or mattresses stacked and waiting—and see how you feel. The strain on your body is tremendous. And staging a fight isn't a piece of cake either. Sylvester Stallone found out you can't pull every punch when they were filming *Rocky*. Still, I like the

FICTION BY J. BRADFORD OLESKER

Illustration by John Andrews



work. I'm picking up good bucks for doing pretty much the same thing I did as a kid in the Bronx—fighting, jumping rooftops, hot-rodding and falling from fences.

There's satisfaction too. Later, when the movie hits the theaters, you look at it and realize you've left a mark. You're on film, and I guess that's about as close as a regular guy can come to lasting fame.

Anyway, that's what I was doing in Morgan's Tavern that night in November. I'd had three Pabsts, and Brian Murphy, who'd worked with me on the movie, had just ordered another round when this blonde walked in.

Brian set the beer on the bar and looked at her. "Hey," he said in a low whisper, "what's *she* doing in here?"

Brian had read my thoughts. She looked as out of place in Morgan's Tavern as a Caddy Seville would at McDonald's. Not that Morgan's was exactly a dive, but it wasn't what you'd call a classy joint; just a bar in Burbank that catered mostly to working stiffs. A classy Beverly Hills watering hole it was not. About the only women in the place were league bowlers who stopped in for a few quick beers after their game.

The blonde was alone, and she sure as hell wasn't a bowler.

"A lot of foxes died to make that coat," I observed.

Brian nodded appreciatively as he watched her peel out of her fur jacket and slip it casually on the seat of the booth she slid into.

"Lonely housewife," I suggested, still watching her through the mirror behind the bar.

"Nah. A guy'd have to be made out of stone to let *her* get lonely." Brian sipped his beer. "I make her a hooker."

Ordinarily I'd have agreed with him. God knows she had the figure for it. Even from where I was sitting, looking in the mirror, I could see she had knockers that begged to be sucked. She was wearing a tight knit dress that hugged in all the right places; a deep V plunged to reveal her high, firm tits.

But she wasn't a hooker. I was sure. I'd known enough hookers in my time. You can spot 'em, like you can spot a cop or an accountant. This lady wasn't checking out the place for potential customers. She was just there for a drink. But I couldn't help wondering why she'd picked Morgan's Tavern.

"I'll bet she's a hundred bucks a night," Brian was saying.

I lighted a Camel. "She ain't a hooker."

Brian looked at me. I turned to look at him, and somehow he saw in my eyes that I was right.

"I'll tell you what she is," I said. "She's trouble."

He finished his beer and said, "Maybe, maybe not. If my brother and his wife didn't have dinner waiting for me, I'd sure as hell find out; I'll tell you that much."

Brian signaled the bartender for the check and paid our tab after I made a try for it. He gave me a slap on the back and said something about getting together for poker the following week. I told him I'd give him a call.

I glanced at my watch when I ordered my next beer. It was past nine. The bar was quiet. Just me, the blonde and a couple of other guys. One of them weaved over to her table, spoke to her for a second, then weaved back to the bar.

I looked in the mirror again, and I saw her looking toward the bar. For a second I thought she was going to signal the waitress for another drink, but then she looked away.

I squinted, trying to see what she was drinking. *Dumb*, I thought. I'd just told Brian how she was nothing but trouble, and here I was trying to figure out what was in her glass. I asked Morgan for my check, paid for the beer and drained what was left.

As I turned to get up, four women walked in. The Wednesday-night bowling league had just broken up, and they were coming in for the usual beers so they'd be numb enough to go home to their old men.

God, they were bruisers. Three of them looked like linebackers for the Rams. Before, when she first came in, the blonde impressed me as a knockout. But now, with these runaways from Weight Watchers invading the bar, she looked like a goddess.

I lighted another Camel.

When I got up from the stool, I was going to head for my van and drive home. I swear that's what I was thinking. But when I turned around, she was looking at me. There was no doubt about it. She wasn't looking at the bar or trying to signal the waitress for another drink. She was looking *straight* at me.

Strange how things flash through your mind. For a second I was back in Korea, remembering a mortar shell exploding close enough to scare the shit out of me and pump the air out of my lungs. I inhaled deeply, getting my breath back.

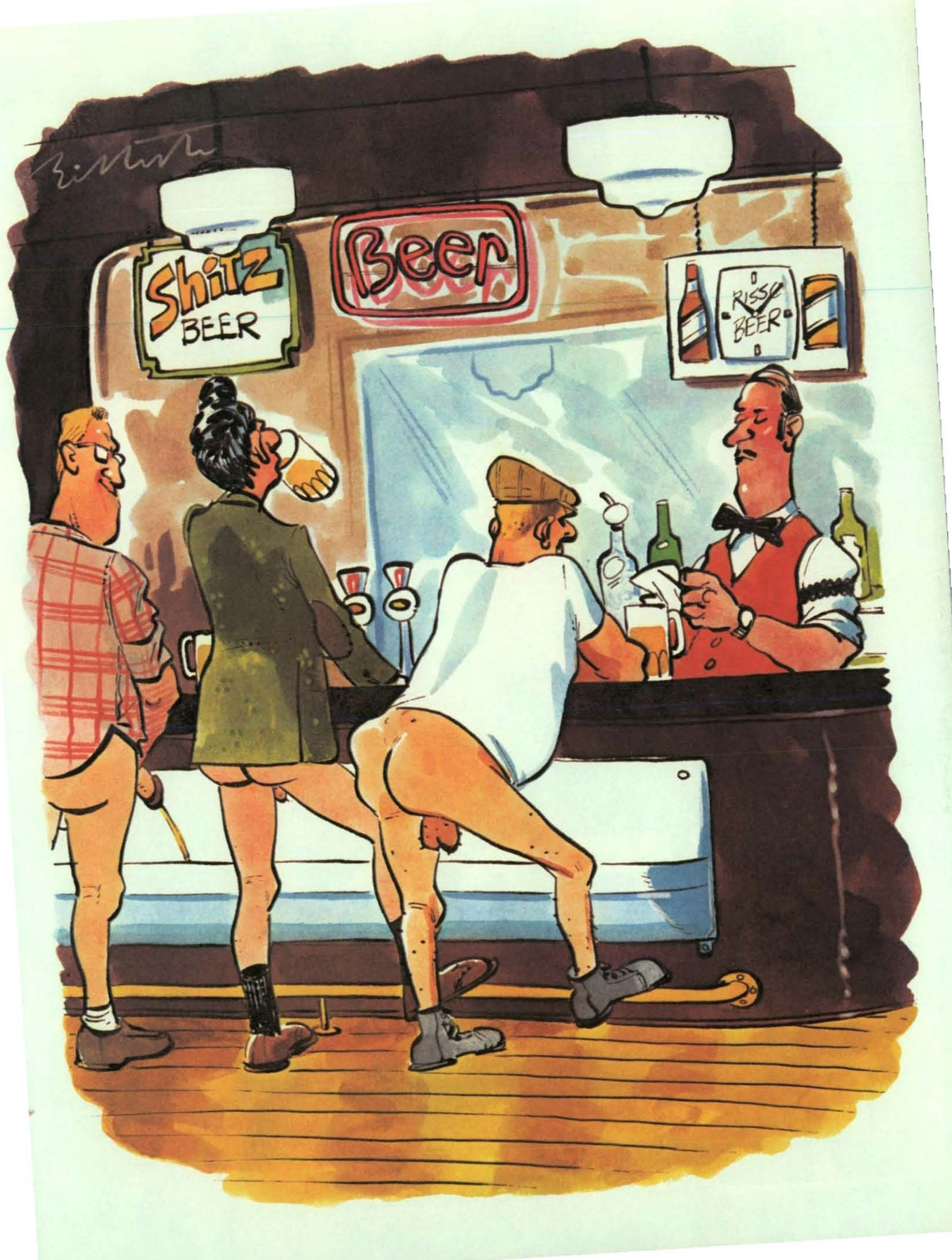
I turned to Morgan, who was polishing a glass, and asked, "What's the lady drinking?"

"Gin and tonic," he said with an even tone.

"Then make it gin and tonic and another beer," I said. As Morgan mixed the drink, I looked in the mirror, won-

(continued on page 100)







ERIN



Whether basking in the sun or getting into the swim of things, Erin feels compelled to be wide open about her sexuality. That's why she entered HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest, and that's why we chose her as a winner.

We decided to shoot this spread of Erin near her Florida home, where photographer James Baes discovered that she loves to show off her body to men. Erin is delighted that HUSTLER has given her the opportunity to do just that. "It's not that I'm an exhibitionist," she says. "My body is a work of art."











FALL GUY

(continued from page 92)

dering if it was possible I'd been mistaken. She was sipping her drink, and as she set it down, she looked up at me again, the invitation clear and beyond doubt.

I paid Morgan, picked up the drinks and crossed the bar. Standing in front of her table, I forgot about everything else as she looked up questioningly at me.

"Can I buy you a drink?" I asked her.

She looked at the glasses in my hands. "Looks like you already did," she said softly. "I'm married."

I set the gin and tonic on her table along with my beer and said, "I know."

It was impossible not to know she was married. The glare from the rock on her finger was so dazzling I could have used sunglasses.

She smiled a half-smile. "Does it bother you?"

"Does it bother you?" I asked, playing the game.

"No." She paused a beat, then said, "Sit with me."

I did.

Her name was Rita Barron. She'd looked gorgeous in the mirror behind the bar. But now, sitting next to her in

the booth, I felt my guts twisting. She was incredible. Pouting red lips, a slash of crimson rouge on her high cheekbones, and braless tits that strained against the pale-blue dress that matched her eyes. Her nipples puckered out like twin raisins, and I felt my cock begin to swell.

"Why are you here?" I asked, deciding to play it strange... since strange was what the situation was.

"I'm here for a drink," she said, sipping the highball.

I tried for humor. "Do you come here a lot?"

The question was so absurd it was funny, and she laughed for the first time. "No," she finally said, still smiling. "No, I don't come here a lot."

"I didn't think so. You don't fit."

She nodded. "I guess that's why I'm here." Rita looked up from her drink, into my eyes. "I'm sick of 'fitting.' I'm sick of the right French restaurants with the right French wines and the right French waiters. I'm sick of Rodeo Drive, with its charming boutiques, and I'm sick of the beauty shop and getting facials and having tennis lessons on Mondays and exercise classes on Fridays."

I didn't say anything. She was spilling it all, and I knew she'd feel better after-

ward. I just drank my beer and listened.

"And more than anything else," she said, "I'm sick of being alone." She paused for a long moment, looking down at her glass, then asked, "Does any of that make sense?"

"Sure," I answered. "Sure it does. Nobody likes being alone."

"Can we get out of here?"

I nodded and grabbed her fur as we slid out of the booth. I helped her into it, feeling the softness of the fox skins. As I draped it over her shoulders, I thought I felt her shudder for a moment.

We took her car—a sleek black Mercedes. I drove. For a long time we didn't speak. She'd given me an address on Wilshire Boulevard—one of those luxury high rises that guys like me dream about. I lowered the window a crack, and the cool breeze seemed to revive her spirits.

"Turn right," she ordered.

"But you told me—"

"Turn right," she repeated.

I did. If she'd given me her real address, I was going the wrong way now, because we were heading away from Wilshire. I kept driving, following the curve of the street into Holmby Park—a miniature oasis of green in the midst of million-dollar mansions. Even the street-lamps are dimmer there. There was no foot traffic, and after a minute she said, "Pull over."

I parked the car, and without saying a word she reached across the console that divided us and let her hand rest on my knee. In a second her hand was traveling up my leg, her fingertips caressing my balls. I felt my head reel from the beers. This gorgeous lady was working to turn my cock into steel.


She didn't have to work too long.

I heard a rustling as she leaned closer, and then her lips were warm against my cheek. Her tongue lashed out and began tracing circles around the outside of my ear. I reached out blindly and latched my left hand over her breast. I could feel her erect nipple and began rolling it between my thumb and forefinger.

Then she rammed the point of her tongue deep into my ear, at the same time pinching the knob of my throbbing cock with her fingers. A groan began low and deep in my throat, then fought its way up and out of my mouth.

I reached down for her cunt and felt that the material of her panties was hot and damp. I began rubbing her; then I felt her hand on mine, stopping me. Her mouth still by my ear, she whispered, "Please don't. Just let me do you."

I was in no condition to argue; so I did as the lady asked. The next minutes were a blur. Somehow she'd gotten my



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workpants undone and down around my knees. She slid my shorts down, and when I opened my eyes, I saw her looking at my cock as if it were something holy. I don't think I've ever seen a look of greater pleasure and anticipation on another human being's face.

Her lips parted as she slid them over my shaft, pausing at the swollen head so she could swirl her tongue around and around, under the glans, doing butterfly flicks that would have put a pro to shame.

Then she jerked her head down, taking me all the way in in a single greedy gulp. My whole body stiffened as she sucked me. I could feel my cock fully engulfed, could feel the saliva she had worked up in her mouth, could feel her tongue rolling around and around.

And then she was working like crazy, her right hand squeezing at my balls as her head bobbed up and down, up and down. I could feel myself getting ready to come, and she must have known it, because my hips were jerking wildly in response to the incredible head she was giving me.

For a second I thought about warning her. I didn't know if she would want me to come in her mouth. But then I felt her other hand slide under me, felt it working up the crack in my ass, felt her moist finger as it pressed and pushed its way into my hole.

It was too much. I exploded as I jammed my cock up into her mouth, rivers of hot cum bursting into her, filling her mouth, flowing out and down my shaft.

"Wow!" I said, slumping back against the firm leather seat.

From my lap she turned her head, looked up at me and said, "Delicious." I couldn't help but notice Rita licking the flecks of cum dripping over her lip down toward her chin.

The next week, on Tuesday night, Brian and I were sitting in Morgan's Tavern again. We were working on our second round of Pabsts when he asked, "What about the blonde?"

The question came out of nowhere, and it caught me off guard. "What about her?" I asked casually.

"Did you hit on her?"

I grabbed for my mug, trying to stall.

Brian smiled. "You hit on her."

"Look—"

"Don't bullshit me, Pat," he grinned. "Just give it to me straight. Did you bang her?"

"No," I answered honestly.

Brian's smile lessened a degree with disappointment. "What happened?"

"Ah, we talked for a while. It was like I guessed—lonely housewife."

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"And?"

"And that's it."

The smile reappeared on his face. "You're bullshitting me."

I turned to look at him. "You know something, Brian? We've been working together too long."

"Why's that?"

"You can read me too well."

He laughed, then said, "Come on, Pat. Give."

"All right, all right. So we had a drink together, and then we took a ride. She lives in one of those condos on Wilshire Boulevard."

"Oh, high-class stuff."

I nodded. "She gives great head."

Brian sat bolt upright on the stool. I held my laughter in. He was going to find out anyway. He would pry it out of me one way or another. I figured I might as well get some shock value out of it.

"You actually got that broad to go down on you?"

"Best blowjob I've ever had."

"Wow!"

"Yeah, that's what I said."

He leaned closer, forgetting his beer. "Well, what else?"

"That's all. It was just one of those things. I didn't even go up to her place. She just dropped me off, and I took a cab back here."

"You gotta be kidding."

I looked at him. "I'm not. It just hap-

pened. It was nice, the time was right, we did it, and that's all."

"Pat, you're nuts."

"Nuts, hell!" I said with an edge to my voice. "I got one rule in life—I don't fuck with married women. It's nothing but trouble."

"Yeah? Well, how come you let her go down on you then?"

"Like I said, it was just one of those things."

He shook his head sadly. "Seems a shame to miss a great piece of tail like her just because she's married; especially since she probably isn't getting enough from her old man anyway."

Brian left about an hour later. I sat in the bar, letting it eat at me. He was probably right about her being a great piece of ass. If she could give head that well, she had to have a whole *bag* of tricks.

Another beer, and I began to think about my wallet in my back pocket; about Rita's phone number in it; about how she'd told me to give her a call sometime if I felt like it. I felt like it, all right. My prick was as hard as a spike as I began to think about her more and more.

I closed the door of the phone booth on the far side of the bar and dialed her number.

She answered the phone on the second ring. "Hello?"

"Rita. This is Pat. Can you talk?"

"Sure," she said, her voice easy and soft. "I was wondering if you'd call."

"Well, I . . . I just thought I'd see how you were doing." I couldn't believe how stupid that sounded. It was obvious I was calling because I was hot for her.

"I'm doing fine."

"I want to see you," I said, dropping the pretense.

"Are you sure, Pat?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

She paused a moment, then said, "Look, Pat, I had a great time the other night. You're a real turn-on, and I loved feeling your cock in my mouth. I loved it when you came."

I could feel my prick throbbing, aching, and for a second I thought I was going to come right there in the phone booth.

"And I know," she continued, "I know damn well we'd be fantastic in bed."

Again she paused. But I didn't say anything, sensing that she had something more to say.

She did. "But you've got to understand something. What we did the other night was fun, but it was high-school stuff. I mean, nobody got hurt, and it was great. But if we go further . . . well, it's going to mean involvement on your part."

"What do you mean?"

"You know I'm married."

"I know."

"Are you sure you want to start with me? I mean—"

"I want to see you. I have to see you."

"When?"

"Tonight, if your husband isn't—"

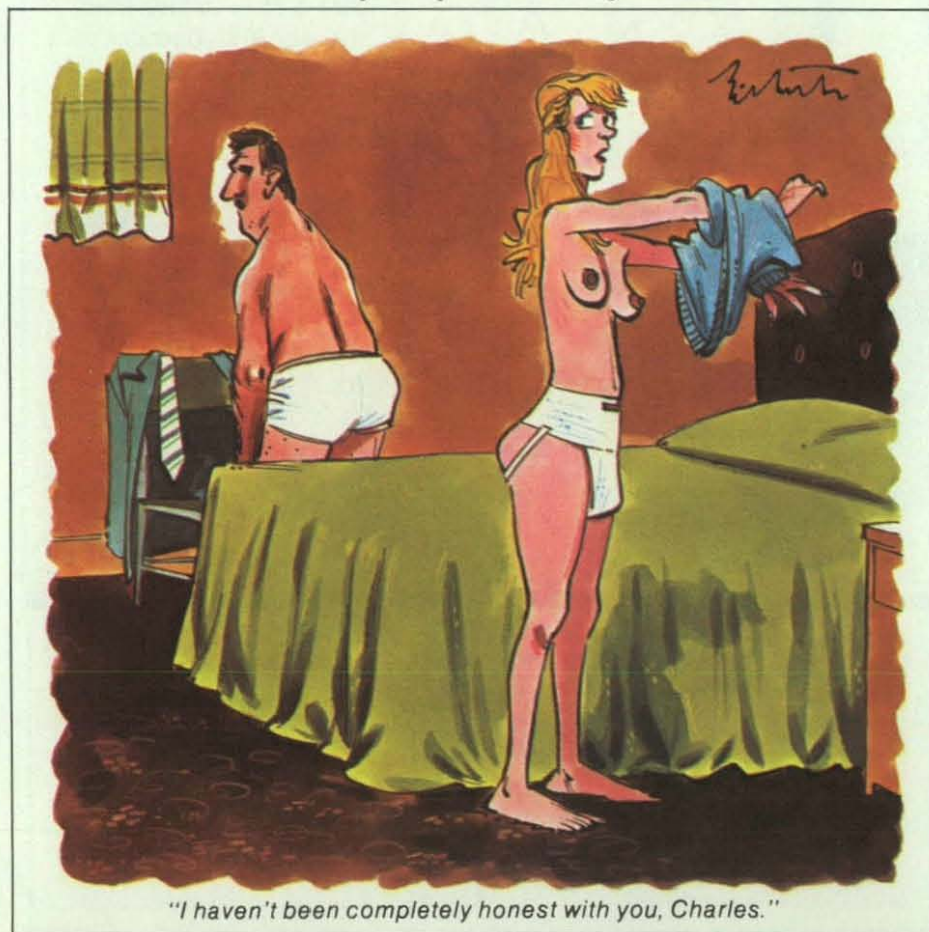
"He's out of town. . . ." She hesitated, then added, "On business."

For a long, breathless moment there was nothing but the silence of the phone connection. Then she whispered, "Come quickly."

I'd made a mistake. I knew it the second I walked across the large circular driveway in front of the high rise she lived in. Cadillacs and Continentals lined the pavement, and I was glad I'd parked my van down the street, because it didn't even deserve to be near those money machines.

I walked into a marble-floored entrance lobby. There was walnut paneling on the back wall and polished brass everywhere. If anyone saw me, they must have thought I was a delivery man. I buzzed Rita's apartment number. She buzzed back, and I pushed through the security door.

The elevator stopped at the 11th floor. I walked down a hushed, carpeted corridor and stopped in front of #1103. A second after I pressed the bell, Rita



"I haven't been completely honest with you, Charles."

opened the door. She was wearing a rose-colored silk negligee that draped down to the floor. She wore a matching silk robe over it, trimmed with white feathers at the cuffs and hem.

Suddenly I was conscious of my own clothes. My trousers had a snag just below the knee, and the green corduroy coat I was wearing had been bought during Sears' 1975 Spring Clearance Sale.

But all that was quickly forgotten when she reached up, laced her hands around my neck and pressed her lips against mine. As her tongue flicked between my lips, she began to grind her pelvis into my groin. My head began to spin as I reached behind me with one hand and pushed the door closed.

It was like a dream. Things like this don't happen too often in a guy's life—at least not with women like Rita Barron. She took me by the hand and led me through a living room that looked like it belonged in a castle. Antiques and oriental rugs and towering floor plants filled the space that was large enough to handle a touch-football game.

I didn't have time to take in the details though. We were in the bedroom before I knew what was happening, and through it all I got the distinct feeling

that I was being led. I sensed that I didn't have any choice, that this was just something that was happening to me and that there was no use trying to figure it out or trying to fight it. Besides, I'd've had to have been a madman to want to fight it.

We were naked in the king-size bed, the sheets soft and full of promise. A single lamp on a table 25 feet away provided the only illumination. I could feel her long, tapered legs wrap around me like silken snakes. My hands roamed over her body, over her firm tits, over the flat plane of her belly, entwining down into her curly pubic hair.

Rita kissed me all over my face, her breath ragged and heavy as my fingers worked at her clit, hot juices already slurping from her cunt as I rubbed her.

I felt her hand grasp my cock, felt it begin to jerk at me as I pushed two of my fingers into her sopping opening. Her legs spread wide, eagerly accepting my hand as her hips began to roll. My other hand worked on her tits, squeezing them and pinching her nipples. Then I lowered my head to them, taking each into my mouth one at a time, sucking, then biting at them as she began to moan.

"Pat... Pat," she whispered. "Fuck

me, please fuck me. I need you so bad."

I rolled over on top of her and felt her hand guiding my cock to her ready cunt. I made a couple of short thrusts at the edge of her outer lips, teasing her. I half-opened my eyes, looking at her head shaking back and forth on the pillow. There was an expression of sheer ecstasy on her face.

"Please give it to me," she begged. "I want to feel you inside of me. I want to feel you all the way up in my cunt. Now... please... now!"

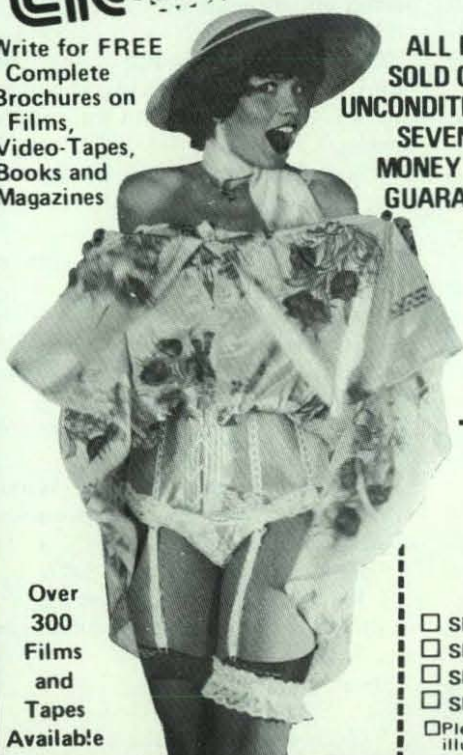
I buried my shaft in her, pressed it all the way in, felt her hot juices licking at it, felt her seething muscles tighten lovingly around my prick. Slowly I pulled out all the way and teased her for another minute.

But there was no denying her. She bathed my ear with her tongue, played at my armpits with her nails and finally clamped her hands down on my ass as she thrust upward. And then we were one, both of us bucking and rocking and fucking like a stallion and his mare.

I could feel Rita's fingernails dig into my ass, could feel them rake hard along my back. But it didn't matter. Pain and pleasure had ceased to be different. There was only her and me and my cock and her cunt, and nothing on earth

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SE-334 DIRTY POOL

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SE-336 EARLY DATE

Lana's back with her ass in the air, and the fur's really flying. This tiny, stacked love-bunny's the most beautiful Eurasian you've ever seen. You'll pound the walls watching her reward her date for his... early arrival and you'll soon see that he's not the only thing that CUMS QUICK!!

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SC-111 IN AT THE INN

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could stop the thundering conclusion we were racing toward.

We both screamed out at the same moment, my steaming cum shooting into her like lava spewing from a volcano, mixing with the powerful flood from her climaxing cunt. She knotted her legs around me, and I felt her insides sucking at me, squeezing every last drop of love juice from my shaft.

For five minutes I lay on my back and watched columns of gray smoke drift toward the ceiling of the bedroom. Finally I said, "You're a hell of a woman, Rita. I could really fall for you."

"Thanks."

Something hung between us in the air, almost as physical as what we had just gone through. She was right. Falling into her arms was the first step toward involvement. I had to ask her the obvious question, because it was more than just a one-nighter now.

I probed toward the subject. "He has to be crazy."

"Who?" she asked, probing back.

"Your husband."

"Why crazy?"

I half-turned to look at her. "Obviously he isn't keeping you completely satisfied. That's why he has to be crazy."

"He is crazy," she agreed.

I took a puff on my Camel, deciding to let her take the lead.

"He's crazy about boxing," she began. Now Rita turned to look at me. "You ever hear of Eddie Barron?"

I'm not really into boxing, not like some guys. But I knew the name Eddie Barron. Everyone in Los Angeles did; probably half the people in the whole country too. Suddenly everything made sense: Eddie Barron.

"He's the number-two heavyweight contender," I said.

She smiled. "He'll be number one when he wins in Madison Square Garden next month. Eddie's going to be the champ someday." She looked back up at the ceiling. "Boxing's always come first with him. It's his life, his passion... his lover."

We talked for hours, almost until dawn. She told me about the months of celibacy she had to go through because of Eddie's training. She mentioned the neglect she had to put up with because of his career. He was a good husband when it came to supporting her—she always had the best clothes, the best vacations, the best cars. But her bed was empty, and her insides were in agony.

As the first rays of morning came through the bedroom window, she said, "You know, he'd kill you if he found you here." She laughed a humorless laugh. "Funny thing about Eddie; even

though we don't get it on too often, he thinks I'm supposed to live like a nun or something. I remember he once put a trumpet-player from St. Louis in the hospital for a month because he thought the guy was coming on to me."

I recalled what she had said about him being out of town on business. The idea of going a round with Eddie Barron—an enraged Eddie Barron who'd just caught another guy in the sack with his wife—was not too appealing.

"Where is he, anyhow?" I asked.

"It's okay," she said, kissing me lightly on the cheek. "Eddie's up in Wisconsin, training."

"How long has he been away?"

"Two months this time. But don't cry for me. I've got this to keep me company." She reached across to the bedside table, opened a drawer and pulled out a snub-nosed .38.

She reacted to the shock on my face. "Eddie wanted me to have some protection while he's gone," she said, putting the gun back in the drawer. "But protection isn't what I need."

I felt her press against me.

"Eddie Barron?! Eddie Barron?!" Brian's eyes went wide when I told him. "You're going off the deep end, Pat."

I nodded, signaling Morgan for another round of brews. "I know. I tell ya, Brian, I can't believe this happened. I'm playing with fire here."

"You're playing with more than fire," Brian said. "Did you see what he did to Big John Tate on TV? Tate's face looked like chopped liver by the time Barron got through with him."

"I know, I know."

Brian downed a handful of Beer Nuts. "And you're always talking about how you don't want to get it on with married women."

"Can that shit, will you? You saw what she looked like. Hell, you said I should hit on her."

"That was before I knew she was Eddie-fucking-Barron's wife!"

"Quiet, will you?!"

Brian looked around. "Okay, okay." He lowered his voice a bit and asked, "So what are you going to do?"

"What the hell do you *think* I'm going to do? I'm going to bail out."

"Now you're talking sense. When?"

"Tonight. She's having me over. I'll break it to her gently."

"Before or after you fuck her?"

I looked at Brian and smiled a sly smile. "Brian, my father didn't raise any fools."

Brian smiled back.

I thought it was going to be easy to
(continued on page 110)

Beaver Hunt

Fall's just around the corner. That means there's not much time left for you to photograph your favorite Beaver under the bright summer sun. So get out your camera and start clicking away. HUSTLER pays \$50 for color photographs of gals and guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always a chance that your Beaver will be selected for an extended

photo-feature at professional-models' rates.

All photographs become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 110 or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by Jerry Cole



Felicia Louise, 21, of Monee, Illinois, is a waitress whose hobbies include tennis and modeling. Her sexual fantasy—to appear in *Beaver Hunt*—has now come true.

Photo by Rolf Craemer



Martina Mahnke, 20, from Hamburg, West Germany, is a student whose hobbies include photography and reading sex magazines. Her fantasy is to have sex with three men and two women at the same time.

Photo by Sam Rich



Mary is a 30-year-old typist from the state of New York who spends her free time swimming and dancing. Her fantasy is to find one man who can really please her.

Housewife Debra Rich, 24, of Cortez, Florida, enjoys scuba diving, macrame and swimming. Her sexual fantasies are "to hike naked in the mountains and explore new sexual experiences with my husband."

Photo by Lee Birdwell

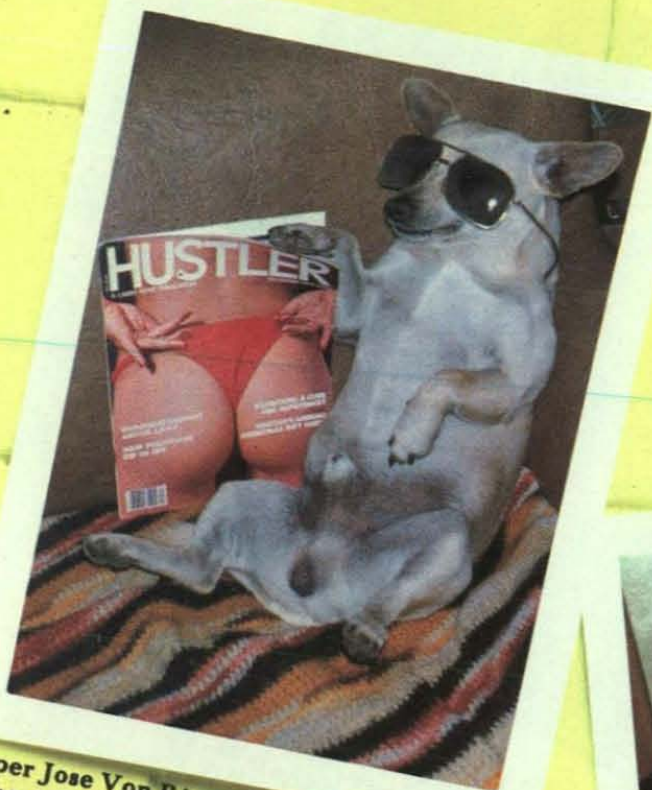


Photo by W. Crowe

Jane Birdwell, 21, of Houston, Texas, is a housewife whose hobbies are sex, art, skydiving and photography. Her fantasy is "to fuck and suck at the same time three dudes with 12 inches or more, and then eat pussy with a fine-looking chick."



Photo by P. Daniels



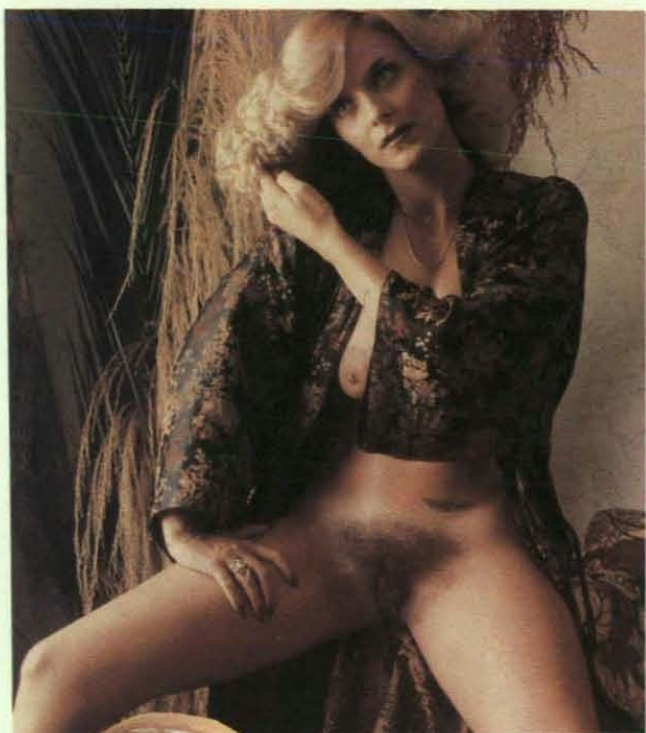
Zipper Jose Von Ripper, a seeing-eye dog from Azalea, Oregon, reads HUSTLER in his spare time. His sexual fantasy is to one day be in charge of selecting the "bitch" photos for *Beaver Hunt*.

A waitress in Romulus, Michigan, 19-year-old Lisa Tubbert lists sex and drawing among her hobbies. Her fantasy is to someday be the only female at an orgy.



Photo by Close Friend

Photo by E. J. Hunt



Phoenix, Arizona's Robin is a 26-year-old model whose hobbies include horseback riding, swimming and cycling. She fantasizes about making love on a sandy beach on a warm summer night.



Photo by Steve Allen



Shirley Hawes, 20, of Miami Beach, Florida, is a model whose hobbies include "men, women, sports and spankings." She tells us that all her fantasies have been fulfilled, but she's open to new ideas.

Photo by Alec



Twenty-year-old Sheryl of Alberta, Canada, is a housewife and mother whose hobbies include camping, swimming, and playing the piano. She has always dreamed of seeing her photo in HUSTLER.

Twenty-two-year-old Pepper of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is a go-go dancer whose hobbies are yoga, gymnastics and dancing. Her fantasy is "to make love to John Holmes and my lover at the same time."



Photo by Michael

One for the Ladies

Photo by Judy



Canton, Ohio's 27-year-old Rae Cole, a nurse's aide, rides and shows horses as a hobby. Being screwed while riding her Arabian stallion in the rain is her fantasy.

Delivery driver John Simmons, 21, of Mobile, Alabama, loves to play football. His fantasy is to be in a HUSTLER photo-set with a beautiful blonde.



Photo by Bill Cole

Photo by Dolly Nugent



Mary Kondrick, 20, is an exotic dancer from Lackawanna, New York, who enjoys dancing and partying. Her fantasy? "I want to make it with the pizza boy down the street."



HUSTLER®

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____

Phone (include area code) _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

Send prize to: _____

☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

FALL GUY

(continued from page 104)

break it off, since we'd only seen each other twice before. But it was harder than I'd thought—mainly because she could get me harder than anyone ever had, and when you're hard... well, when you're hard you're soft, if you know what I mean.

But there wasn't any way around it. Eddie Barron was an animal. I wasn't about to tangle with him. I wasn't going to do anything that would make it even remotely possible for our paths to cross.

Rita took it better than I thought she would.

"I understand," she said, lying next to me in the king-size bed.

"Are you sure you understand?" I asked, a healthy case of the guilts setting in because she was letting me off so easy.

"Yes, I understand. Because it's happened before." She sighed. "More times than you can imagine."

I looked at her lying next to me, her pale blue eyes as sad as any I'd ever seen, her lower lip quivering, and I really began to feel like shit.

"Look, you're a beautiful woman, Rita. If your husband isn't—"

The words froze in my throat as I heard the sound. I turned in the bed, listening; then I looked back at Rita—but she didn't seem to have heard it. For a second I thought I was mistaken, but then I heard it again: It was a key being slipped into a lock.

I looked at her as we both heard the door out in the foyer opening. Her eyes turned frosty with fear, and her lips pressed together in a contortion of terror.

"My God," she whispered, "it must be Eddie!"

"How... how could he—?"

"He must have taken a plane home. Maybe he suspected. Dear Lord, Pat, he'll tear you to pieces!"

I threw the blanket off, grabbing for my clothes. Then I heard the front door close. It was no use. There was no time. I'd never have a chance to get out even if I got my pants on.

"Rita?" I heard Eddie Barron call, and then I heard his heavy footsteps coming up the hallway that led toward the bedroom.

He was going to kick the shit out of me. There was no doubt about that. The number-two heavyweight contender in the world was going to beat me to death.

There was only one chance to hold him off. I watched my hand open the drawer of the nightstand and wrap around the snub-nosed .38 as the door to the bedroom burst open.

I'd seen Eddie Barron on television, being interviewed on *Wide World of*

Sports. He looked nothing like he did on the tube. He was a monster. His chest seemed like a tree trunk, and his neck was corded, the veins popping out with rage at the adulterous scene he saw.

"You fuckin' slut!" he bellowed at his wife. Then he turned to me. "I'm gonna beat the living shit outa you, mister!"

I held the pistol in front of me. "Take it easy, man. Take it easy."

He took a lumbering step forward. "When I get through with you, there won't be enough left to flush down the crapper!"

"This is a gun!" I shouted, thinking that he couldn't see it in my hand because he was blind with anger.

"FUCK YOU!" he shouted, lunging for me.

The room exploded, the sound deafening in my ears, red flame spitting from the barrel. Eddie Barron clutched his chest, scarlet lifeblood staining his topcoat and spreading. He took two more steps toward me on reflex alone. Then he stopped, his eyes rolled toward the ceiling, his hands reached out, and he fell to the floor.

Eddie Barron was dead.

The sharp, pungent smell of gunpowder filled the air, snapping me back to reality.

"I shot him. Jesus Christ, I shot him. Call an ambulance, quick!"

"No need. He's dead."

Stunned, thinking I was still in a state of shock, I turned at the sound of the voice that wasn't Rita Barron's. It was a man's voice. The gun still in my hand, I looked at him standing in the doorway that led into the bathroom where he must have been hiding. For a second I was unable to believe what I saw.

"Br... Brian," I stammered.

He smiled. "Yeah... Brian."

I looked at Rita as she slid out of the bed, reaching for her slacks. Then I turned back to Brian. "What the hell are you—"

"Rita and I owe you our thanks, Pat," he said. "We've been trying to figure out how to get rid of Eddie for months now."

"You mean—"

"Right. You've been set up—just as carefully as a stunt in the movies." Brian smiled. "It'll go down like this. You broke in here, tied up Rita and were cleaning out the place when Eddie walked in on you. So you blew him away."

Rita picked up the phone and began punching out the number to police headquarters.

"You bastards!"

"Think of it as taking the big fall, Pat," Brian said. "There just won't be any mattresses this time." 🐾

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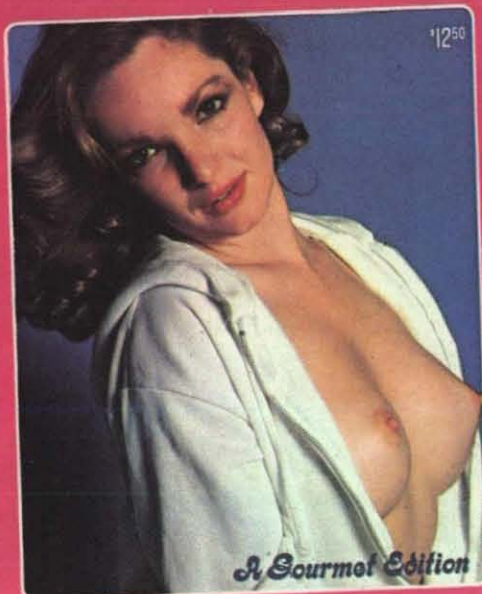
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LEGAL-SURVIVAL GUIDE

(continued from page 88)

What'll it cost you? The laws vary from state to state, but as an aspiring ex-husband you're looking at a property settlement (dividing what you own), alimony (money paid strictly to support your ex-wife, figured as a percentage of your income) and child support if you have any kids. In community-property states—Arizona, California, Idaho, Louisiana, Nevada, New Mexico, Texas and Washington—the wife gets a full half of all property acquired by both individuals during the marriage, except for things like bequests. The longer you've been married, the more alimony she'll probably get. The younger she is, and the better able to support herself, the less you'll have to pay. If she's been working full-time at her own career and making decent bucks, you may get off with no alimony at all.

Most of the time, if you have young children your wife will have to care for, she won't be expected to work. On top of alimony you'll have to pay child support too. You may be able to juggle the amounts you'll have to pay between alimony and support to your advantage. Keep in mind that alimony is tax-deductible; child support isn't.

If you and your wife both want the

divorce, and if you can agree on who gets what and where the kids will wind up, you may not need a lawyer at all. Call the office of the county clerk in your area to find out which court handles divorces; that court will supply you with the necessary legal forms. You and the Mrs. will have to fill them out; it'll be a tough job, but you'll save bucks.

If you do need a lawyer, find a capable divorce specialist. (With today's skyrocketing divorce rates, most of your friends should be able to recommend one.) Don't make the mistake of having the family lawyer handle both sides of the divorce. When this happens, one party always winds up getting screwed, and it's usually the husband.

Even if you're not having an "amicable divorce" (and, after all, how many divorces are *really* amicable?), it's to both your own and your wife's advantage to draw up an agreement between yourselves settling as much of the property, alimony, support, child-custody and visitation-rights disputes as you can possibly agree on. Lawyers bill by the hour, as previously noted, and the more work you can iron out together, the less will be left for them to do.

If you're not married but you're thinking about it, you can save yourself some trouble in advance by asking your fiancée to sign a *prenuptial agreement*—a

contract between two people determining what happens to their property if they get divorced. The agreement must list *all* property owned by each party before the marriage. Otherwise your wife may stand in front of the judge in her lowest-cut blouse and sniffle, "Your Honor, if I'd known about his three McDonald's franchises and his chateau in France, I'd never have signed that awful old piece of paper." If he believes her, he'll throw the agreement out of court.

This brings up the problem of an *unmarried* couple deciding to split up. What are your rights and liabilities in case you and your live-in girlfriend decide to go your separate ways? The answer is that no one's quite sure. In the 1979 *Marvin v. Marvin* case the judge awarded Michelle Triola Marvin \$104,000 in "palimony" to support herself while training for a career. (Her entertainment career had clearly fizzled out years before.) Actor Lee Marvin later announced his decision to appeal the case. So far there's no word on the appeal.

Another "palimony" case was later decided in northern California. In this one a woman was awarded a half-interest in a condominium that she and her live-in boyfriend had shared. It developed that they'd both chipped in equal amounts to buy the condo (she had the check stubs to prove it), but that the woman had foolishly allowed the deed to be recorded in the boyfriend's name. This decision obviously had much less to do with live-in rights than it did with the old-fashioned legal notion of the rip-off.

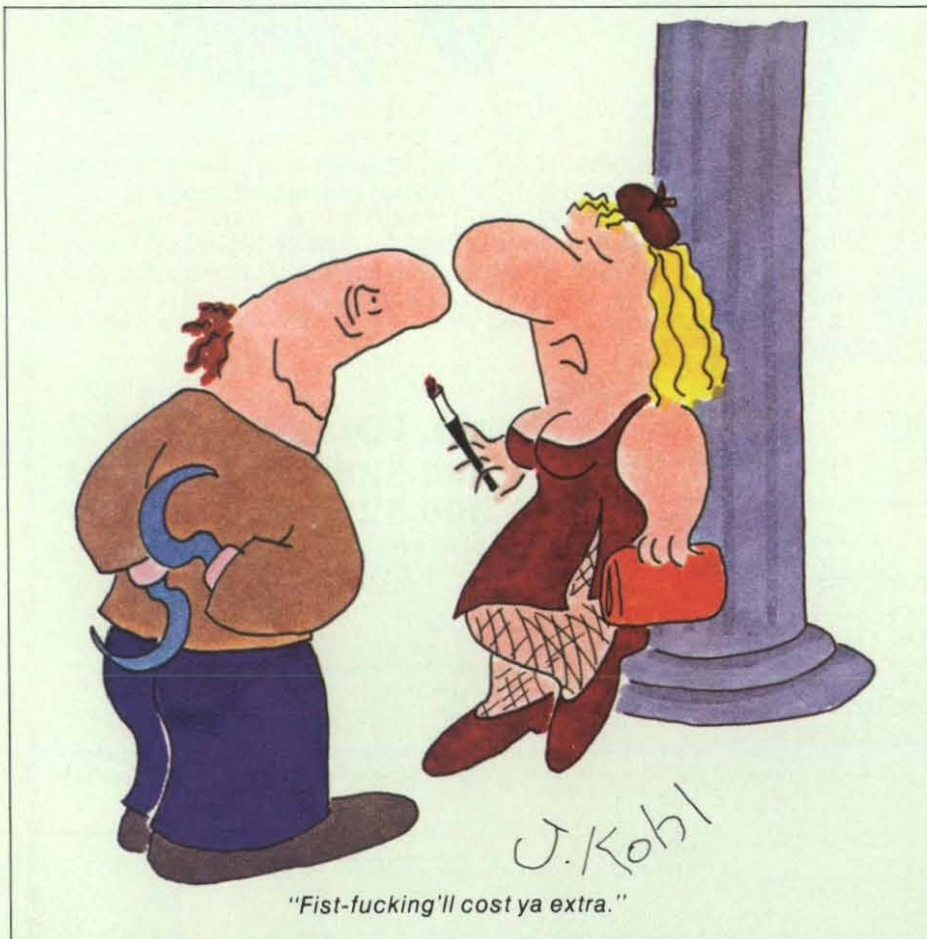
Chances are good that you won't have to worry about being sued by a girlfriend for some time. If you want to make doubly sure, you might want to work out a live-in contract (similar to a prenuptial agreement) with your lover. If you'd rather have a lawyer do it, the going rate for either sort of agreement is about \$300.

BANKRUPTCY

Jimmy Carter has cracked down on credit—and you're caught in the crunch. Your American Express card has been shredded thinner than Nixon's Watergate files, and the Visa people are threatening to repossess your children. As Karl Malden asks in those TV commercials, *What will you do? What will you do?*

Being broke isn't a criminal offense (though it is inconvenient as hell). One thing you can do about it is to file bankruptcy papers. You have a right to declare bankruptcy, to wipe out your debts and start with a clean slate. In fact, you

(continued on page 124)



"Fist-fucking'll cost ya extra."

Jackie was bisexual; at least that's what she had always told me. But actually, during the year-and-a-half she had the apartment next door to mine, I never saw her with a man. She had a succession of girlfriends over that time, most of them, like herself, young and beautiful. No butch dykes—just pretty young things. Jackie was 23 and was a waitress at a restaurant in Beverly Hills. She was tall, slender and blond.

During the 18 months we lived next door to each other, Jackie and I became pretty good friends. I was sorry to see her go when she decided to move to San Francisco to be near a former girlfriend. I guess she thought the old relationship would blossom anew.

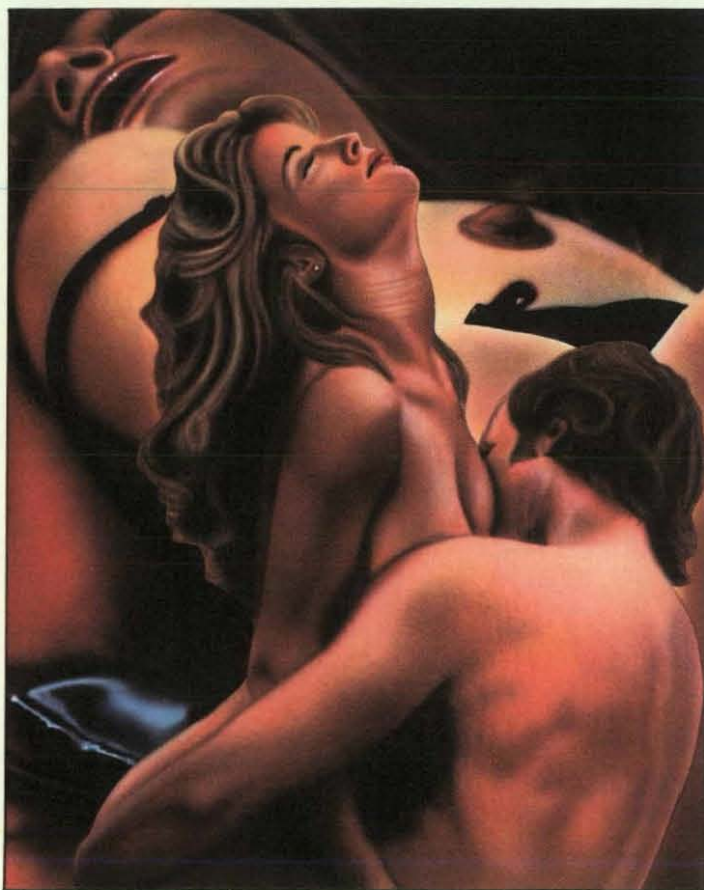
I'd never known any lesbians before, and getting to know Jackie was fascinating, an education about a side of life I'd never really thought about. I learned, for instance, that Jackie had decided she was gay, or bisexual, when she was a sophomore in high school, but that she'd never had a sexual encounter with a woman until she was 18 and out of school. She told me that her first forays into the world of gay women were unpleasant, that she had swallowed "the old masculine-feminine thing" and had found herself with a tough-looking older woman "who was into the butch/femme game." Soon

after that episode Jackie realized that she liked *women*—not women who looked and walked and talked like men. Jackie was attracted to femininity.

While I didn't quite understand the complexities of my neighbor's sexual preferences, I was learning. In fact, it turned out that Jackie and I had similar tastes in women. It got to be kind of amusing. Driving her to the supermarket, for instance, I'd see a lovely young lady on the street and would turn to look at her, only to see that Jackie was craning her neck to get a look too.

One thing I wondered about gay women was how they made love. It took me a long time to work up the courage

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



BALLING A LESBIAN

by Alex Delchinko

to ask Jackie about this. She was amused by my embarrassment. I wasn't. She told me that women make love to women just about the same way that men make love to women. Instead of a cock, Jackie said, she used her hands and mouth to stimulate her partner. She told me that, unlike most lesbians, she didn't enjoy using dildos. She preferred getting and giving head.

Even though Jackie had told me she was bisexual after we'd become friendly, it turned out she had never had sex with a man. She'd dated, of course, in high school, feeling hypocritical about the whole thing, since she'd concluded that she liked girls better than boys. But she

said she'd never gone beyond making out. She said she hadn't been repulsed by kissing boys or by letting a couple of them fondle her breasts, but she hadn't been turned on much either.

I asked her why, if she had never made it with a guy, she considered herself to be bisexual. Jackie had a good answer for that question: She said she didn't want to close off any possibilities. Although she admitted that she might want to have an affair with a man or get married someday, she knew that it wasn't something she wanted to do at the time.

One surprising thing Jackie told me was that she'd never seen a real, live hard-on. In fact, she'd never seen a man's cock—except for her father's when she was a little girl. She'd seen boys' cocks; she had two younger brothers. For a second I thought about volunteering to be a visual aid for her, but I thought better of it.

We corresponded after she moved to San Francisco. She told me I could always stay at her place if I ever visited town, and I said the same. But I was really surprised one night, a few months after she'd moved, when Jackie showed up at my apartment door and asked to spend the night.

It was late. She told me she'd come down to visit a girlfriend but they'd had a terrible argument; so she'd thought of my apartment as

a place to stay. I said I'd get some blankets so she could sleep on the couch.

Jackie asked if I had anything to drink; so I found a bottle of good tequila, and we sat around drinking and talking. I was waking up, and she obviously wasn't tired. She told me about San Francisco, about her new job, about the ups and downs of her relationship with the woman she was living with. I told her about my life—that I was thinking about moving closer to the ocean, that I wasn't seeing any women seriously at that point in my life.

All of a sudden, while I finished pouring us a couple of drinks, she walked to the couch where I was sitting and sat

down next to me. She kissed me lightly on the cheek and said that she wanted to sleep with me. Then she reached and put her arm around my shoulders and drew me to her. She kissed me again—not lightly this time, but passionately.

I was surprised, to say the least. I was also getting excited. But since Jackie had said she wanted to sleep with me, I didn't know whether she wanted to snooze or fuck. When I asked her, she said she wasn't sure *what* she wanted to do, and suggested we just go to bed and see what happened.

We took the tequila with us. It was a little awkward, at least for me, when we got into the bedroom. I took off my bathrobe and stood there for a moment. She looked at me, at my body, then turned away and unbuttoned her blouse. I wondered whether I should get involved, help her undress. But I decided to take it slow, to see what, if anything, developed.

I got into bed and watched as Jackie took off her blouse. She had lovely breasts, not large, but perfectly shaped. She turned to look at me as she peeled off her jeans and panties.

Even through the covers she could tell that I had an erection. When Jackie came to bed, she pulled back the covers and looked, just looked, at my cock. I wanted to grab her, to pull her to me,

but again I decided to take things slowly. Jackie lay down beside me and snuggled close, saying she'd never even slept in the same bed with a man. I kissed her lightly on the cheek. She kissed me. Suddenly her mouth opened wide, and our tongues met. Then she pulled away just as suddenly. She was obviously nervous; so I tried to make her feel as comfortable as I could.

She kissed me again. One of her hands took one of mine and placed it on a breast. I felt, gently, then lightly pinched the nipple between thumb and forefinger. I moved, kissing her breasts with my mouth. Jackie moaned as I sucked. I felt her hand on my cock. I knew it was the first cock, the first hard-on, she'd ever felt. Her touch was tentative at first. Her fingers played with the tip of my cock, with the shaft. She felt lightly around my balls. All the while I had my face buried in her breasts. Her grip tightened. My cock was throbbing.

"Go down on me. Suck my cunt," Jackie whimpered.

I shifted down so my body was between her legs.

"Turn around, Alex," Jackie said. "Turn around. I want to watch your cock while you do it."

I did. And she arched her back toward me as I began to suck, to lick. She had one hand on my cock as I

pushed my face into her moist pussy. I found her clitoris between my lips and squeezed gently on it until it hardened, grew into my mouth, toward my tongue.

Suddenly I realized that she was licking the tip of my cock. As I sucked, I realized she had placed it in her mouth. Her tongue ran around the tip, the shaft. Then her lips closed around it. She gently rocked her head as she pushed her groin onto my face.

Then she came. It was soft and quiet at first. But she began to moan. I lifted my pelvis so my cock would come out of her mouth. And she gasped.

Jackie said that she wanted to feel my cock inside her. I turned around and positioned myself above her so that I could enter her. I moved into her slowly, wondering if it would hurt her. She must have been wondering the same thing, because she made it clear she wanted me to enter at a snail's pace. At first she groaned with the pain of penetration. After a minute, though, she relaxed. Once my cock was all the way inside, once I felt our groins meet completely, she giggled very softly. And then she told me that it felt good.

I began to move slowly, deliberately, and after a few seconds she did too. It was Jackie who finally began to thrust her body more violently, more passionately. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around my body, pulling me closer, if possible, rocking our bodies together, apart, together, with a new passion, a new need.

And she came, loudly, holding me as tightly as possible, then uncoiling like a spring. And I came too, spurting into her cunt, which was squeezing me like a milkmaid's hand. She moaned, then looked at me with wonder as the semen squirted into her.

We fucked two more times that night and once in the morning. At one point I told Jackie that making love to her was like fucking a virgin. She smiled and replied that I *was* fucking a virgin.

Jackie stayed at my place for a couple of days (and nights), then returned to San Francisco. She made me promise to visit her soon—something that didn't take a lot of urging.

When she left, after I'd kissed her good-bye through the open window of her car, she smiled and said something that I'll never forget. She told me that she wouldn't quit seeing women, because she liked women. But, she said, now she knew for sure that she really was bisexual and could really get it on with a man. At least, Jackie said, she could get it on with me.

She drove away. I blew a kiss after her as I watched her go.

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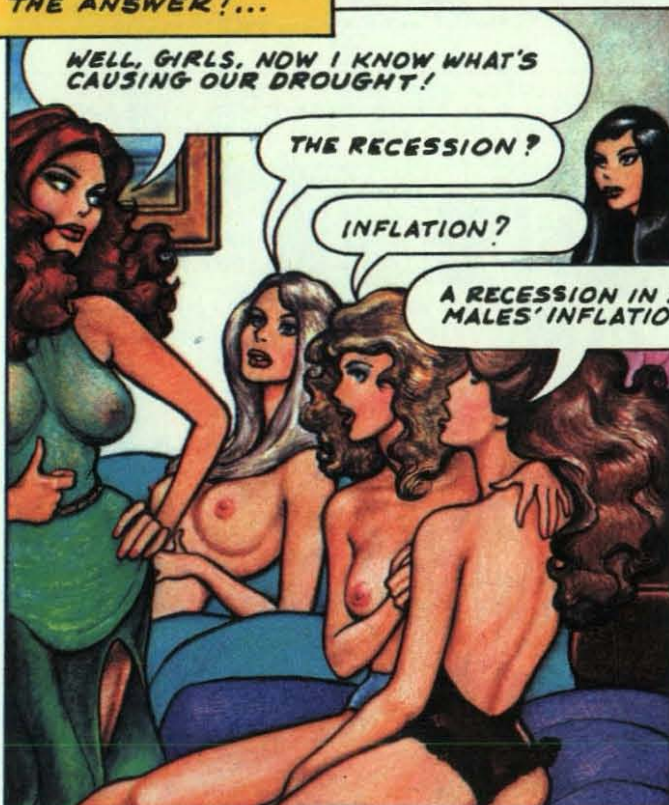
THINGS ARE SO SLOW AT HONEY'S THAT THE GIRLS HAVE TO GIVE EACH OTHER THE BUSINESS!



I CAN FEEL THE DUST COLLECTING ON MY EROGENOUS ZONES!

I HAVEN'T GONE DOWN ON A MAN FOR DAYS!

HONEY ENTERS WITH THE ANSWER!...

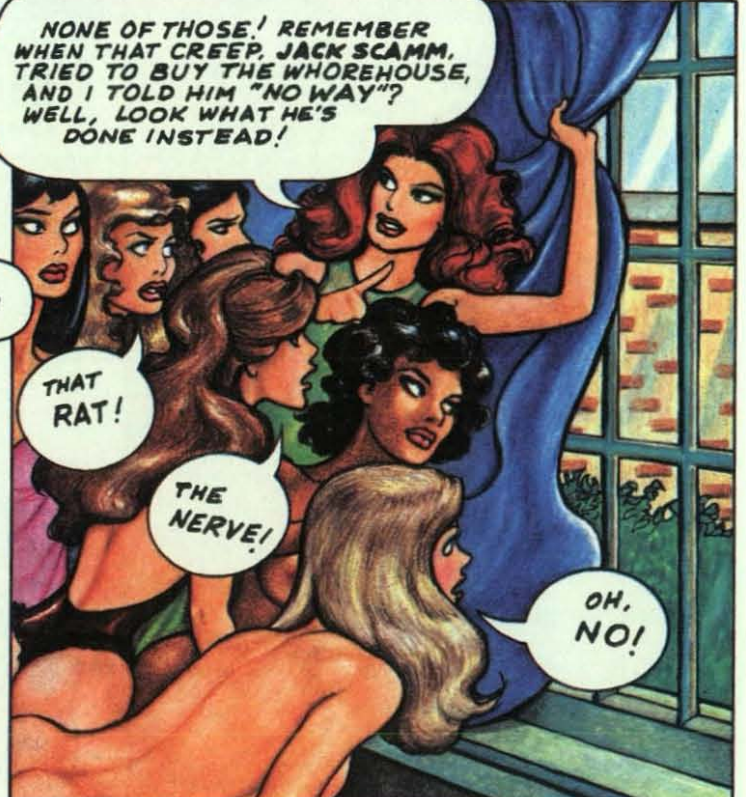


WELL, GIRLS, NOW I KNOW WHAT'S CAUSING OUR DROUGHT!

THE RECESSION?

INFLATION?

A RECESSION IN IE MALES' INFLATION?

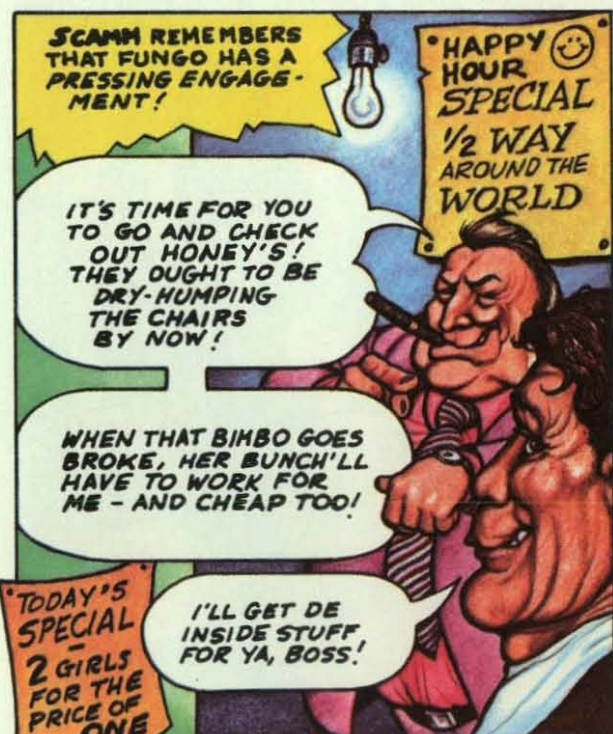


NONE OF THOSE! REMEMBER WHEN THAT CREEP, JACK SCAMM, TRIED TO BUY THE WHOREHOUSE, AND I TOLD HIM "NO WAY"? WELL, LOOK WHAT HE'S DONE INSTEAD!

THAT RAT!

THE NERVE!

OH, NO!



GUESS WHO'S THERE?!

SINCE DE BEST
CATHOUSE-SCAMM'S-
WUZ FULL, I THOUGHT I'D
TRY NUMBER TWO- IF
YOUSE'LL TRY HARDER!

HMMM!
I'VE SEEN
THAT FACE
BEFORE!

CATHOUSE!
THAT PLACE
IS A
LITTER
BOX!

THIS IS A TRICK! HE'S
SCAMM'S ASSISTANT!

LET ME TAKE CARE
OF THE SCHVEIN!

SINCE DE PRICE
OF MEAT HAS GONE
DOWN, I THOUGHT
MAYBE YOUSE'D
HAVE SOME
SPECIALS!

MEAT!!??!?

HERE'S THE
GIRL FOR YOU,
ILSA IS JUST
WHAT YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR!

THIS VAY, MEIN HERR!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME
FOR MY SATURDAY-
NIGHT SPECIAL!
IT'S VERY HIGH-
CALIBER EXCITEMENT!

UGH!

DOWN IN THE DUNGEON, FUNGO FINDS THAT LIFE
ISN'T ALWAYS A BED OF ROSES!

MOST MEN LOVE TO
HAVE THEIR BACKS
SCRATCHED BY A
GIRL'S LONG NAILS -
DON'T YOU - EH,
LIEBCHIN?

I THOUGHT
DERE WUZ
A PENALTY
FOR
SPIKING!

YOW!

THE NEXT MORNING
IN SCAMM'S OFFICE...

YOU'RE QUITTING?
WHY?

I WUZ - OW!
STRUCK BY
CUPID'S ARROW.
BOSS! I'M
IN LOVE!

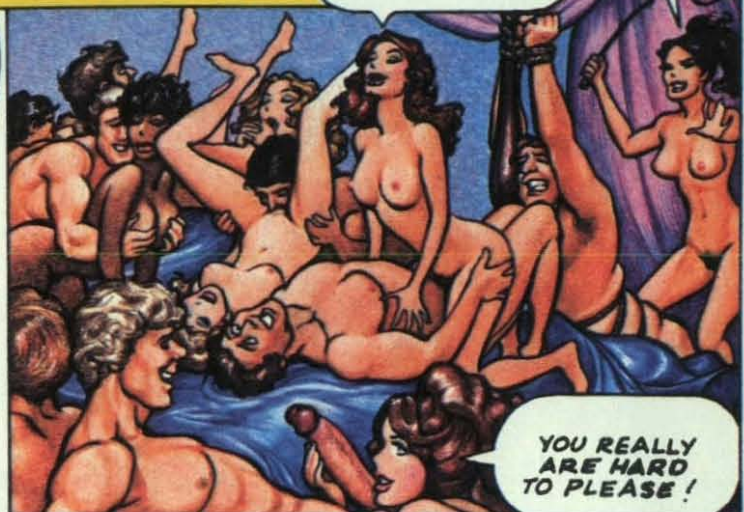
GOOD RIDDANCE!
IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO
TO THE GOODWILL STORE
TO BUY THE GIRLS'
CLOTHES, I'D....



AT HONEY'S PLACE IT'S STANDING ROOM ONLY - AT LEAST DOWNSTAIRS!

HONEY'S ROOM BECOMES A HOTBED OF ACTIVITY!

REMEMBER, GIRLS, SHOW NO MERCY!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANYONE ELSE, BUT I'M A REAL TOUGH CUSTOMER TO PLEASE.



THE BREAK OF DAWN FINDS THE GIRLS DOWN TO THE LAST FEW STRAGGLERS...

WELL, THERE GOES THE LAST ONE!
NOT ONE REFUND!



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, your state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, United States Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

GOING TOO FAR

Many of our readers write *Mail-Order Feedback* to ask why most porn dealers use mail drops and post-office boxes. Some companies, of course, hide because they're ripping people off. But even reputable firms prefer to keep a low profile because of the nature of pornography and the way people react to it. Some religious crazies want to stamp it out, small-time prosecutors seeking reelection see it as an easy target, and angry customers think they've got the right to pound a smut dealer's head in if he doesn't please them. The following true story is a good example:

We've received several complaints about *American Swing Company* (P.O. Box 246, Arnold, Missouri 63010). For this reason we are looking into whether this firm is reliable in honoring its offers of telephone sex and swingers' magazines. But one thing we already know is that this outfit really pissed off a man from nearby St. Louis. This gentleman sent in \$21 for a year's subscription to a swingers' publication and then waited four months without getting anything. With the diligence and resourcefulness of a private detective, this perturbed subscriber tracked down the name and address of the man who rented the company's post-office box. He even found the name of another man in whose name the company phones were listed.

At first the man did the right thing with this information: He sent it to the postal authorities and the Federal Trade Commission. This is the procedure we recommend you follow if you think you're being cheated by a mail-order company.

However, this guy then took the law into his own hands and wrote *American Swing Company* a threatening letter in which he promised: "I'll be breaking your fucking door down real soon, motherfucker. You better be prepared, because when I get hold of you I'll break every fucking bone in your body." He also wrote: "Tell the girls in your telephone room to suck on an elephant dick. I'll find out their addresses too. I'll get all of you. This is your last warning by mail. The next time you hear from me will be in person."

Since this letter came to the company's private address, ACS spokesman Roger Willis was disturbed. "Under the threat of possible harm to my employees," he told *Mail-Order Feedback*, "we have agreed to pay the ransom." But, Willis quickly added, he left the refund at the postal inspector's office in St. Louis. "If he wants his money, he'll have to explain to the authorities why he's sending extortion demands through the mails."

When we asked Willis why he didn't send the subscriber his refund when he first asked for it, he claimed the company had sent the publications in question and that either they'd been lost in the mail or the subscriber was lying. Unfortunately, there's no way for us to verify this one way or the other.

Although we appreciate the man's concern in this matter, we cannot condone his strong-arm tactics in dealing with *American Swing Company*. Whether or not he was right in his appraisal of this firm as being a rip-off outfit, he was definitely wrong in threatening the lives of its employees. If the postal authorities pursue this matter, the irate subscriber could find himself in hot water.

RUSH JOB

In May's *Mail-Order Feedback* we incorrectly stated that RUSH, a heart-stimulant known generically as isobutyl nitrate, was marketed by *Pharmex* in San Francisco. *Pharmex* President W. Jay Freezer has informed us, "This firm does not manufacture or market RUSH or any other consumer product. It is a manufacturer of bulk chemicals." These chemicals are then bought, packaged and marketed by other companies, such as the makers of RUSH.

Since *Pharmex* is also engaged in studies of isobutyl nitrate and in providing testimony and other data concerning this chemical to legislative bodies and administrative agencies, we want to make

it clear that our statement was based on a misunderstanding that occurred in the confusing aftermath of the fire that destroyed one of *Pharmex*'s buildings. RUSH is distributed by *Pac West Mail-Order* (P.O. Box 3867, San Francisco, California 94119).

PURITAN MAGAZINE

One of my favorite new magazines is *Puritan*. After I purchased a few issues in a store, I saw a subscription form and ordered a year's subscription for four books (it's published quarterly). Well, I received one book, but then nothing for four months. When I wrote them a letter, they said they were having a few problems. So I waited a few more months—and still nothing. I really would like to get the book, because it's very good; otherwise I'd like to get my money back.

—L. D.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Puritan (Bulk Forwarding, P.O. Box 1218, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania 18016) is a slick, hard-core magazine with class and, like L. D., we were also concerned about the wait between issues. A *Puritan* spokesman explained that production problems lengthened the time between issues #4 and #5 beyond the normal three months, but that *Puritan* is back on a quarterly basis again at \$8.95 per issue.

OUT OF STOCK

I ordered a videocassette of *Star Virgin*—which received *HUSTLER*'s full-erection rating—from *Wonderful World of Video* (6315 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028) in reply to an ad. A couple of weeks later the company notified me that it didn't have the film in stock. What kind of bullshit is this?

—E. J.

Los Angeles, California

Wonderful World of Video listed *Star Virgin* in its advertisement, thinking it would have the film in stock by the time the magazines carrying its ad hit the newsstands. Unfortunately, the makers of *Star Virgin* held back video rights, forcing *WWV* to jerk the title from its ad.

In the past *Mail-Order Feedback* has accused several dealers of boasting specific film titles in their inventory without actually stocking the flicks until enough orders come in to buy them. But *Wonderful World of Video* is a well-stocked company that simply made an error in judgment. E. J. and other customers who ordered *Star Virgin* were given credit (plus \$10 extra) toward future purchases. 🍷

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This PROVEN NATURAL WAY

Penis enlargement is now possible with our **new TRANSVERSE VACUUM ENLARGER** — a precision instrument, easy to operate, extremely durable and scientifically designed to make the male organ LONGER and THICKER. Also helps control premature ejaculation. See results the first time you use your enlarger. See how really BIG... how FAT... how LONG... how HARD and STIFF your own penis can get! And it feels so good to use!

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No "Linga-100" brochure is available.

G-120

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OUR MATERIAL IS SO STRONG IN EVERY DETAIL OF NORMAL AND BIZARRE SEX ACTS THAT WE KNOW ONCE YOU SEE OUR SAMPLES YOU'LL BE A STEADY CUSTOMER!!



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We know it's hard to convince you to try mail order, we will justify your confidence in us by price — delivery — service.....

AND FREE SAMPLES!!!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

Simply check items below that you wish to have rushed to you by return mail. Please enclose \$1 postage and handling for each item selected, or lower bulk rates as described under titles. We will process your order within 24 hours and include a 100% refund credit slip that may be used towards any purchase from our giant discount catalog.


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- ☐ Color Climax
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- ☐ Kinky Sex
- ☐ Hard Bondage
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Enclosed please find \$ for items I have checked. I understand my merchandise will be rushed to me with a 100% refund credit slip good on any future purchase from our giant discount catalog!! HU-38

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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

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100's of Photos!

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DEBBIE GREENE,
P.O. Box 483- N12
Bridgeport, Ohio 43912
(P.S. I'm not a pro, but a real small town girl with an itch for the big time.)

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THE KIND YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT. WE'VE GOT THEM!
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We have contacts in Denmark and Sweden for every type of photo or film known to man. My boys and girls love to pose too!

We also have phone numbers of girls, guys and couples who share your special interests.

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PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

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1981 COLOR photo calendar. Tuffy-pussy, you'll love all me! I have X or XX. Send your choice and \$3.95 to: Tuffy, Box 864, Kemah, Tx. 77565. 75¢ postage and handling.

STRONG muscular women are featured in monthly newsletters, color photos and films. For issues and brochures send \$5.00 to: WASP, Box 443(H), Hohokus, N.J. 07423

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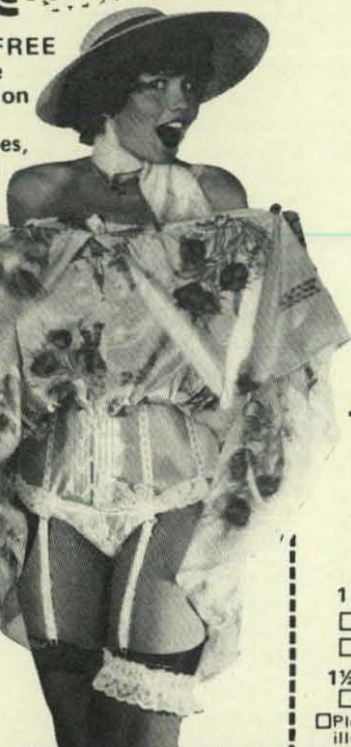
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LEGAL-SURVIVAL GUIDE

(continued from page 112)

can do it every six years if necessary.

The first step in declaring bankruptcy is to add up your debts and your assets (including money owed to you). Some of your assets will be exempt; that is, they won't be sold at auction to pay your creditors. You can choose exemptions under either state or federal laws. State exemptions vary. Federal exemptions allow you to retain \$7,500 equity in your home and \$1,200 in your car, among other things. Your exemptions are doubled when you and your wife go bankrupt together.

There are two kinds of bankruptcy proceedings. In a *liquidation*, the more popular kind, your assets (above and beyond your exemptions) are sold and your creditors split the take. They can often expect 10% of what you owe them, but they have no further right to collect from you. Be careful though. Some people, in a fit of remorse after a liquidation, have made agreements to pay bankruptcy creditors the full amount they owe them. Courts often hold such agreements as enforceable.

The other kind of bankruptcy is a *reorganization*. You give the court a written plan for paying your debts more slowly than your creditors originally contemplated. If the court approves, your creditors *must* accept the new, slower payment schedule.

When you're totaling up your assets before bankruptcy, be sure you list them all. Despite the temptation, don't try to get away with concealing property by transferring it to a friend or relative. The bankruptcy court will go over your records with a fine-toothed comb. Any transfer of property or funds that looks as though it were made for the purpose of putting the property out of reach of your creditors (for example, a bill of sale transferring title to your Cadillac from you to your mom in return for payment of \$50) may prevent you from filing successfully.

Don't forget to list all your debts on your bankruptcy petition either; you'll still be liable for any you forget to mention. Other debts you'll be liable for include most taxes, alimony and child support. And don't even think about going on a credit-card spree and *then* declaring bankruptcy. Fraudulent debts aren't wiped out, and you may even be liable for criminal penalties.

What happens once you're bankrupt? Your credit is hurt, of course. Banks probably won't lend you any money, especially if your liquidated debts included several large bank loans. You can forget about plastic money too; the

credit-card companies won't want to know you.

But it's not impossible to reestablish credit after bankruptcy. For starters, if you're applying for a loan, don't lie about having gone bankrupt. The bank or finance company will find out anyway, because bankruptcy is a matter of public record. Besides, if you tell the truth, it's an indication of good character—something lenders always like to see.

Lenders prefer reorganizations to liquidations, for an obvious reason: You paid your debt, even if a little slowly. They'll also look at the reasons you went bankrupt. If you went into hock because your kid got leukemia and you couldn't pay the medical bills, you stand a better chance than if you blew your wad at the track. Loan officers also like to think that you learned something from your experience.

Every city has lawyers who specialize in bankruptcy proceedings. Their fees depend on a percentage of the sum of debts to be liquidated, which means that it'll cost a rich guy more to go bankrupt than it'll cost the average guy. (As far as we know, this is the only disadvantage to being rich that anyone's ever been able to find.)

It will hardly come as a shock to you to learn that your bankruptcy lawyer will want his fee up front.

WILLS

You're walking across the street one evening, feeling pretty good about life in general. Suddenly an 18-wheel Peterbilt semi-rig you hadn't noticed zooms by and mashes you flatter than a dead squirrel.

That's the end of your earthly problems. But for your wife and kids the worries are just beginning. How does your wife make the house payments until the insurance check comes through? What about food, clothing and gas?—the credit cards were all in your name.

If you have a family, you're probably going to want to make sure that they inherit your property when you die. Maybe not; maybe you don't want them to get a red cent. One thing's certain: After you're dead, you won't have much chance to do anything about it.

The obvious answer, then, is to do something about it *before* you die. What you should do is make out a will. It doesn't matter that you're not expecting to go anytime soon. (Who is?) Even if you're young, your family should be protected against the unexpected. Otherwise they could really be left in the lurch. If you die without a will, your snotty younger brother might wind up with everything.

You can write out your own will. To be on the safe side, it should have the

signatures of three disinterested witnesses. (That is, the witnesses shouldn't be *beneficiaries*, people who stand to inherit anything under the terms of the will.) Such a will is just as valid as any will drawn up by the highest-priced Philadelphia lawyer you can hire. But if it's challenged in court, you'll face some problems. (Actually, your heirs will face some problems. You'll still be dead.)

The state you live in determines whether your will stands or falls, and it administers the portioning-out of property according to the document. This process goes on in probate court, except in a few states—such as New York, where it takes place in surrogate's court. The exception to this rule is real property (houses and land). The law of the state where the real property is located determines who gets it.

You can change your will anytime you want to. In fact, it's a good idea to take a look at it after major changes in your life—such as divorce, the death of a beneficiary or purchase of any substantial amount of new property. It's also a good idea to check out your will after moving to a new state, since the probate court of that state has the final say on your will, and its laws are going to be at least a little different from those of the state you just left.

You should have two copies of your will. Keep one outside your house—in your lawyer's office, if he drew it up. Keep the other in your home, in a fire-proof metal box with your other important documents. *Never* keep your will in your safe-deposit box at the bank. The reason for this is that the terms of your will establish who besides you can open the box, and your widow and your kids might get into some very bad financial straits while waiting for the local probate court to give them the go-ahead.

People often challenge wills. It's a good idea to have your lawyer draw yours up, since it'll have a better chance of withstanding a legal challenge. He'll probably charge about \$50, unless you're very rich and thus require a complex will.

But any will is better than no will at all if you care about having some control over what happens to your property when you die. For example, you may assume that on your death your worldly goods will be split up evenly between your wife and kids. But if you die in a community-property state, the probate court will consider half your property as already belonging to your wife. It will then divide the other half equally between her and your children—which means that she'll get three-fourths. Worse yet, you may die *intestate* (without a will), and the probate court may

not be able to find any of your blood relatives. In that case your property *escheats*. This legal term is a polite way of saying that the state gets it all.

You don't want any bad surprises after you're dead, do you? We thought not. So go make out your will.

SMALL-CLAIMS COURT

You've just gotten your car out of the repair shop, you're driving it down the highway toward home and... shit! What was that noise? Better check your rearview... Oh, hell! Is that your oil pan back there on the road?

You'd really like to sue those bastards at

the garage, but a new oil pan costs \$70, and what down-at-the-heels lawyer would take a case to court for \$70?

No lawyer would. But you can. Small-claims courts were created for situations just like this one. Small-claims courts do just what their name implies: They handle legal disputes over small amounts of money. Each court has its own maximum limit; \$1,000 is about the top.

To file a small-claims suit, call your local court clerk, tell him the amount you want to sue for, describe your case and ask if the small-claims court handles cases like yours. Then go to the court and pick up the necessary papers.

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In court the judge will ask each side to tell its story in everyday language. Don't try to come off like a lawyer. You'll piss off the judge, and you'll probably put your foot in your mouth too. Dress neatly, be polite, don't shout "Liar!" while the other guy's giving his spiel, and don't interrupt anybody—especially the judge.

Do bring any evidence you may have, such as invoices, receipts, leases or photographs. Bring witnesses if you think you need them. (But don't bring too many.) When the judge asks you a question, answer him then and there; don't say, "I was getting to that, Your Honor."

Small-claims court is inexpensive; filing fees rarely exceed \$10, and in some states there are no fees. Best of all, it's the only part of the American justice system in which you get instant justice. The judge usually renders his verdict on the spot.

DEALING WITH LAWYERS

Okay, let's say the worst has happened. You've been served with a summons that tells you that someone is suing you for that \$85 phone bill you skipped out on—plus \$400,000 in punitive damages. You've decided (wisely) to seek legal counsel.

What's going through your mind now is probably something like this: "I've gotta get a lawyer. But I don't have a lawyer; only rich people have lawyers. I don't even know a lawyer! I'll get the Yellow Pages, and—oh, God, just look at all these lawyers! How will I know which one handles my kind of case? What'll I say when I call on the phone? And what about when I get to the lawyer's office? He'll probably want money. What if he wants more than I can pay? I'll be embarrassed to tell him I can't afford much. Oh, hell, maybe I should just move to South America..."

Relax. You want a lawyer, you want a good lawyer, and you want a lawyer who's dealt with this sort of case before. The first step is to ask your friends and people you work with if they know a lawyer who's handled a similar matter for them. Sometimes they will, and they'll be happy to tell you if they were satisfied with the results.

If your friends can't help you, the next step is to call your local bar association. Every city of any size has a bar-association referral service. The service will recommend a lawyer who's an expert in the field of your legal problem.

You can also just call a law office out of the phone book. If it doesn't handle your particular kind of problem, they'll know plenty of lawyers who do, and will be happy to recommend one.

Now you have a couple of lawyers' names. What next? Make a phone call to one and tell the receptionist you'd like to make an appointment with the lawyer who employs her. She'll ask if the lawyer knows what the call is about. You should say, "No, but Mr. Blackstone was recommended to me by a client of his [or the bar referral service or another lawyer]. I'd like to talk to Mr. Blackstone about the possibility of retaining him to represent me."

The receptionist will no doubt ask, "Is this a civil or criminal matter?" Tell her. She'll probably want to know some details. Give her a brief description of your case.

When you come to the lawyer's office, bring any pertinent records or other evidence you think he'll want to see. You'll probably be surprised by how pleasant the attorney's manner is. (After all, you're new business for him.) Tell him your story logically and truthfully. *Don't leave anything out because you think it'll make you look bad.* Clients, especially criminal defendants, often make this mistake. Your lawyer needs all the facts to present your side of the case. He doesn't have to think you're a nice guy; all he has to do is convince the judge that you are. Besides, there's nothing a lawyer hates worse than being tripped-up by his own client. It'll make him very unhappy to have the opposing counsel get up in court and surprise him with a piece of evidence that he should have had from you.

Answer any questions the lawyer asks to the best of your knowledge. If you're not sure of the answer, don't be afraid to say so. Don't be afraid to ask your own questions either, especially about fees. He's a businessman, and he'll quote them to you directly.

If the fee is more than you can afford, say so. The lawyer will either say, "Well, we could work out a payment plan of \$100 per month" or he'll recommend a lawyer who charges a lower fee. Don't be afraid to comparison-shop. There may be young lawyers in your town who are willing to charge less than the going rate in order to build up their practices.

You may want to save money by dealing with a legal clinic. They provide low-cost services to clients by dealing with the more-common kinds of legal problems, using standardized forms and hiring paralegals (trained nonlawyers) to handle routine tasks.

Most legal clinics charge about \$50 for writing a will, \$300 to close the sale or purchase of a house, \$300 for a bankruptcy, \$200 for an uncontested divorce and from \$150 to \$300 to handle the adoption of a child. Your results will usually be as good as those you'd get

from an expensive law firm. In fact, a 1978 survey comparing services provided by traditional law firms and the Legal Clinic of Jacoby & Meyers—a chain operating in Southern California and New York—found the clinic's clients to be generally more satisfied with the way their cases were handled than were clients of traditional law firms.

(Be warned though: If your problem is something really terrible—say you're charged with murder or you're being sued for a million bucks—you'd be wiser to go to a specialist.)

Legal clinics advertise—in the newspapers, in the Yellow Pages, even on TV—so finding one should be easy. Many of their ads also list the cost of their basic services. If the ad doesn't quote prices, call and ask. If the clinic won't tell you over the phone, call another one. Clinics charge a very low fee for an *initial consultation* (first meeting with a lawyer), often \$25 or less.

If you want to sue someone, a lawyer will often accept a *contingency fee*. This means that he gets nothing if you lose your case, and a fixed percentage of the award (from one-fourth to one-half; usually one-third) if you win. You pay nothing in advance. If you have a really big lawsuit, even prominent lawyers will work for a contingency fee. Such an arrangement gives the lawyer an investment in your case.

The problem with contingency fees is that in many personal-injury cases the defendant's insurance company will offer to settle with you out of court for less money than you might get if you took the case to trial. Sometimes lawyers are eager to accept settlements, since they get their cut without having to spend time in court. If this happens to you, bargain with your lawyer. See if he'll take a smaller percentage if you decide to settle—and get it in writing if he agrees. Sometimes settlements are the smart thing to do. But only you can make this decision; your lawyer can't settle a case without your permission.

Dealing with lawyers can be pretty scary for the average person. It often seems as though the lawyer knows everything about your case, and you know nothing—not a very comfortable position. You can overcome your fears by asking the lawyer questions as the case goes on: "How much longer will my case take?" "What is the possible outcome?" "How good do you think our chances are?" All these are legitimate questions, and your lawyer will be happy to answer them as best he can. It's *your* case, and he knows it. When you hire a lawyer, you're the boss. 🐼

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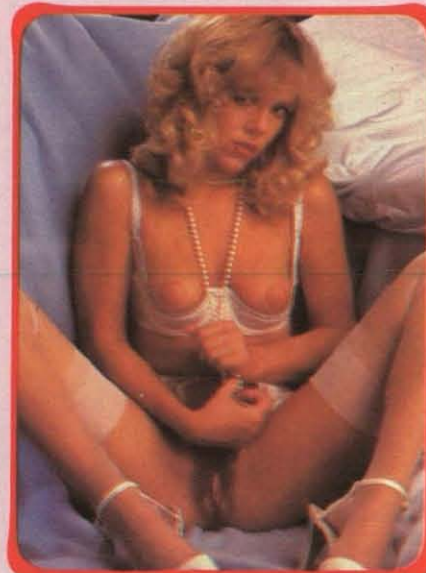
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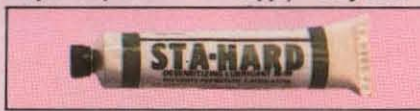


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DEATH BY BUREAUCRACY

(continued from page 60)

slightest error, since it may lead to months, if not years, of delay.

"I have seen examples of stupidity that are absolutely mind-boggling," Dr. Regelson says. "Once, when I was testing a compound, the vice-president of a drug company noted FDA rules regarding pregnancy and told me, 'Women should not receive this drug because some of them might get pregnant.' I explained that the women who would receive it had cancer and were postmenopausal. But the official replied: 'I don't care. We can't take any chances.'"

Not taking chances is the very hallmark of bureaucracy, and nowhere is it better exemplified than in the Food and Drug Administration. Many scientists charge that the agency is so concerned with drug side effects that it would rather let people die or needlessly suffer than make necessary approvals. Congress can't prosecute the FDA for not approving a drug, but it can raise hell if the agency approves a substance that turns out to have problems.

A patient with a terminal disease does not need the same protection standards as a patient whose disease is not life-threatening. Therefore, many argue, he should be allowed greater freedom in deciding which drugs he wishes to take.

A dying patient faces virtually no risk, since modern medicine has run out of alternatives. So why should a doctor have to worry about possibly harmful side effects? Side effects be damned if a patient is about to die and wants to take the gamble.

A top cancer scientist said recently that he despaired over the attitude of over-regulation and negativism, privately admitting that it was beginning to affect his work. Some things just aren't worth the bother anymore, he feels, and it is easier and less risky to work with approved drugs than it is to investigate new ones.

Donald Kennedy doesn't see the problem that way. He says there simply are not as many new drugs now because of "an apparent exhaustion of the knowledge base upon which earlier innovations were built." The term "exhaustion of the knowledge base" comes directly from Dr. Kennedy's testimony before a House subcommittee and is typical of fuzzy FDA jargon. Dr. Kennedy means that at one time there was a basic set of discoveries involving basic biochemical principles that resulted in many new drugs. But once these basic principles were discovered, no new ones have come along to replace them, and so there aren't as many new drugs.

Naturally, the former FDA commissioner's remark drew the wrath of many

researchers who claimed that if there is a lack of innovation, it is being caused by the FDA itself. Scientists confronted with the possible eight years, 100,000 pages of support and \$60 million needed to win new-drug approval are not likely to rush to their laboratories to invent new pharmaceutical agents. Funding committees and academic-review groups, always under financial pressure, may very well disregard a professor's discovery because of the monetary implications.

Despite this, Dr. Kennedy's assertion of "knowledge-base exhaustion" seems to have little support. There is a continuing worldwide explosion of new technology and drug advancement. If anything, innovation—due to increasing knowledge—has rapidly increased, and the number of potentially beneficial pharmaceutical agents has likewise multiplied. Dr. William Wardell's contention that the lowered rates of introduction of new drugs in America is due to excessive regulation is a far more plausible explanation.

Granted, there's a drug lag and a bureaucratic structure causing despair among some of the nation's leading pharmacologists. So what can be done? To answer that question, we have to see how the problem arose.

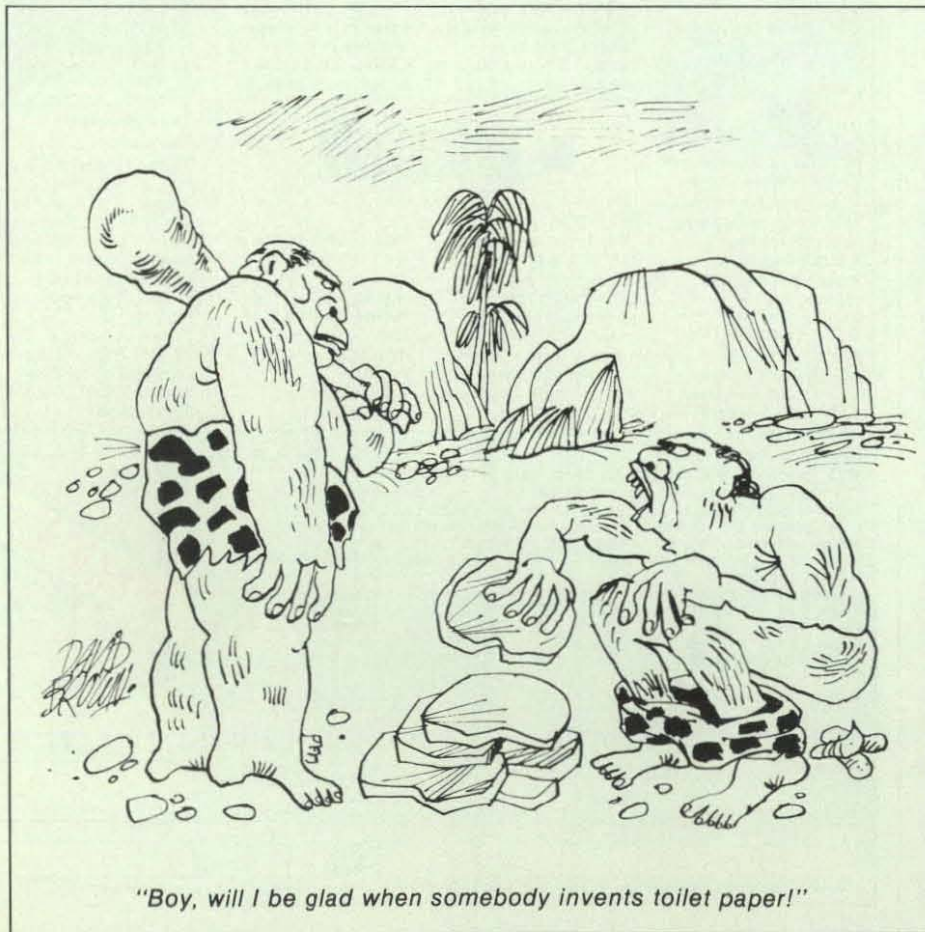
In 1961 the world was shocked by the scandal of thalidomide, a fertility drug routinely given to hundreds of thousands of women. Tragically, it caused grotesque deformities in newborn infants. Most of the malformations occurred in Western Europe, where the drug had been approved for consumption.

U.S. government spokesmen praised Dr. Frances O. Kelsey, the FDA medical officer who was responsible for preventing thalidomide from being marketed in the United States. And Congress began to take measures to strengthen the FDA, to make sure the tragedy could never happen in this country.

The resulting legislation passed the next year became known as the Kefauver-Harris Drug Amendments. Their goal was to strengthen safety procedures, and for the first time to require drug manufacturers not only to prove the safety of their products, but their effectiveness as well.

If anything, these amendments were long overdue. The FDA had been operating under the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act since 1938, and no real changes had been made in the law since that time.

The 1962 bill was by and large supported by the major pharmaceutical firms. Despite the fact that the bill would make it more costly and difficult to market new drugs, the industry could not afford another thalidomide debacle.



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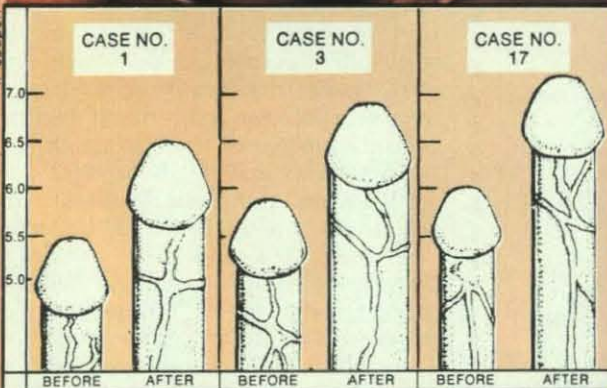
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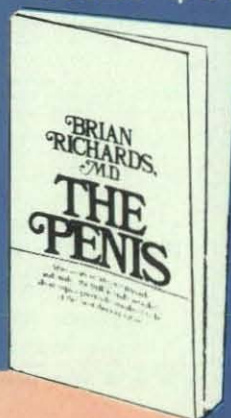
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The Congressional mandate went unheeded for five years, however, and other drugs that had been on the market since 1938 remained on drugstore shelves, their effectiveness unproven.

In 1967, under the leadership of a new commissioner, Dr. James Goddard, the FDA finally got around to reviewing all previously approved drugs. It was a massive and, at first, controversial undertaking. The FDA contracted with the National Academy of Sciences/National Research Council to evaluate the effectiveness of some 4,000 compounds approved on the basis of safety alone.

Some doctors protested. "When I became commissioner in 1966, nothing had been done about the requirements of Kefauver-Harris," explains Dr. Goddard. "We then directed the Bureau of Medicine, which is now called the Bureau of Drugs, to aid in our evaluation. Its head, who later was president of Lambert Pharmaceutical, said that only the practicing physician dealing with his patient could tell whether the drugs were effective." The implication was that doctors were prescribing drugs they thought to be effective but that were unproven by rigorous testing.

Goddard was furious. "I had to remind the bureau that it didn't matter what they thought. Congress had given a mandate, and we did not have the resources to test drugs," he recalls. "So I went to the National Academy of Sciences and asked them to do the job."

Again there was squabbling, but once funds were provided and agreed upon, the massive effectiveness-evaluation testing began. "We assembled the best people in the United States," Dr. Goddard says, "and they gave the pharmaceutical firms a period of time to submit information to show and document that their drugs had been on the market and were effective."

Nobody—neither the Bureau of Medicine nor thousands of practicing physicians, nor even the FDA commissioner himself—anticipated the results of the survey. Literally hundreds of drugs were proven to be absolutely worthless—no more effective than the sugar-pill placebos against which they were tested. For nearly three decades doctors had been prescribing to their patients medicines that, although perfectly safe, were perfectly useless.

"We found things on the market like tincture of lettuce," Dr. Goddard states, "and quite a few other ineffective drugs. So we got a cleaning-out of the medicine cabinet, so to speak." More than 650 drugs were withdrawn from circulation.

By 1970 the consumer movement in America had created a climate for even stricter new-drug regulation. And little by little, what had started out as a good

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idea turned into a bureaucratic nightmare in which every new agent became suspect. At about the same time, the American tendency for lawsuits became a growing problem. Both the FDA and the pharmaceutical companies increasingly feared that a harmful drug could not only cost lives, but also millions of dollars in lawyers' fees.

Government and industry had to carefully weigh the risks versus the rewards of introducing a new drug, since patients could raise holy hell if a substance proved harmful. The problem is that all drugs have certain side effects, and even the most benign substances—such as aspirin—can cause severe reactions in a tiny proportion of the public.

What is the answer?

One key is more efficient use of advisory committees so that decisions on safety and the power to produce an effect are not left entirely to one-sided FDA action. In European countries, where the safety record of new drugs is now just as good as it is in the United States, board-approved specialists advise the government on whether a drug is worthwhile. In Japan, drug studies are run in special government hospitals like the University of Tokyo Medical Center. The clinical tests are observed as they are happening. If the studies do not go well, they are stopped. If the government allows the tests to continue, approval is automatically granted when they end.

In the United States a company may spend millions of dollars on tests, submit the data to the FDA, then wait and wait. Presently, even the best clinical researchers are confused about just what the FDA expects from them and how they can best go about doing it. In addition, more reliance could be made on foreign data when clinical investigations are equal to U.S. standards.

But until these changes are made, Americans will simply have to wait for the creaky FDA machinery to slog through the approval process. After hearing testimony from the nation's top experts, Congressman James Scheuer (Dem.—New York) concisely summarized the perplexing situation.

"There are many people... in the FDA... who are defensive and don't want other people telling them what to do," he said. "They just dig their heels in, shut their eyes, close out the outside world. That's not an unusual human phenomenon, but it's a very costly one when... they are denying large groups and small groups of people medicines and drugs that they urgently need. The results are heartrending and pitiful. Some of these horror stories are enough to make you bleed."

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PROFILE: HAL LIPSET

(continued from page 50)

had to meet the man who caught her. We got together in a tiny, intimate Japanese restaurant, and I told her, over a Scotch and water, how I did it. She was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen—and suddenly she was coming on strong, toying with my fingers across the table. I was scared stiff because the case was still not completely closed."

Somehow he got through the evening uncompromised. But a year later, while on another case in Germany, Lipset impulsively looked the woman up. Reflecting on their reunion, he allows himself a broad grin and a rare breach of his customary mum's-the-word discretion. "She was fabulous," he admits.

To his everlasting annoyance, Lipset's most publicized case was one from which he was forced to withdraw. Senate Watergate Committee counsel Sam Dash had picked him to be chief investigator. "It was the biggest honor of my career," Lipset says now, "the culmination of my life's work." But the moment Lipset was named, the Nixon Administration pounced on a New York misdemeanor conviction against him to discredit the investigator and, by extension, the committee. At one point in the Watergate tapes Richard Nixon himself is heard ranting: "If Lipshits [sic] gets off with copping a plea . . . and getting a suspended sentence . . . *what in the name of Christ is this all about?*" Nixon could not comprehend why a private eye who bugged a telephone received only a wrist-slapping sentence while he—the president—was being persecuted for bugging his own phones in the Oval Office.

Lipset's conviction, as it turned out, involved a fine point of New York law concerning a tape-recording in a divorce case. "In California it would have been perfectly legal," he shrugs. "My lawyers warned that it could cost me \$50,000 and tie me up in litigation for years." So he pleaded guilty, drawing the suspended sentence that prompted him to turn down the Watergate appointment—in his words, "to insure that my presence in no way impedes the [committee's] vitally important work."

Not surprisingly, Lipset maintains some strong, if controversial, views on how privacy safeguards are eroding individual legal rights. He regrets the thicket of state and federal laws that since the late 1960s have increasingly tangled and restricted electronic watchdogging, wiretapping and bugging—and made an interstate jumble of law enforcement.

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When it's time to plunge into her waiting womanhood you'll be amazed at the lifelike sensation you'll experience. It's the most exciting seven inches of warm womanflesh you've ever imagined. If you buy the virgin option, Angie will be "tight" and resistant, yet soft and wet. And, unlike other girls, Angie can be a virgin for you over and over again...or you can remove the virgin insert and make her an experienced woman.



VOICE OPTION...SHE LOVES TO TALK DIRTY

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FOAM FILLED - A totally new concept. Angie is fitted with hidden zippers where you pack her tight with resilient, weight-supporting foam (included). More expensive, but wow! Limbs & torso feel solid; love openings hug your manhood; when you press her she yields just enough, resists just enough. For easy storage, a small amount of foam can be removed and Angie can be folded over in a closet.

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Angie's prices are as low as they can be and still show a profit. There may be cheaper dolls around, but cheaper in price translates to cheaper in quality. Some so called "foam" models are not foam at all, but filled with a gas that quickly leaks out. Other dolls are good for nothing more than looking at. But Angie is guaranteed to be exactly as advertised...a genuine life size (5'1") inflatable or foam filled doll with three functional love openings.

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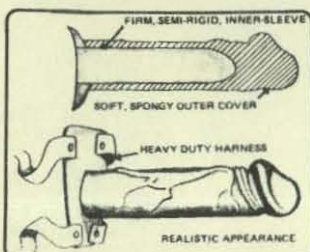
(Check items desired, add up amounts, fill in total.)

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Inflatable Angie Doll | \$24.95 |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Virgin Vagina Insert Option | \$10.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Soft Sexy Voice Option | \$10.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bikini Set (You'll love taking it off.) | \$10.00 |
| Extra Wigs, \$10 each. <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde <input type="checkbox"/> Black | |
| (Angie's regular hair is brunette.) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$3.50 encl. for Airmail. | TOTAL \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cash <input type="checkbox"/> Check | In Calif. add 6% tax \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Money Order | ENCLOSED \$ |
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drop," Lipset declares, lighting a Cuban cigar in his bayfront mansion. "But let's define terms. Eavesdropping is the secret recording of a conversation without the knowledge or consent of the people involved. It's the arbitrary use of electronic gadgets to monitor peoples' private lives to find out if *maybe* they're doing something wrong: cheating on their income tax or their spouses, or whatever. In my view, *nobody* should have that right—not the police, the IRS, the FBI or even the average citizen. Because *that's* invasion of privacy.

"What I *do* believe is that everyone should have the right to record any conversation to which he's a party—anything that someone says to him voluntarily, whether that person knows he's recording it or not. It's simply impossible to violate the privacy of someone who freely tells you something merely by making a record of it. After all, we 'record' in our heads every conversation we have, however imperfectly. But two people—like a cop and a defendant—can have very different recollections of the same conversation. And when those recollections go toward determining a person's guilt or innocence in a court of law, they ought to be accurate."

In support of that view, Lipset points to his old nemesis, Richard Nixon. "The president had every right to bug his office and make those tapes," he insists. "He *was* a party to the conversations. And thank God he made them. Because in the end the tapes assured that justice triumphed by proving that John Dean, not Richard Nixon, was telling the truth."

He puffs on his cigar and proceeds forcefully: "If it takes a hidden tape recorder in *every* politician's office to keep him honest—a recorder he *knows* is running—I say let's do it. What this country needs is not fewer bugs, but more of them."

As Lipset sees it, the near-limitless capabilities of today's surveillance technology have helped to turn invasion of privacy into a scare phrase. That in turn has set off well-meaning but fuzzy-thinking legislators, creating still more problems.

The California Constitution, for example, now guarantees every citizen's "right to privacy." "That sounds great, right?" Lipset asks. "We should be four-square behind that, right? Well, I happen to think that the legislature had no idea what 'right to privacy' really means."

He takes another pull on his cigar. "I'm willing to accept 100% your right to privacy if you want to become a hermit and live on a mountaintop—providing it's your mountaintop, you don't

want credit, welfare, insurance or a job, and you promise not to see or hear anything for which you might later be called as a witness," he continues. "In other words, so long as you do not participate in life as we know it in this country. But as soon as you do participate, you give up a piece of your privacy. If you want a loan, the company has a right to know if you have a history of default. If you apply for a job as a nursemaid, your prospective employer has a right to know whether you molested the last seven kids in your care. If you need a witness to prove your innocence, you've got a right to demand that he doesn't disappear into a cloud, claiming 'right to privacy.' As things stand, the government has all these rights—but it's increasingly difficult for an *individual* to exercise them."

He exhales slowly, letting the point impact: "The trend is toward enlargement of the government's powers to invade individual privacy, while an individual's means for obtaining information he needs from another individual are being increasingly restricted. Putting it simply, I am—to reiterate—the private citizen's last line of defense. I have to wonder if people like me will even be in business in another ten years. And in my view, that's a real danger facing the future of this country."

At 61, Hal Lipset feels his own future is no longer limitless, but he has mixed emotions about hanging up the gumshoes for good. "Some days I wake up and look out over the bay, and I feel very tired of all this crap," he admits. "But then some case comes along and sets the adrenaline pumping like an old firehorse's. Just recently there was a kidnapping over in Oakland."

How could one more kidnapping get him steamed up after 34 grueling years? "It was my son Louis's case," he says proudly. "He made some mistakes. He missed a couple of leads. So I looked over his shoulder and gave him some tips. In the end he broke the case wide open!"

As Lipset speaks, the telephone begins ringing. Picking up the receiver, he reflexively reaches for a gold-plated Cross pen to jot down details. "Girl... 28... Last seen leaving grocery store near home, 5:30 p.m... Her apartment locked... her purse, keys, all personal stuff inside apartment... Refrigerator full of food... No note; unlikely suicide... Got a good job; unlikely runaway... Not been seen for a month... Known to frequent singles bars..."

Lipset shakes his head, grimly. "It just might be another Mr. Goodbar," he says, stubbing out his cigar. Only time will tell.

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October issue on sale August 26, 1980



TOWN OF DOOM—Like a grotesque scene from an old horror movie, citizens of a small town in Utah have developed strange cancers most likely caused by radiation poisoning. As a result of nuclear-warhead testing near St. George, Utah, the community was doused with radioactive fallout more than 20 years ago. Now present and former residents have filed a multimillion-dollar lawsuit against the federal government to compensate for their heavy suffering and medical needs. Discover the frightening truth about nuclear testing in this investigative probe by Michele Willens.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL—Torture and murder are everyday facts of life in many dictatorships. But Amnesty International, a humanitarian group that won a Nobel Peace Prize, offers hope to political prisoners suffering from beatings, starvation and other horrible fates. Find out about the worldwide reign of terror and Amnesty International's efforts to stop these atrocities. An in-depth report by Michael Disend.

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL—Billed as the nation's shit-kickingest country/swing band, this wild group pulls no punches. Follow the funky exploits of these musicians as they excite Lake Tahoe audiences, record some tunes for an album and give a ball-busting concert at a honky-tonk in Austin, Texas. A fast-paced, foot-stomping profile by Stuart Goldman.

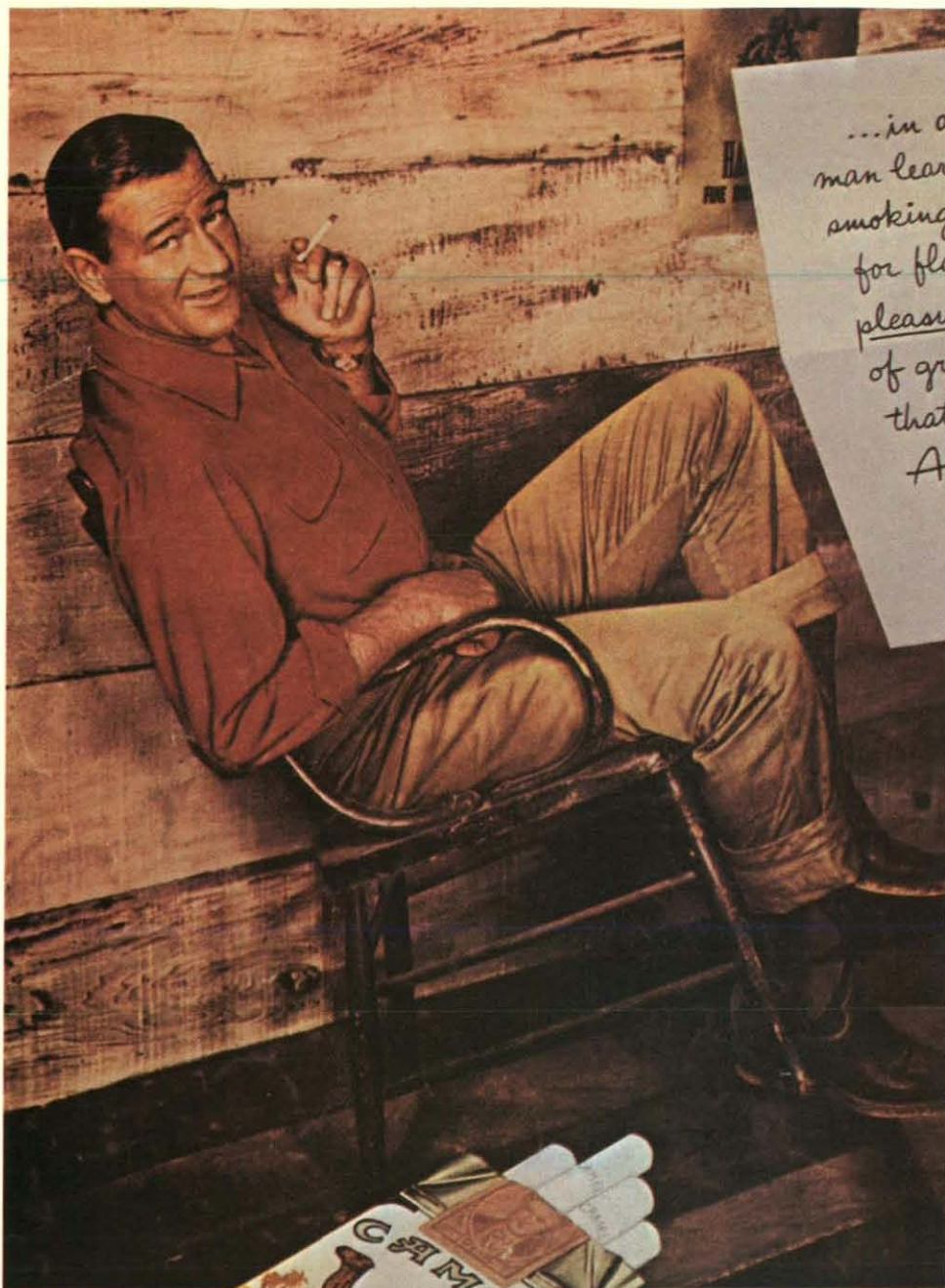
THE PERFECT CAPER—A vault stuffed with loot lures a tough hood and a gorgeous lady into a suspenseful scheme. But even the perfect crime has a cruel and unusual punishment. Fiction by Dan Coryell.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll really feel at home with next month's centerfold, **PAMELA: IN THE PINK**. Then watch two beautiful young women exchange **PARTY FAVORS**. You can learn about the ins and outs of college athletics in **BALL GAME: THE NURSE AND THE JOCK**. And if you're in a dancing mood, you'll definitely want to check out **MEL-ODY** while she struts her **HOT STUFF**.

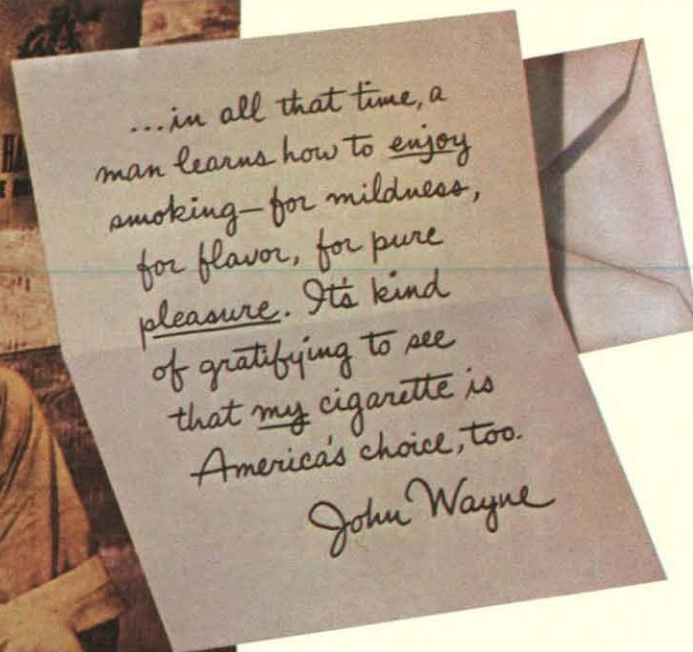
PLUS—An exhilarating October lineup, including **BITS & PIECES**, **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **KINKY KORNER**, **SEX PLAY**, **BEAVER HUNT** and **HONEY**.



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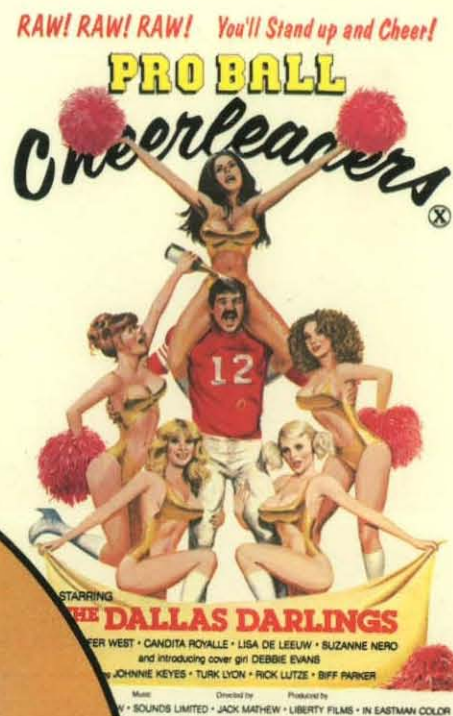
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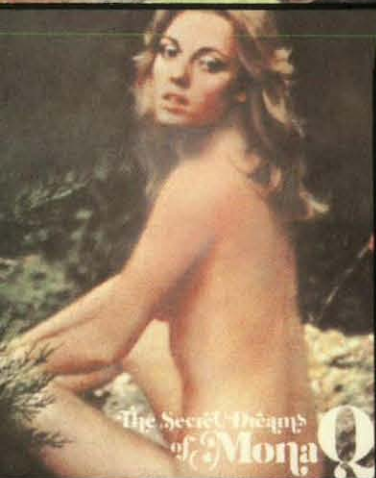
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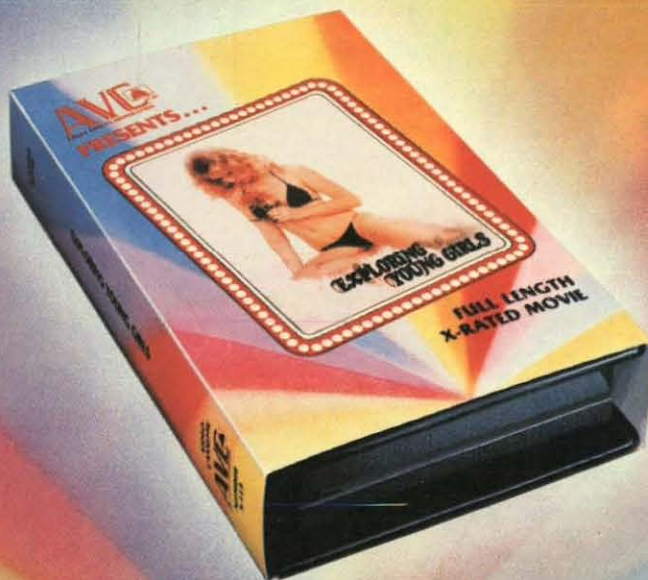


The Secret Dreams of Mona Q

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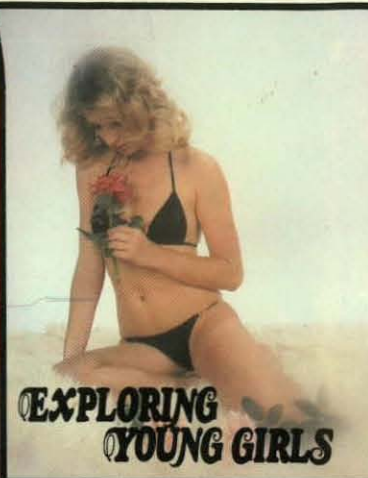


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